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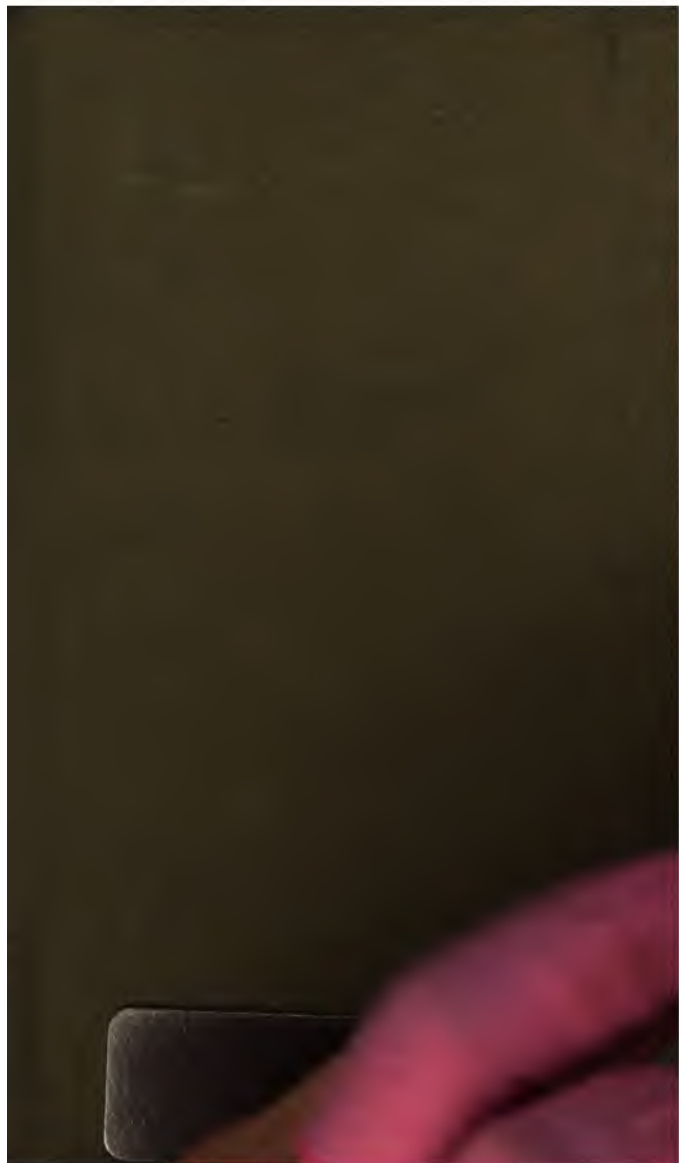
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✓

THE  
M A I D  
OF

K E N T.

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Le faux est toujours fade, ennuyeux, languissant  
Mais la nature est vraie, et d'abord on la sent.



BOILEAU.

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V O L. I.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for T. HOOKHAM, New Bond Street.

M.DCC.XC.





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THE  
MAID OF KENT.

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MY FATHER'S RAPTURE ON HIS  
FAMILY MANSION.

**B**OXLEY Grove, in the county of Kent, the family mansion of the Hales. Its situation under the slope of a curved hill, and watered with a limpid brook, the chief cause of the great fertility of the vale. Wood, lawn, corn, and pasture land, adorn the situation in all the varied elegance of rural scenery. Ascend the hill, the eye is immediately surprised with the most magnificent decoration of landscape—

less sumptuous, less astounding to the eye and fancy, than an alpine view down on the Campania of Italy, where lakes, forests, cities, in awful grandeur only present themselves to lure reflection on the ages of human misery which have visited the inhabitants; Boxley conveys all that the most skilful conception of taste can seek for: and if the imagination must be fed, as well as the sight regaled, what is there on the summit of Boxley which a visitor could not indulge in with as much epicurean seasoning, as when he contemplates the soil of Italy?

Here the altar of unhewn stone\*, sacred to druid rites, recalls to the classic mind the remote æra of British empire. The reigns of Brennus and Belinus, the great conquerors of Macedonia, by whom the famed temple of Apollo at Delphos was raised to the ground. Here can it boast of the same source of human refinement as

\* This alludes to an antient pile of four rough and enormous stones on the hill; which some antiquaries have called a druid altar—but it seems more probably to have been raised as a sepulchral monument.

Italy. Stored with antient literature, the polished fancy, by the contemplation of this scene, can bring a colony of Trojans under Brutus, to inspire its indigent inhabitants with the glorious spirit of civil liberty, which on this spot was evidenced on two signalized occasions. The consular times of Rome could not display more heroism in its struggles for freedom against the Tarquins, than did the ancient Britons on this ground against the fierce invader of the plundering Cæsar; nor was the banner of Vortimer unfurled against the Saxon Horsa, who was here slain in the contest, with less vengeance and obstinacy.

Would the painter study the grand, the sublime, and the ornamental of his art from the rude, wild, and disjointed parts of the mountain, he will see a Salvator Rosa—let him glance his eye to the horizon, the best-chosen scenes of a Claude or a Wilson will be found in nature for his original—Let him take the nearer parts of the vale, and study the grouping of smaller subjects; he will make election of cottages

and trees in all the critical excellence of Rixdale.

If the sudden emergency of the capital requires expeditious attendance, a few hours conveys me to it. If alarmed by the report of invasion from the perfidy of our natural foe, our Gallic neighbour, this situation can prove my loyalty before any other parts of the island; and as a spur to activity and valour, as an unsubdued Kentish man, I am entitled, *as sayeth our old friend Gervafus*, to the most honourable post in the front of battle. Thus prejudiced by situation, county, and certain privileges, called the Gaval-kind *by Master William Somner*, I am fully satisfied with the superiority of my country mansion to most others in the island of Britain.

My father, who was remarkably tenacious of genealogical descent, but too laborious in his parliamentary business for leisure to turn his thoughts to the depth of chronological investigation, would take great delight in the conversation of a neighbouring antiquary, the rector of \*\*\*\*\*,  
 who

who flattering this vein of his mind, and to add a more glowing warmth to my father's heart than that which old port or a crackling faggot could inspire, would declare that our ancestors could be traced as far back as William de Ipre, lieutenant to King Stephen, who founded the abbey of Boxley; and with whom William de Hales, our great ancestor, gallantly fought in the wars against the Empress Maud.

What archives the old rector had ransacked I could not learn; but his authority was sufficient: my father never questioned the gravity of his assertions; his long aquiline nose, great bushy wig, and imposing nasal cadence, carried too much conviction.

Alas! so desirous are we to gratify the pride of our hearts, that my father, though he would often talk of his ancestor, the great warrior, William de Hales, always forbore to speak of another of the family who had turned a white monk, and in his pious fervour had left the estate and mansion house to his order; but which was afterwards restored to the family by the boisterous Harry

on the dissolution of the convents, for having slept a night at the mansion on his road to Dover.

This my father said was a blot in the escutcheon, and which from my soul I believe was the first cause of his rooted antipathy to priesthood: though, in justice to his religious duties be it said, he was a strict observer of its forms, and constant frequenter of the church. He liked no parson but the old rector, his family genealogist; who humoured him in his political and patriotic exploits; for united by the most prevailing binding tie, interest, being indebted to him for preferment, in gratitude he endeavoured to repay his patron by writing pamphlets and paragraphs against his adverse party.

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The present mansion is little altered from the old, excepting a dining parlour which fronts the lawn, rebuilt on account of the absolute decay of the building, and which, to flatter the modern taste of Lady *\_\_\_\_\_*, I permitted to be altered to her fancy. 'Tis true I had made her a  
hastv

hasty promise without reserve, and which threatened some alteration in our domestic happiness; for having a collection of family ancestors, almost in a regular series from the first discovery of oil painting by John de Bellin to the modern Sir Joshua, I had concluded on their being replaced in their old stations; but I was not a little surpris'd when I found the taste of the Adams, a blue wall and some taudry-coloured flourishes, were to supersede the elaborate execution of Sir Antonio More, Holben, Rubens, Vandyke, Lilly, Kneller, and some of our best modern portrait painters. One morning, to verify a saying of the times, I actually found the workmen were hoisting all my ancestors into the garret; one portrait, indeed, had found favour, and was to have the principal place in the room over the fire-place, and this was a female relation by some modern French painter, with an abundance of unnatural paint on her cheeks, in a fancy opera dress, a pastoral wand in her hand, all bewreathed with flowers, and with the coquettish leer of a courtesan. I had a calm reply to a calm question; my wife

chose it because it was the prettiest looking picture, and suited the decorations of the Adams better than the grim visages of my Rubenses or Vandykes. After this display of her taste, for which she on every occasion stood foremost to signalize herself, I, notwithstanding the remonstrances of every female visitor who entered the house, her cordial associates, stood their attacks, heard their plans, and every change proposed to render Boxley Grove a modern building of *exquisite* taste; unmoved in a firm resolution to retain the respectable Gothic of its order in its ancient purity.

One morning, not a little surprised, was introduced to breakfast by Lady Hales a Mr. Changeall, who, arriving over-night from town, I concluded was some intimate acquaintance, but whose face I had never seen, till that moment. He was dressed with elegance, and his manners as imposing as the first man of condition. Lady Hales was uncommonly attentive to the little condescensions natural enough to be shewn to a stranger, and which drew from me the same shew of respect. But judge my surprise.



prise, when seizing an opportunity which Mr. Changeall gave me when the table was moving, by leaving us to fetch some papers which he “humbly proposed to offer for  
 “ our inspection, and to suggest some  
 “ improvement of,” to ask her the meaning of this visit. “ Are you not acquainted with the great Mr. Changeall,  
 “ the fashionable architect, and as celebrated as Mr. Capability for his exquisite  
 “ taste in laying out ground ?”—“ Pray,  
 “ my dear Lady Hales, how long have we  
 “ been married ?”—“ Good God ! Sir  
 “ Simon, how strange you are ; why almost twenty years, to be sure.”—“ Then  
 “ I lament, Madam, that your heart is  
 “ now set on variety, and the domestic  
 “ state you are engaged in must at this  
 “ period be subject to some changes to  
 “ render it palatable.”—I now recollected a conversation which some little time before had taken place in town, when the lady of the late Sir Walter Jekyll, our neighbour, had been proposing to me the plan of laying out my grounds at Boxley in the modern stile of improvement. Lady Hales was present, and I remember to have said that

I proposed to make some alterations in my brewery, laundry, and dog kennel, and I should be proud to consult her ladyship. This she had taken in sober truth, and as actual repairs were to be made in some of my out-houses, my wife thought this a good opportunity to bring her great plan of reform into execution. I had smiled at her repeated proposals, without the least gravity of reply; this she had construed into a full assent, and had invited this modern projector of *elegant improvement* to visit Boxley Grove, with his whimsical plans of pulling down warm houses to let in cold, and laying out grounds to lay out a good fortune; to torture the fancy to contrive lawns, vistas, and groves, *à la négligée naturelle*; and to exceed Shenstone in his refinement of gardening.

Mr. Changeall returned with his plans. Lady Hales was to be supported in her premature display of taste. Some patience required, and perhaps some little insight might be gained into the present mode of spending fortunes with the assistance of these kind of projectors.

The plans were displayed.—The first produced a very elaborate elevation and ground plan of Boxley house, with the park and plantations ichnographically detailed; the second, the intended alteration; the old house built, the grounds all varied, the mote enlarged to a fine sheet of water, the box walk and evergreen grove effectually erased; my fish-pond filled up, and replaced by a temple to be surrounded with limes, Italian poplars, and varied firs; here the straight walk from the house to the grove was to *convolute* to a considerable distance; and the shade which I sought in five minutes, to be lengthened to ten: a clump of firs on a distant hill, and a shrubbery to extend to it; the fine pasture before the house to be converted to a fine lawn; vistas and recesses placed at proper distance to relieve the eye; with seats, temples, fanciful edifices to enrich the scene, and to fill up at least a twenty long years labour before the whole could be completed.

I gazed with no small share of surprise at the intended improvement, and listened to the explanation without a comment, till

I fancied Mr. Changeall had concluded his elaborate exposition ; but my surprife arose from observing the correctness of the drawing, and hearing that no person had been employed to measure the grounds, or to raise the plan. My only question to the long oration was, “ How came he by such an exact draught of the house and grounds ? ” This was cleared up instantly by remarking that he had employed proper draughtsmen for the purpose, who had orders to remove themselves into the neighbourhood, and to finish their commission without any intercourse whatever with the family, to avoid giving them trouble, and to take them afterwards by surprife. On recollection, I then remembered to have seen an ordinary personage some months back sketching and measuring my grounds, but whom I conceived was some landscape student amusing himself with the delightful situation of the premises.

It was now high time to come to a conclusion with my modern Vitruvius, therefore suggesting a difficulty about residence when the old mansion was dilapidated,

ted, I begged to know how I could procure a temporary abode.—“ O lud, good Sir, “ a mere trifle, a mere trifle I assure you ; “ it is but running up a snug box at a “ convenient distance.” The expence ? “ Oh, not worth the thought, dear Sir ; “ a mere trifle ; and you know when the “ new mansion is finished, this you resign “ to your bailif or steward.”—In reply I observed, that, instead of my house, I should resign my person to a bailif, were I to adopt the extensive plan he had here proposed.—“ O lud, my dear good Sir,” laughing immoderately, “ how can this hurt you ?” —I told him I should be ruined with the great cost of his improvements.—“ A mere “ trifle, good Sir,” which he repeated in the smoothest tone of voice. I asked what might be the amount of this trifle ?—“ Oh “ a perfect trifle, he was sure ; a man of “ my fortune could not feel it. The esti- “ mate he had not made ; this required “ some calculation ; but he was assured it “ could be but a mere trifle.”—I asked Mr. Changeall the expence of raising the plan, and what he proposed as a consideration for the trouble of the drawing. He replied, “ a mere

“ a mere trifle.” Then a trifle, I replied, would pay for the caprice of changing my mind, and I therefore hoped he would talk to me no farther about the alteration of Boxley Grove house, but partake of a family dinner and my company, till he was disposed to return to town again; and so I offered him a purse with a few guineas for his trouble.

I was taking the drawings out of his hand, when judge of my astonishment! He drew back, staring at me, with an uncommon look of disappointment, and he faltered out, “How is this, Sir Simon Hales? “ Sir—Sir—Sir—I am already a sufferer by “ some hundreds—I have contracted for “ materials, for, for, for wood and stone— “ workmen to come down—the plan, Sir, “ the plan is ten times the value—for “ God’s sake, Sir—I must not be made “ the dupe of your orders.”—Lady Hales now changed colour, and looked for my reply. —“ Sir,” I answered, “ my lawyer must converse with you farther on “ this subject.”—Mr. Changeall now began to expostulate, and to assure me that  
the

the plan alone would be valued in any court, trouble, time, and ability, at three hundred pounds; and now recovering himself, in a less hypocritical smooth tone of voice, he insisted on having received his orders from Lady Hales, who, in company with Lady Jekyll, had concluded on the proposition he had specified; that similar affairs in his profession were not uncommon; the nobility and gentry had their caprices like other men; but artists must not have their time taken up for nothing; his profession had cost him no small pains; he had visited Italy to complete his studies, and had laid in his science at a great expence, which could not be thrown away on the change of a gentleman's mind. He had an action against a Lord, who should be nameless, on a similar occasion, but which, he was happy to say, he had non-suited; and that he was not the only person who seemed to be surprised that the abilities of an artist should be subservient to the capricious fancy of men of fortune:—"But, Sir," he continued, "I do not wish to prefer my suit in this case, nor shall I take my leave without the honour of your patronage"

“ tronage for the consideration of a trifle ;  
 “ a few hundred pounds can be but a  
 “ trifle, to cancel the magnificent improve-  
 “ ments of your grounds ; and I am sure,  
 “ as not being the judge of the infinite  
 “ labour and thought the projection of  
 “ these plans require, you would not wish  
 “ me to suffer for the change of your mind  
 “ in the trifling sum of three hundred  
 “ pounds.” Here I made him a low bow,  
 and rang the bell to order my carriage,  
 with an intent to run up to town for advice  
 from my attorney.

Mr. Changeall by this had noted some  
 firmness in my manner, and from the  
 confusion and hesitation of Lady Hales,  
 began to conceive that she had exceeded  
 the commission she had received from  
 me ; and perhaps judging of the weak-  
 ness of his employers' intellects and pro-  
 per œconomy in the superintendance of  
 their affairs, by the extravagance and  
 folly of the ornamental improvement of  
 their estates, he hoped, he said, that I did  
 not consider his expostulation in too serious  
 a light, either to give him cause for much  
 trouble,



trouble, and equal pain to do himself justice. I calmly replied, that this was a business I was apprehensive I was not sufficiently master of, and lest I might be tempted to proceed too hastily against the merits of his cause, I proposed to set off for town, to have the matter adjusted by the strictest rules of equity: that Lady Hales had, through the persuasion of her extravagant and fanciful friend, Lady Jekyll, been led into error on the supposed alterations of my house and grounds: that a dog-kennel and a few out-houses were to be pulled down, for a trifling and slight improvement, and no other change whatever proposed by myself; and, for my part, he must be well persuaded it was the first time I had ever laid eyes upon him. Here Mr. Changeall made a most obsequious bow; and again altering the tone of his voice to what appeared more natural, stated a few apparent facts of the time and trouble he had bestowed on the plans: he lessened the cost to an hundred pounds, for which I gave him my note, and begged he would on no account whatever relate a circumstance which would turn out so infallibly to  
my

my disadvantage, by affixing to my character a trait of fashionable folly which was in every respect so unnatural to it. He here again bowed, requested the honour of my patronage, and left the room most respectfully.

After this affair, I was never pressed by my wife to alter the stile of the old house, excepting the saloon, which was obliged to come down from actual decay, and which, to please her, I permitted to be fitted up to her taste. Indeed I ever venerated these old piles of masonry beyond any modern; their conveniences, in many instances, are as great; and were we to balance the trouble of rebuilding, the comfortless situation of seeing rubbish removed, masons at work with stone and mortar, the mind perplexed and harassed with the conditions of engagements, misfortunes in the progress of work, length of time required to compleat it; and, after all, a list of confounded bills overcharged in the most exorbitant manner, each of which to the amount of a snug private fortune; I frequently wonder that men at my time of life do not sooner prefer

fer the antique fabrics of our Edwards and Henries to the polite jumble of the orders of Grecian architecture, which now constitute the modern stile of building houses, and spending immense fortunes.

My house is situated in a court yard, with a large brazen fountain, nereids spouting water on all sides. The gateway and porter's lodge were rebuilt by Inigo Jones; in my father's time it was surrounded with a mote and draw bridge, and from a few remaining towers, modernised some centuries back, the outward wall seems to have been a castellated defence, perhaps in the feudal times of the Barons. The house is built very much in the stile of our colleges in Cambridge and Oxford. A large hall, or refectory, open to the vestibule, fronted by the buttery, and a passage which communicates to the kitchen. On one side of the hall a chapel, and on the other the grand staircase, ornamented in fresco, with some antient historic designs; the execution coeval with the age of Elizabeth, and in the stile of Holben. Here we behold a tournament, in honour

of a festival displayed for the reception of Henry VIII., when he visited one of my ancestors in his way to the embarkation at Calais, on his meeting with Francis I. at Ardres.

In short, from the slight and hasty description I have here given of the family mansion, I cannot be supposed to have much taste for modern improvement in building. I cannot say what might have happened in my youth, if parliamentary ambition had not superseded the vanity of building fine houses; but in truth, when my inclination led me to retire, I panted for ease and the calm enjoyments of life, which turned my thoughts from architectural metamorphoses. Judge, therefore, if I must not have had some resolution to have combated the repeated denunciations of vengeance against the gloomy appearance of the premises, by all our fashionable visitors, who seldom arrive without a comment on the strangeness of my taste; however, the inside is elegant and comfortable, and we neither want apartments to display the ancient hospitality of the Haleses, in the  
comfort

comfort of modern entertainment, or space to celebrate our annual festivals, which are generally more frequent, better served, and better regulated, than I remember ever to have noted in houses of more modern and more splendid outfides.

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MY FATHER'S APOLOGY FOR RETIRING  
FROM PUBLIC LIFE.

**R**ETIRED from parliamentary business, I have now sunk into the bosom of my family, and contracted all my numerous acquaintance to a small circle in the neighbourhood of my country residence, and limited my town friends to as small a number as my delight in society would admit of. While health, fortune, and the advantage of a sound education, had inclined my mind and heart to yield to the inward satisfaction of exerting these endowments for the public good, I had almost

almost forgot, through the fervour of patriotism, that the charms of a virtuous and beautiful wife, the smiles of blooming children, and the approach of a few chosen friends, required in return any expansion of soul on my side. Early principles had moulded my heart to the rigid maxims of a stern, yet noble and affectionate parent; and such were my habits of thought from this sedulous practice to train me up to his own grand and pure sentiments of public love, that losing all appetite in the rational indulgences of private life, or the salutary digressions from senatorial duty, I became callous to the milder ornaments of humanity. Though I married with the ardent desire of making my life more serviceable to my country, I still regarded the honest impulse of my heart, and suffered no sinister motive to obtrude in my domestic views; but I had an inflexible opinion that the happiness of my family, the affluence of my fortune, friends, and self, should be offered up as an expiatory sacrifice for state crimes; and that no personal oblation could be too great, if my country, in any emergency, could derive benefit from the  
concessions

concessions of an individual. It may naturally enough be asked how it is possible that a man, once elated with these ideas, could now recede from every opportunity of displaying them? I shall briefly reply, that a character like my own is of more real and efficacious service to his country, by adhering strictly to the regularity of conduct in the character of an honest and private citizen, than by rising up on the basis of independance in a turbulent senate; by asserting principles which no party can adopt, and which *no virtue* can possibly accomplish. As my political principles have been unsuccessful, I mean to make my life salutary to government, by seeking a repose in the conduct of private virtues, and in the humble gratification of domestic duty.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER SKETCH FROM HIS COMMON-  
PLACE BOOK.

**M**Y father had sunk two estates in the cause of his political principles, and I believe stood without a compeer to lessen that consequence and that merit which he had derived from his persevering conduct. He was always sought by the sovereign, always by party, yet ever too singular, ever too inflexible, for their views. Independant, persevering, and minutely applicable in the transactions of the senate, he had generally the mortification to find his opponents combated by conviction, though not defeated in their conduct. His critical and just declamation was often intentionally perverted by one party, and traduced by misconception and uninformed replication by the other. On each side of public question, when judgement and integrity governed his heart, he argued with equal warmth



warmth of reprehension. He had abilities to steer the precarious helm of government in the most affailing storms: but sternly fixt in his principles, he could admit of no state modification or political paliative: he wished to carry all his measures by open acts of genuine integrity, without degrading the dignity of his mind by acceding to stratagem or party device.

• Thus alone, unabettèd, he rose up on the basis of a sound and unshaken foundation of a political system, to face the enemies of his country, and the corruption of the state. He would rise up in the face of public applause on the victories of Marlborough, and condemn the successful war of Queen Ann as useless to British interest, and too bloody and expensive to be deemed glorious. He gave our generals no laurels but those won by the security of our commerce, and for the real agrandizement of the empire; he allowed no honours for fresh-acquired territory, when convinced by common sense that the indigenious resources of his own country were obstinately neglected. Time, and even conviction, could not make him recede from

his fixt principle of political right, but, like a contest with a hydra, he was continually lopping off one head of the monster, while it was by another as often replaced : thus sinking into the grave, this veteran patriot transmitted the same ardour for public glory to his son, who thus encouraged, and thus panting for fame, through the road of the most assiduous application to senatorial knowledge, and the same unshaken elevated virtue of his Sire, found at last his patriotism ineffectual, and the only true and efficacious means of serving his country centered in more private and more humble duties ; in a domestic life, in the education of his children, converse of his friends, and useful influence in his neighbourhood.

THE FIRST TIME I FELT THE EMOTIONS  
OF PURE LOVE.

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WHY should I forget the day—the hour? 'Tis the natural history of man. Transitory scenes! scenes of juvenal innocence—elysian scenes of rapture—they will never return again—live they may, in cold remembrance—but how can remembrance, contaminated by the calamitous disasters of life—clogged, incumbered with transactions—surcharged with sorrow—busy cares—the train of mortal incidents—paint to the mind the pure emotions of natural love, after the lapse of so many years. The heart no longer feels the delicate vibrations of youthful ecstasy; and descriptions of the past will fade as our years are numbered. Oft have I felt the tongue responsive to the heart—oft have I felt the modulating organ obedient to every soft touch of the soul, portraying the critical moments

moments of love—when art—when passionate design have fallen into imbecility—but—time and place alone conspired—the time is now past, and situation, alas!—no more.

The stern duties of life may be charmed by friendly converse—the female heart is more susceptible of commiseration for the weakness of our sex — weakness — call it not weakness, O world of cynical observance! From the men, the sacred ties of two fond lovers must be concealed—rigorous sentence! — we must not divulge to the friends of our sex the effeminate secrets of our hearts. We can have no friend to participate in the tender passion — 'Tis adjudged too formidably by a male tribunal—the verdict—guilty of human weakness. By the rank we hold in the universe, we are bound to envisage this impulse with levity; we may feel it as men, but we must deride at it with the scorn of philosophers. Yet, neither the boisterous revelry of bacchanals over the flask of the purple juice, nor the morose displeasure

displeasure of the beard and flowing robe  
can annihilate the weakness.

—— Brutus for absent Portia sighs,  
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.

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It was on a holiday in Whitsuntide, when a school boy, I returned from the strict studies under a vigilant master to faunter a month at our delightful country mansion of Boxley Grove. The western sun was making his retreat behind the hill, which like a vast amphitheatre, screened our fertile valley from the noxious blasts of north-eastern winds, when I retreated from my father's hospitable table; leaving him seated in his crurile chair over a delectable glass of claret, and in as delectable a debate of politics with old Dr. Philpot, our neighbouring rector.

I had but one object in view; it was to see my old foster nurse, Mrs. Underwood, the wife of a Kentish yeoman, a tenant of

my father's, and of coeval family residence with the Hales's, my ancestors.

Pride of personal attraction had tempted my mother to deprive herself of that endearing office, the nursing of her only son.—The charm of fashion had superseded the still more inviting charm of nature, and it was with a small degree of reluctance that Lady Hales prevailed on her maternal tenderness to consign me over an infant to the arms of a nurse, a woman whose recommendation was that of genuine goodness, perfect health, and perfect uninterested pecuniary compliance.

She had lost her own child by an accident; and as the natural attached friend of our family, she had solicited my mother to give her the preference of receiving me to her tenderest protection. Sooner than be deprived of the little engaging attention required in the nursery of an infant in arms, she would have gladly compromised her ardent hopes for the child of the most menial peasant or hind that was engaged in her farm; but she was made more happy

with one of superior birth, and it was with raptures Mrs Underwood engaged to liberate my mother from the duties of the nursery.

Dear and tender woman!—have I not beheld the flush of sincere affection from thine eyes when my feet have gone over thy threshold? Assiduous fondness! thou didst cherish me with all the native love of a parent—and shall I not devote a tribute of genuine grateful memory to thy kindness?

When I saw the low-roofed mansion, the mouldered wall—the hollow tree thickly coated with ivy foliage, near the gate of the farm yard. Oft has my heart palpitated with keen sensibility—Delightful retrospect of my infant days, which those objects had recalled to my fancy!

I had scarce made a turn to enter the lane, which led in a direct line to the house, when my old acquaintance and playmate, Samuel, caught sight of me.

Underwood's son—a year younger than myself—The lad sprang like a deer to give me welcome—The joy, the great satisfaction in his looks when we met, how forcibly did they prove the natural effusions of early attachments! I remember his first salutation.

“ How glad will my mother be to see  
 “ you—but first let us go up to yonder  
 “ field; there we shall find my sister.—I  
 “ have been to the house for some bread  
 “ —’tis for a little bird which we found  
 “ chirping in the grass; my sister will  
 “ feed it, and turn it loose again.”

I gladly accompanied the lad, rejoiced to see his twin sister Frances—

We reached her with an eager pace, but we found her in tears; at the sight of me she rose from the ground, wiped her streaming eyes with her apron, and with a modest abashed countenance came forward to meet us.

The little bird we saw lying by the side



of her on the ground; whether it had fallen out of its nest and had received some injury, or had been long forsaken by the old ones, it pined, and she having tried to chafe it with her hands, till her brother Samuel returned, was grieved to find it stretch itself out and die under her care.

“ Poor little thing,” she said to her brother, “ I hope I did not kill it; I wish we could have found its nest, to have returned it to the old ones. Never take little birds out of their nests, Sammy— I am sure it is a great sin.

“ You know we read about it in the pretty book which Miss Sophy Hales gave us when she last called at our house, when we had the curds and cream.”

“ I have read it twice over” says Samuel, “ and I wish we could get some more of them.”

You shall have as many as I can get you, I replied; you shall have all the entertaining books which I left at home

when I went to school; but let us go to your house, and we will talk of books as we go along.

Strong was the impression which the Underwoods on that very day had made on my mind. For ever blest be that calm retirement which permits me to record the pleasing scenes of time past.—

As I approached the house, I saw Mrs. Underwood seated on a bench before the door; she was employed on some sewing work; a little boy in a go-cart by her side, throwing out his hands to some chickens picking up crumbs about him, and which his mother had invited there from the hen in her coop at no great distance, for his amusement.

As soon as she caught sight of me, she immediately flung down her work and ran to clasp me in her arms.

I was now a little king in the farm house; the maid was ordered to prepare the curds and cream. This excellent creature had  
no

no other mode to bestow her effusions of gladness, but to heap on me every pampering gratuity which she possibly could devise; and the truth was, by some predominant charming prejudice, my youthful luxuries were more heightened at old Thorpe farm, than at the hospitable board of my father.

At one time she surveyed my stature, and then the features of my face, which she in raptures pronounced to favour Sir Simon my father; and by whatever natural trope her tenderness might be divulged, most abundantly did it manifest itself.

Samuel now asked why I went so far from home, and if I could not learn my book at Maidstone, as well as at Westminster?—"It is to make him a great man," "my dear," replied Mrs. Underwood, "that Sir Simon sends him so far;" "And can he not be a great man like Sir Simon if he staid at home?"—"No, child; books make great men, and they learn better books, and faster at a distance than nearest

“ at home, because boys are spoilt when  
 “ with their parents, like you.”

“ If books make great men, I wish you  
 “ would buy me some, mother. You know  
 “ I love to read ; and John Clark, my  
 “ master, tells me I learn better than any  
 “ boy in the school.”

“ But you must have money as well as  
 “ books, child ; great learning must always  
 “ be joined to great estates. It is this which  
 “ makes great gentlemen. People should  
 “ only bring up their children to what they  
 “ can afford, and this is the reason why  
 “ your father will not send you to the same  
 “ school where farmer Drab sends his boys  
 “ at sixteen pounds a year each, to learn  
 “ Latin and French, and afterwards to learn  
 “ to spend the little money they would  
 “ have had left them, and to look down  
 “ with contempt on their parents who had  
 “ brought them up too well ; otherwise,  
 “ my dear Samuel, we have often endea-  
 “ voured to persuade your father to send  
 “ you out with farmer Drab’s sons ; but  
 “ he will not hear a syllable about it ; and  
 “ indeed

"indeed, for my part, I think there is  
 " great truth in what he says. Though  
 " you and Fanny are always reading, I do  
 " not mean to discourage it, for you may  
 " be employed in worse things; but if  
 " you are only to be a farmer like your  
 " father, I see no reason why reading,  
 " writing, and casting accounts, will not  
 " be sufficient to make your land prosper,  
 " without learning Latin and French, to  
 " fill your head with great things beyond  
 " your reach; as for Fanny, she must be my  
 " housekeeper when she grows up, and you  
 " know, my dear, the butcher's and grocer's  
 " bills are not written in French nor Italian."

Fanny was all attention; she made no  
 reply; but as soon as her mother had  
 finished, she posted with Samuel to the  
 garden, and in a few minutes brought in a  
 large plate of raspberries.

We all sat down to curds and cream and  
 raspberries; but long were we not regaling  
 ourselves, before we espied my mother,  
 Lady Hales, and my sister Sophy, with  
 the maid, coming towards old Thorpe.

The pride of Lady Hales would not allow her to be seated. “ I suspected my son Edward was set off to see you, Mrs. Underwood; the boy has only been with us a day, and he has not been at his ease all the while. On my life I think he loves his old nurse better than his mother.”

The word old, was not acceptable to Mrs. Underwood; she was not arrived at her fortieth year; an excellent comely face, in the prime of life, deserved not the appellation. With somewhat of a sensible formality, she had resolution to reply — “ He is doubtless very partial to his old friend, my Lady Hales, and your ladyship must very naturally believe me to be equally partial to his visits. After your ladyship’s claim for his regard, it is natural for me to covet his remembrance.”

“ Umph” — ejaculated Lady Hales!

She was afraid my nurse was usurping somewhat of her own privileges of maternal influence.

Heavens!

Heavens!—why should I be tempted to arraign the conduct of my mother?—pride—'tis a hard task for high birth to move in the precise sphere of right conduct—Perhaps she might have surveyed the manners of Mrs. Underwood with less prejudice than her son; and elevated situations—ah they cannot submit to much flexibility; native condescension can only arise from the undocumented hearts.

But, alas! my mother was very haughty with my nurse; the preliminaries of our little party, so happily commenced, were now broken in upon.

We could not relish the curds, the raspberries and cream; Samuel and his sister Frances were frightened: we all rose up.

My sister Sophy had now joined the groupe; but a stern look from my mother made her retire; she and Mrs. Underwood had some conversation apart. The latter lowly curtsied—Lady Hales received the humble condescension as an unquestionable privilege. “Come, children, are you  
,, ready

“ ready to go?” Sorrowful commands, miserable departure! happiness intercepted—I found I must obey the summons; poor Samuel, he was sorry to leave me, and Frances, I thought, would have gladly withheld my taking leave.

I followed my mother; but the first impression on my heart, was the tender feelings of Fanny Underwood for the loss of the little bird. Accordant atoms of sympathy dressed up her image to my sight,—her form as she sat, and lamenting the death of the bird when I first cast my eyes upon her, was now presented before me—I could have wept on the remembrance.

In solitude the delicate sensibility of nature had gushed from her eyes. The neat linen dress, the flowing pale-coloured ringlets falling on her neck—blond her complexion—the large blue eye—the cheek of glowing health—artless looks of ineffable pity—Thus I beheld her at night in the mirror of my mind, and I now first began to consider that Old Thorpe contained other attractions than my foster nurse.



## SIR SIMON'S LECTURE.

HIS CHARACTER SKETCHED FROM MEMORY — THE CIRCUMSTANTIAL PART TRUE, AS TO FACT, BUT METHODICAL, AND PUT TO PAPER AT A CONSIDERABLE DISTANCE OF TIME.

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THE ladies had walked out while Sir Simon and the Rector were seated over the bottle. But they were now hailed into the drawing room; the tea was waiting. Methought the face of Doctor Philpot was tinged with my father's claret. The Baronet entered laughing, in perfect good humour, with the fag-end of a sentence, which he still repeated.

“ Sir Robert Walpole never talked politics, nor religion, Doctor, over his wine—Excellent maxim, ah—ah—ah—  
 “ better

“ better conversation *to amuse* for a substitute.”

Philpot replied, “ that an argument is more often carried on over the bottle for the sake of oratorical display, or the ejaculation of animal spirits, than for conviction, or the strict investigation of truth. Did you ever know a man rise up convinced on either of such serious debates?”

“ And, therefore” replied my father, laughing, “ I always think it better to scandalize the fair sex.”

Lady Hales discovered marks of formality, and gravely replied to the arch look of Sir Simon; “ I believe, Sir, the ladies do not improve in character and fair repute by this kind of malversation from the men; were it not more to your credit to heighten our virtues than to detract from them? The more we are favoured with your good opinion, the more desirous we should be to merit it.”

“ And therefore, my dear, we always  
 “ toast you in a bumper.”

“ Sir Simon, Sir Simon, thus it is you  
 “ are always heated with your convivial  
 “ cups. Consider the rising generation;  
 “ there is Edward and my daughter So-  
 “ phy in your presence.”

He smiled at my mother's gravity.

———— Rapiamus, amici

Occasionem de die :

Dumque virent genua,

Et decet, obducta solvatur fronte senectus.

Doctor Philpot in addition.

Tu vina Torquato move

Consule pressa meo.

“ Tell your mother the English of it,  
 “ Edward—give the Doctor a specimen of  
 “ old Westminster.”

Let us take advantage of the present moment—  
 While we are young let us be gay with good  
 manners—

Let

Let us expel those cares which cause the wrinkles of old age—

“ Edward, you are a jolly fellow—now  
“ tell your mother what the doctor says.”

Bring me wine bottled on my birth day,  
Under the Consulship of Torquatus.

Ah—ah—ah—my father was delighted ;  
Lady Hales drew up more erect in the sofa ; the servant was handing round the tea—“ Hand us a glass of old claret, William—Let us have another bottle, Doctor ; this tea—my boy will be emasculated ; how came you to leave us ? you are now lusty enough to sit at the table after dinner ; man enough, man enough ; where have you been, Edward ; dandling after the women — no good will come of following your mother at your age.”

“ He has been to see his nurse, Dame Underwood,” answered my mother with her usual gravity whenever my father looked gay and convivial.

A milk

“ A milk-sop yet, Edward—I shall have  
 “ him spoilt, Lady Hales, with your effemi-  
 “ nate principles of good breeding. Come  
 “ hither, Edward; you now know Latin  
 “ enough to be good company. Your mo-  
 “ ther shall bring up your sister Sophy, and  
 “ I will have the training of you. Do you  
 “ see the glass moves merrily round to-  
 “ morrow; I will make a man of him, Lady  
 “ Hales—Boys should be early initiated.”

“ Decorum, decorum, Sir Simon.”

“ Never mind her ladyship, Edward;  
 “ you are my boy; and do you know, if  
 “ ever I know you have any thing to say,  
 “ but formal ceremony, to that fribble of  
 “ a jackanapes, young Jekyll, I will dis-  
 “ inherit you.”

The son of my worthy friend, Lady  
 Jekyll; the mirror of good breeding, a  
 perfect gentleman, a finished youth, not  
 a year older than Edward, Sir, why do you  
 except to his company?

“ Because

“ Because he is only fit for a lady’s dressing room, the prince of pomatums and essences; phogh — the jest of his own sex, and the derision of yours.”

“ I wish you had him at Westminster, Edward.—What is your opinion of a man, Doctor?”

“ I shall differ, perhaps, with her ladyship; I admire the masculine qualities in our sex; I would have our youth equal to every gay folly of enterprize, but master sufficient of their prudence to maintain their manners unimpeached by debauchery; generous enough to support the privileges of chearful society, without a sensual degradation of their superior advantages of birth and fortune.”

Lady Hales differed from the Doctor; she thought the young men of the age found more attractions in the bottle than in her own sex; and she insisted upon it with some petulancy, that he would reserve his sentiments for his more private lucubrations.

Sir Simon had dashed his cooler judgment with a full share of libation; but he rallied his mental faculties to reply for the silenced Doctor.

“ The chief virtues of civil society are  
 “ derived from the pleasures of the bottle;  
 “ but excess, Lady Hales, we consider as  
 “ their antidote. The faculties of the  
 “ soul are illumed with the full flowing  
 “ glass; ability ripens, and generous sentiments  
 “ are promoted. Honour is the  
 “ guardian of that doctrine which in  
 “ those moments flowed from our hearts,  
 “ and we never fail to ratify our sincerity  
 “ when we remember the transports we  
 “ have experienced in our sacred assemblies.”

The party now observed the coach of Lady Jekyll curvating round the oval before the house.

When the door opened, this lady, with her son and daughter, made their appearance. What pleasure in my mother's eye when they were announced!—She arose; they

they accosted each other in mutual salutation; to Sir Simon the curtsy was mutilated to the Doctor no notice; he was on his legs, and, sensible of the common duties of society, flattered himself with her ladyship's cheerful recognition; but she was seated without this pleasing preliminary.

Master Jekyll made his formal bow to the company, and meeting my father's eye, the Baronet conferred upon him as formal a salutation. The boy had the appearance of a frippery foreigner some twenty years back. He was dressed as a man of the world; hair in the height of the then mode; a small bamboo cane, with gold tassels, in his hand; immense portion of neckcloth, fringed with rich edging, protruding considerably beyond the verge of his smooth and beardless chin. A coat with party-coloured stripes, the pattern chosen with much fancy; the waistcoat pink satin ground, covered with a gauze net; the breeches, black sattin; great

\* A liberty is here taken in point of anachronism. His dress suits the present mode.



stone knee buckles; white silk stockings with clocks to the calves of his legs; picked shoes just covering the toes, and an immense pair of maffy buckles, which decorated almost the whole of his foot. Young Jekyll was in his eighteenth year; a pale, fickle, effeminate face, with traits, regular, contracted, pretty, and of equal fitness to the necessary pretensions for female attractions. I was entering my seventeenth year. My features full and manlike; stout in structure; hair rather short, in my neck, and as straight as nature pleased to fancy it. My dress, a damson-coloured coat, striped waistcoat, and fustian breeches, thread stockings, and a pair of strong shoes.

It was an awkward kind of superiority which young Jekyll assumed over me; but my submission was tinged with undescribable disgust—our manners dissimilar; there could not therefore be much harmony in our acquaintance, which this visit was designed to bring about.

Miss Jekyll, the epitome of her mother—the sprig of beau monde; somewhat

elder than her brother—she assumed a greater share of confidence in her manners—her countenance pleasing, and not wanting of beauty, but totally removed from native grace. After she had surveyed with unabashed glances my unformed exterior, the while my looks were depressed on the carpet, she turned them aside to her mother, who had now entered into a very elaborate dissertation on taste with an universal critique on her acquaintance. One was accused of vulgar notions—this of servile imitation in equipage, furniture, and dress—another of equivocal reputation—deformities heightened, dissipation magnified—amplification of misfortunes—smiling commiseration on the unforeseen calamitous events of others. Such a husband was discovered in appearances of infidelity—such a wife on the verge of crimination—marriages circumvented—approved of—broken off—nearly consummated—well or ill afforded—and in effect the detailed catalogue of the town circle. It was her first visit in the season since she had left her town house; doubtless, therefore, must this communication

munication have been to Lady Hales greatly acceptable.

Sir Simon had hitched his chair to Doctor Philpot's. He had some time attended to the ladies; but the conversation had been incongenial to his sentiments, either from the private tone of Lady Jekyll's voice, which seemed to indicate an exclusion of general interference, or a public communication of characters, which he ever reprobated.— A fresh topic with the Doctor he therefore commenced.

Young Jekyll now rose, changed his seat, begged to have the honour of pouring the coffee out while Lady Hales was making the tea.

The Jekylls were more fashionable than the Haleses—they did not sit down till near six to their dinner; and they wondered we had retired from the table before eight—thus we had a recommencement of tea equipage.

Lady Hales, 'tis true, had especial reasons for an early summons to the drawing room. Sir Simon called often for the glass of hilarity over the viands, and her Ladyship by long habit knew to a single replenish the proper *sufficit* for the Baronet. When then the bell rang for a fresh bottle, after the ladies retired, it always served for an indication of a more speedy preparation for tea.

But on this afternoon I had profited of a long story of the Doctor's, to steal away for my nurse Underwood's.—'Twas certain nameless apprehensions of my mother which made her follow me. It was her absence which had now caused a brisker circulation of the claret; and though she actually expected this visit of the Jekylls, she was resolved to summon the Baronet and his friend to the drawing room immediately on her return.

The farm of Oldthorpe was at the other end of our shrubbery, and which had been expressly planted to conceal the venerable gable ends from the more elegant polish

of our lawn. It stood, therefore, only at a reasonable distance for a walk after dinner, and which her Ladyship could attain to without a risk of incommoding her attire, when the weather was serene, as at this fine season of the year.

As he poured out the coffee, while the conversation continued self-appropriated between my mother and Lady Jekyll, he introduced a conversation to my sister Sophy.

The young gentleman discoursed with amazing facility of Opera dancers; celebrated singers; the divine Mara;—had she been at the Hanover-square concerts?—did she subscribe?—the masquerades were not this season well attended—would she not be in town next winter?—there could be no pleasure in looking at green fields and rising corn, which could be full as well represented in scenery on the stage; and, for his part, he was always fatigued with the vulgar sameness of Kentish country amusements long before the return of families to their town residences.

Frequent blushes of native pudor arose in the charming face of my ever-loved sister. But how acceptable this accomplished and flexible address of the promising young beau to the occasional askance looks of the mother!—to see him usurp such a ton of good breeding—what an ascendancy over the rustic behaviour of the Baronet's eldest son!—and her daughter, Miss Letitia; she had higher accomplishments to render her amiable in the opinions of society, by the occasional interruptions on her side in the conversation of her mother with frequent items to help her recollection.

Sir Simon and the Doctor in total exclusion; but they were equally delighted with their own private discourse, which by a mutual strong cadence, at intervals interrupted Lady Jekyll in her communications, and which threatened to discomfit the continuation of her incidents; for she was obliged more than once to turn her head in testimony of my father's want of silent condescension; but regardless of her amicable parley, chearful tattle, delightful narrative of all her town and country ac-

quaintance, he increased in tone and assertions with his friend the Rector of \*\*\*\*,  
 “ I am for flogging, absolute sound flog-  
 “ ging, Dr. Philpot; I say it again, I  
 “ hope Edward has had it soundly.”

Doctor Philpot condemned the practice of punishment with the rod — the ladies looked attentive for his opinion; but he was only inclined to assert the impropriety without entering into the investigation.

My father now assumed the privilege of supporting his reasons; but the ladies were disposed to rise.

This was always the plan of my mother when she observed my father in full career of carrying his point by force of sound argument.

“ Tell me, Doctor, what is your opinion  
 “ of the best mode of conveying know-  
 “ ledge:—gentleness or severity?”

“ Much depends on the temper, capa-  
 “ city, inclination; some boys are induced  
 “ to

“ to knowledge by bribes ; others by pu-  
 “ nishment ; there is a severity which can  
 “ be exercised instead of this barbarous  
 “ custom, penance, prohibition of juve-  
 “ nile delights, interdiction of those privi-  
 “ leges of amusement which are reserved  
 “ for the expert and diligent.”

“ All other kinds of punishment are nu-  
 “ gatory, Doctor ; I will give you my  
 “ reasons.”

“ There is an agility and perpetual acti-  
 “ vity in youth, which nature has wisely  
 “ intended for the growth and expansion  
 “ of their bodies ; this perpetual motion  
 “ is always in counteraction with the ex-  
 “ pansion of their minds. A moderate  
 “ share of sedentary reflection is required  
 “ to impart knowledge to them ; sooner  
 “ will they toil and exhaust their little  
 “ spirits in sports of exercise, than bestow  
 “ a single minute on thought. Thus this  
 “ noble part of the soul becomes more  
 “ generally diffused through the system ;  
 “ and unless the head, which is the recep-  
 “ tacle, the grand momentum of human  
 “ excellence



“ excellence, be restored to its full and  
 “ ample functions, there will be no chance  
 “ of impressing them with knowledge.  
 “ Whether physical or not this observa-  
 “ tion, I do aver that a few smart jirks of  
 “ the birch will drive up the latent prin-  
 “ ciples of knowledge to this more noble  
 “ part. I know of no instance where the  
 “ adoption of such a methodical applica-  
 “ tion has ever failed of its desired effect.  
 “ In vain may our learned physicians cavil  
 “ on the material or immaterial properties  
 “ of the human soul : experience proves,  
 “ without a shadow of doubt, how inti-  
 “ mately it is allied to corporeal atoms.  
 “ The instance before us is irrefutable.  
 “ Twig up your boys, the dissipated ef-  
 “ fence of the soul mounts up into the  
 “ brain, and a Lycurgus, a Solon, a Plato  
 “ is ingendered.

“ But I am still farther induced; for  
 “ manifold reasons, strongly to inculcate a  
 “ maxim of constant and regular adoption  
 “ of the rod, whether the youth be or be  
 “ not in the habit of thought or mental ap-  
 “ plication.”

The Rector nodded a look of approbation. I thought Sir Simon's argument had made him a profelyte. It governed my fixt attention, and my alarms arose in proportion to the correspondent assent of Doctor Philpot.

To be flogged without desert!—what a principle of discipline to infuse in our seminaries! My flesh quivered on my bones.

Doctor Philpot wished my father would continue his argument on the regular adoption of the punishment on the deserving as well as undeserving.

“ I am inclined to think a more brisk  
 “ circulation of the mental faculty,” answered Sir Simon, “ might be procured  
 “ for school exercises of the ensuing week,  
 “ by the adoption of the following plan :  
 “ On every Saturday night, after the  
 “ boys have been washed, and their hairs  
 “ combed, a general discipline should go  
 “ round ; good and bad, the diligent and  
 “ slothful, the dull and the brilliant ; with  
 “ this reserve, the master should discrimi-  
 “ nate

“ minate between the active and the inac-  
 “ tive; boys of the former description  
 “ should have it more severely than the  
 “ latter. Nature has wisely given a prin-  
 “ ciple of alertness to youth for the prefer-  
 “ vation of their health, and for the expan-  
 “ sion of their growth;—the rod will prove  
 “ a succedaneum to this propensity, and  
 “ a circulation of the fluids be kept up;  
 “ considerable trouble in point of repre-  
 “ hension, and trials of patience in the  
 “ master, would also, in the course of their  
 “ weekly school avocations, be ultimately  
 “ saved.”

Sir Simon looked in earnest, and growled  
 very loudly a full conviction of this neces-  
 sary discipline.

Young Jekyll cast his eyes on the ground,  
 and discovered, very significantly, a rising  
 terror in his breast.

Dr. Philpot asserted that the Spartans  
 annually had their youth summoned to the  
 temple of Diana, where they underwent  
 this discipline.

My father cried out, " Oh it was a most  
 " excellent precaution of legislative wis-  
 " dom ; it also engendered heroes with  
 " great statesmen ; it made them hardy,  
 " and proof against the infliction of cor-  
 " poral punishment ; it served as an expul-  
 " sion of effeminacy. Think of the Spar-  
 " tans ! what orators, what politicians,  
 " statesmen, lawgivers, heroes ! All the  
 " nation was composed of great men and  
 " philosophers ; there was no fine gentle-  
 " men among them. [ Young Jekyll lifted  
 " up his head ] The rod, the rod—they  
 " were all great, good, and fine fellows."

" Sir, you will excuse me," turning to  
 young Jekyll, " if I ask you whether you  
 " ever underwent this mode of discipline?"

" Me, Sir!" the young man answered in  
 a tremulous tone, with a face as high colour-  
 ed as the great foliage on our flaming car-  
 pet ;—" I have a private tutor, Sir Simon."

" And does he never flog you?"

" My Mama would not suffer him, Sir."

" Pray

“ Pray you do not mind her, Mr. Jekyll, and contrive to have it laid on pretty smartly without her permission.— [My father was uncommonly grave]— On my life you will derive the greatest possible advantage; it will make you a fit companion for honest Edward—for the first man of fashion in the universe. You will learn better breeding and more true politeness by one sound flogging, than by all the private tutors which the indulgence of Lady Jekyll can bestow on your education.”

The servant at the close of this period brought in a large syllabub with glasses, and the ladies re-entered the room.

Lady Jekyll, casting a look upon her son, observed an extraordinary discomposure in his manner. “ Has any thing happened, my dear, in my absence?”

The young man replied with some hesitation in the negative, and his blushes again mounted up in his face.

Sir

Sir Simon, to liberate the youth from his embarrassment, and to satisfy the apparent anxiety of the Lady, observed that he had taken the liberty to discourse on the great efficacy of public educations.

Very little amplification is required to discover the contrariety of sentiments subsisting between this lady and my father.

In no respect wanting of every polite attention to his acquaintance, it would be natural to expect she would have made him a return of good breeding; but whether she had translated the Baronet's catechism respecting her son into satire, or whether she had penetration to conceive that he harboured no great share of respect for her own person, as well as her family, darting a look of asperity at him, replied that she held a public education in the greatest abhorrence.

He, with the most placid countenance, requested she would do him the honour to give her reasons.

“ Because,

“ Because, Sir Simon, I was once ad-  
 “ vised to send my son Billy to Westmin-  
 “ ster; I reluctantly yielded to the supe-  
 “ rior wisdom of your sex, and soon  
 “ found my suppleness confirmed into ab-  
 “ solute folly. Poor Billy, he was not  
 “ made for such a gang of young savages.  
 “ They have too many rough frolics for a  
 “ lad of his delicate constitution. He  
 “ was almost killed on the first day he  
 “ went amongst them; and thanks to the  
 “ Almighty for giving him presence of mind  
 “ (to speak the truth he was always a sharp  
 “ youth) he certainly would have been  
 “ made a martyr to their boorish tricks.”

Sir Simon again politely requested she  
 would favour him with a recital of the  
 young gentleman's misfortune.

“ Why Sir Simon,” she continued,  
 “ I have a pleasure to relate it, because my  
 “ son Billy shewed them as good a joke as  
 “ they put upon him. We were told it  
 “ was necessary he should have his hair  
 “ cut off before he went; but he was a  
 “ smart child, and insisted on wearing it  
 “ queued

“ queued and dressed as you now see it  
 “ is :—it is right to bring up children with  
 “ early manlike sentiments, you know.  
 “ Then, as I was saying, he would have  
 “ his hair dressed. Balthazar, my poor  
 “ dead Sir Walter’s old valet, attended on  
 “ him to school ; when just as they entered  
 “ Dean’s yard, a croud of boys gathered  
 “ round them. Who do you want, says  
 “ one ?—a fresh man, says another—twig  
 “ him, says a third—I will shew you the  
 “ master’s apartments, says a fourth—as  
 “ they were walking along, and Billy ta-  
 “ king hold of Balthazar’s arm, a young  
 “ dog came behind my son and whipped  
 “ off his tail with a pair of scissars, and  
 “ holding it up in his hand, ran away with  
 “ it, and crying out here it is. Old trusty  
 “ Balthazar being incensed at the insult  
 “ shewn his young master, set off after  
 “ him ; Billy standing by himself, was  
 “ soon joined by another youngster, who  
 “ advised him, as a friend, to follow him,  
 “ and he would take him to the master’s  
 “ door, otherwise the boys might perhaps  
 “ set upon him and play him another trick,  
 “ as was usually the case with every fresh  
 boy



“ boy on his coming there. Billy made  
 “ no scruple to take his advice, and fol-  
 “ lowed him. After walking him a turn  
 “ or two backwards and forwards in the  
 “ cloisters to get a posse of boys about  
 “ him, he presently found himself jostled  
 “ and carried away to a pump; when a  
 “ great boy, seizing him by the collar,  
 “ tugged him with main force to the  
 “ mouth of it, and another pumping upon  
 “ his head, he was held there till he was  
 “ half drowned, and the dogs crying out  
 “ to him, furnish the inside, and not the  
 “ outside, of your skull.”

Edward at this moment laughing aloud,  
 and crying out he had heard of it—he had  
 heard of it.

“ Oh truly fine sport, Sir—fine sport,  
 “ Sir—replied her Ladyship; but they had  
 “ almost killed him though; he was gasp-  
 “ ing for life; but Billy—the Lord bless  
 “ him—finding the great boy’s thumb  
 “ close to his mouth as he held his head,  
 “ gave him such a bite as almost made  
 “ his teeth meet. *The rough bear roared*  
 like

“ like a *bull*, and as God’s mercy would  
 “ have it, let him go. Billy that instant  
 “ snatched up a mop which was close to  
 “ the pump, and laid about him most  
 “ roundly, I assure you, and away he set  
 “ off for home, towards Pall Mall, up  
 “ the park as hard as he could scamper.  
 “ Poor dear fellow, I happened to be at  
 “ home, and I assure you I was a long  
 “ while before I knew my own son, he  
 “ was in such a pickle.—Oh, Sir Simon !  
 “ — public schools ! — Heaven’s defend  
 “ me from all public schools—it went hard  
 “ with my poor son’s life—I would as soon  
 “ send him to the lighters on the river  
 “ Thames.”

THE PLEASURES ~~OF~~ THE LITTLE PARTY  
AGAIN INTERCEPTED; WITH AN ANEC-  
DOTE OF THE ROSE-TREE GROVE.

ON the ensuing morning, I found my heart agitated with an anxious care, unusual and novel in its nature; it whispered unhappiness—an impulse I had never before experienced—there was a hurry on my senses that rendered my moments wearisome—the emotion was similar to the loss of a favourite object of some possession which the heart was panting after. 'Tis true, my thoughts were unchangeably fixt on an object; but why that object should be productive of all this perturbation, exceeded my juvenile comprehension—why that ineffable form of innocence, sweetness, pathetic sensibility—why the daughter of Farmer Underwood should have caused this tumult in my bosom, seemed an absolute mystery which I could not unravel.

I hurried

I hurried to my sister Sophy's apartment, and while she was perusing a book which had been put into her hand by her governess, I occasionally interrupted her by frequent repetitions of my vexation in being disappointed in my curds and cream at Old thorpe.

“ Let us have some there together, Sophy—we will steal out together in the afternoon, and no one shall see us.”

“ But you may have them at home if you please, Edward—are they not as good as at farmer Underwood's?”

I had promised some books, I replied to Sam and Frances, and I meant to carry them myself——“ Shall we then both go there in the afternoon?—surely we may—why should my mother object to it?”

Sophy promised to accompany me.

I remember on that afternoon Sir Simon and Lady Hales had an unusual long party together on some alterations that I

had proposed in our ancient family mansion. The plan was chiefly arranged by her Ladyship, and which she had long contemplated, oftentimes proposed, and as oftentimes been opposed by the inflexible arguments of my father, who from a singular veneration to Gothic arts and sciences, would not suffer a brick to be displaced in the fabric. Of this negociation, and my mother's taste for modern architecture, I have already discussed—To the parley, then, so favourable to my sister's and my wishes.

In the heat of proposition on one side, objection and argument on the other; elegant design and improvement urged by her Ladyship—comfort, convenience, and œconomy opposed by Sir Simon;—we both took advantage of the debate, and gained the lawn. We had made but few paces towards the rose-tree grove, when to our joyous hearts we beheld Fanny and Samuel approaching towards us. Fanny held in her hand a basket of raspberries—it was a present from Mrs. Underwood to me; Samuel carried another, of his own gathering, for Sophy. We had been dis-

appointed

appointed in our regale on the yester afternoon, and the affection of my n made her resolve on this mode of mal us amends.

The first plan we devised on our m ing, was to ascend the mount to the ten situated in a clump of varied pines, and thick-branching shrubs; there we to rendezvous and spread our collation took the basket from Fanny, and pa off before the other couple.

For the first time in my life I now fo that I lost the command of expressic what supreme delight in the presenc this primrose maid! — but I had no w to give my feelings utterance. — Fa equally silent, walked by my side with abashed look on the ground, appare conscious of the novelty of a situatio which I have since thought a mixtur sympathy might have entered.

When we entered the temple, each a feat, and we prepared for the banc Our old coachman, Gregory, had been  
Roch

Rochester in the morning, and fulfilled my commission for books. I now pulled out of my pocket the Young Man's Guide, and an English translation of Marmontel's moral tales. The former was for Samuel, the latter for his sister Fanny.

There was a tender tale, which I read to her.

She wept bitterly — it was indeed the native tear of sensibility—divine impulse, which made me approach this lovely cottage child! I folded her in my arms, I wiped it from her cheeks.—Genius of tender-hearted nature, thou didst flutter round me!—vibrating sensibility had touched the delicate cord, and my heart received at that moment the unison of unspotted affection.

Sophy caught the feel of sentiment, and Samuel's eyes were cast upon my sister.

Had the tutelar deity of the fane-Apollo himself revealed in a blaze of light this all hallowed action of childhood, my soul could have felt no compunction — what  
power

power on earth could have abashed innocence? The lovely Fanny reclined her cheek on mine, and bade me cease to read the tale, which caused the streaming eyes and throbbing heart—the book fell from my hand, and I clasped her to my breast. Impulsive reward of genuine tenderness.

In this critical instant of dawning repentance we beheld Sir Simon and Lady Mordaunt ascend the mount. The party were proceeding to retire. There was a rising in our breasts—we all seemed conscious of our trespasss, but too young to define the nature of this trespasss—our innocence made our fears more apparent, and which were unobserved by my parents.

The young cottagers would have concealed themselves behind the benches had we not been discovered before any precaution could be taken.

When they entered the temple, the countenance of my mother glowed with the warmth of rising anger, and which first



a panic into all our hearts. "What are you doing here, children?"

"Sir Simon," replied Lady Hales, "there is some prudence required."

The young Underwoods prepared to leave the spot. Sophy and myself were desired to walk before them to the house.

I overheard a lecture of my mother's—my father was chided for having countenanced me in the principles of man-like conduct—argued on the bad effects of boys being pushed too forward—assured him that his freedom of conversation had impressed me with unbecoming sentiments, and that she had her apprehensions that the scene which they beheld in the Temple would be followed with consequences of an alarming nature, unless a preventive was placed against an intercourse with the young Underwoods—that she apprehended some contrivance had been plotting on the side of the old folks—that early impressions were difficult to be eradicated—and that it would be of an essential consequence to the fu-

ture happiness of Sophy and myself, hereafter we should be debarred all view with our neighbours at Oldthorp

“ Sir Simon, Sir Simon, your ma  
 “ are, indeed, strangely perverse to  
 “ rule of decorum—there can be no  
 “ fitness in trusting your children to cl  
 “ —but as to Edward, I have nothin  
 “ say—you insist upon training hi  
 “ your own mind—proceed, proceed  
 “ we shall live to dread the fatal effect  
 “ his education. As to Sophy, I ex  
 “ in right of mother, I may be perm  
 “ to be vigilant over her conduct;  
 “ this I do aver, that if ever I know  
 “ found in company with the Underwo  
 “ so surely will I send her to Queen-Sc  
 “ boarding school, where she may b  
 “ gularly and constantly trained to th  
 “ solute necessary duties of formal di  
 “ tion, so essential to the future prosp  
 “ of a child in framing superior con  
 “ tions, and of modelling her life by  
 “ most accomplished rules of an cle  
 “ and superior conduct—but to suffer  
 “ children to elope from our cautious

“ pru

“ prudent restraint—Fie, fie, fie, Sir Si-  
 “ mon.”

My father, with a smile and some plea-  
 santry, replied with “ a poh, poh, poh,  
 “ my dear; you anticipate evils—you see  
 “ beyond the ordinary capacity of women  
 “ —you are suspicious of things, where no  
 “ stratagem has been devised.”

“ I beg your pardon. Mrs. Under-  
 “ wood is a very artful woman—there  
 “ is more design than you imagine.  
 “ Come hither, Miss Hales. This instant,  
 “ Madam, to your room, and when you  
 “ meditate a walk in future in the grounds,  
 “ I do insist upon it that I may be ac-  
 “ quainted with your motions.

“ Have you nothing to say to Edward,  
 “ Sir Simon?”

“ Poh, poh, poh; the boy must know  
 “ these matters sooner or later—they are not  
 “ the points, believe me, Madam, that you  
 “ and me should trouble our heads about.  
 “ My chief business is to impress honour

“ and feeling in his heart : and as to  
 “ moral conduct, that I propose to trust  
 “ chance. Depart he will, in all proba-  
 “ bility, from those nice rudiments of  
 “ which you are so cautious to insist on  
 “ necessity of his steering by — but  
 “ compass, honour, and a feeling heart  
 “ will always make him tack about to  
 “ that thing that is right. Behold your mod-  
 “ ern young Jekyll — What an effemin-  
 “ ated monkey! — I would disinherite the  
 “ world, if”——

But he checked his rising warmth.

“ We shall never agree in these mat-  
 “ ters, Madam ; so we had better drop the sub-  
 “ ject. Edward will be packed off to  
 “ school in a few days, and removed from  
 “ the premises of your objections.”

“ I am surprised, Sir Simon Hales, that  
 “ you are always inclined to oppose,  
 “ and contradict my principles of education.  
 “ Are not my sentiments confirmed by the  
 “ wisest persons who have ever employ-  
 “ ed their pens on the subject? You  
 “ Jekyll

“ Jekyll, the mirrour of good breeding—  
 “ but we shall see, we shall see—a few  
 “ years will determine. Consider he is  
 “ our only boy—the support of his family.  
 “ If your system should prove erroneous,  
 “ think of the havock and desolation which  
 “ he has in his power to commit.

“ When children are under our eye—  
 “ when we can be daily their overseers of  
 “ conduct, the twig must and will——

“ Grow crooked,” interrupted Sir Simon.

“ Straight,” replied Lady Hales. “ You  
 “ form their minds——

“ To deceit,” again interrupted Sir Si-  
 mon. “ The young hypocrites bend and  
 “ incline to your rudiments while under  
 “ your eye ; and trusted from your sight,  
 “ they act the reverse of your doctrine :  
 “ and what kind of heads and hearts are  
 “ you then bringing up ? You instil les-  
 “ sons of prudence, and you fancy they be-  
 “ lieve you ; before your faces they seem  
 “ to be convinced, but, tired with the dull

“ rules of restraint, they act a game quite  
 “ the reverse when your back is turned.

“ I have nothing to say to the girls.—my  
 “ advice is, they should never be trusted  
 “ from the sight of their mothers, aunts,  
 “ or sage duennas. Give the boys a free  
 “ scope, provided with a compass, an  
 “ honest heart, and a tolerable conscience:  
 “ experience will keep them off the shoals,  
 “ and the storm will season them for the  
 “ conflicts of life.”

“ There is a difference in boys, Sir S  
 “ mon—those fitted for professional duties  
 “ may be trusted to the boisterous and inde  
 “ licate occurrences of a public education  
 “ but in possession of great estates, the  
 “ character of the gentleman may be united  
 “ to that of more accomplished attain  
 “ ments——Young Jekyll——

“ Name him not,” briskly spoke my  
 ther. “ The gentleman is the scholar  
 “ the gentleman is not coupled with e  
 “ minacy and superficial breeding.”

“ But family connections,” replied, with stiff gravity, my mother, “ should be pre-  
 “ considered—early impressions have their  
 “ advantages—the Jekylls will have im-  
 “ mense fortunes — family connections  
 “ should not be overlooked.”

“ Poh! — on the old twang of worldly  
 “ prudence again—teising ourselves with  
 “ future prospects beyond the grave—  
 “ What have we to do with their fortunes?  
 “ — my boy shall take his chance——  
 “ Jekylls! — There is no respect in the  
 “ name, and none in the persons—I will  
 “ not think about it—We had better,  
 “ Madam, take our tea, and enjoy the pre-  
 “ sent moment. The Doctor will be im-  
 “ patient—Edward shall chuse for himself.  
 “ What is fortune! Does it not always  
 “ exceed the compass of happiness—My  
 “ boy shall find it out himself—he shall  
 “ work it in his own mind—No, no; it is  
 “ not in the power of parents to buy it for  
 “ him.

“ There is delusion, Lady Hales, in

“ your deep-concerted plans.—Let  
“ tea.”

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SIR SIMON AND HER LADYSHIP DI  
ON THE PLAN OF MY EDUCATION  
EARLY IMPRESSIONS OF THE TEA  
PASSION DIVULGED TO A FRIEND  
ROMANTIC SENTIMENTS ADOPTED

ON the morning of my departure  
Westminster my father roused me from  
heavy slumber. There was an un-  
gravity and dejection in his aspect.

He had cast his eye on my boot which  
was pulling it on——

“ It draws up as easy as a glove,  
“ lad ; and that is another reason why  
“ augur the mental part to be as I can  
“ wish it. I like no tight boots, Edward  
“ they have lost many a man the glory  
“



“ the field—ruined his fortune all his life  
 “ —five minutes in drawing on a boot has  
 “ lost the fox-hunter the diversions of his  
 “ chace—the lover his mistress—the Cap-  
 “ tain his victory—all is right in the head  
 “ boy—and your mother—I am now re-  
 “ solved”——

But he suppressed the sentence.

“ Your mother will not be down to  
 “ breakfast, and we must drink our coffee  
 “ together, Edward.

“ But how should women understand  
 “ these matters ; they may talk about it ;  
 “ male and female judgement must be ever  
 “ at variance. Miserable warfare to find  
 “ the friend of your bosom in open arms  
 “ against the dictates of worldly wisdom—  
 “ to be always fighting against female  
 “ caprice — Alas ! conviction comes too  
 “ late for our happiness — We must live,  
 “ my boy, to the age of patriarchy before  
 “ we can make proof of the truth of these  
 “ things, and the thousand accidents which  
 “ may intervene. Should not this deter-

“ mine us always to enter on a kind of  
 “ compromise ? But the great misfortune  
 “ is, our habits of mutual freedom will  
 “ engender a species of cold approbation.  
 “ ’Tis strange that friends, when in mu-  
 “ tual participation of will and deed for  
 “ such a number of years, do find the  
 “ smallest alienation in their sentiments.  
 “ At all events, I am resolved to go  
 “ through with it in spite of her ladyship.  
 “ So behave yourself like a man, Edward  
 “ and you will rejoice your father’s heart.  
 “ I shall have conquered her for the first  
 “ time in my life.

“ Yes, Edward, I will take thee myself  
 “ to school. Her ladyship will pass the  
 “ hours away in my absence sprightly  
 “ enough, with her never-inseparable com-  
 “ panion Lady Jekyll—she will talk over  
 “ her favourite improvements of laying  
 “ down plans, and pulling down the old  
 “ house — changing the whole face of cr  
 “ ation at Boxley Grove.”

But the Doctor, Sir——

“ Ay, my good lad, he will miss my  
 “ company to be sure ; but his pipe, three  
 “ rounds in the plantation, and an old fo-  
 “ gram book in the study, will fill up the  
 “ vacuum. ’Tis a frolic, Edward ; and I  
 “ am now at a time of life to please my-  
 “ self.”

But think of my mother, Sir.

“ Let her think for herself, Edward.  
 “ She should have thought long before this  
 “ to a better purpose, than to oppose my  
 “ inclinations in the bringing up of an  
 “ only son.”

But your absence, Sir, will cause her  
 pain.

“ It will change the scene, my boy ; and  
 “ when we meet again, she will, perhaps,  
 “ be less obstinate in her sentiments—So  
 “ dost hear, old coxcomb, with thy three-  
 “ curled powdered wig”——

It was old Gregory, the coachman, at our  
 back.

“ Tell her ladyship I am gone on a  
 “ frolic to town with thy young master,  
 “ Edward, and shall stay as long as I like.  
 “ Dost hear—order the coach and four ;  
 “ Edward and I will have a merry  
 “ drive to the empty house in Upper Har-  
 “ ley Street.”

“ And may it please your honour”——

“ I am in earnest, Gregory ; and do as  
 “ you are commanded.”

The old prig of a coachman could not  
 forbear a titter, but still repeated, “ May it  
 “ please your honour, Sir Simon,” at least  
 a dozen times before my father could per-  
 suade him to leave the room. For the first  
 time in his life he was now inclined to con-  
 sider his master as a very valiant Baronet.

But there was an arrangement in the plan  
 there was mind, and that mind was warmed  
 with the tenderest sentiments of paternal  
 love as ever entered the human breast ; and  
 strongly did I feel the full sense of filial  
 return !

In the morning after our arrival my father conducted me to Westminster—he had a conversation with the head master—I was doubly embraced by him—he was confirmed in his opinions—his hopes were blooming around him, and he departed for Boxley in full possession of the confidence he had placed in the system of my education.

When I mixed in the croud of my associates, the first boy that run up to me was my friend Cornwall.—To relate adventures which had transpired during the holidays, was the principal delight of the moment; but I had now lost my natural sprightliness. The accustomed juvenile scenes which the season before had warmed my imaginations with the greatest possible delight, seemed flat, and my mind was warped to another object.

Care, suspicion, and anxiety, seemed now to dispel the pursuits of reflection, and retrospects were now their substitutes. Lectures of prudent connection had been often repeated by my mother in my presence, and she

she had represented Miss Jekyll before Sophy and me as the most superlative acquisition for matrimonial happiness. To a boy turned of his sixteenth year, similar hints were well scanned and comprehended, and I was soon made sensible of the manner in which her inclinations would be gratified.

But my heart had formed a natural union—the germe of passion was now expanding in it; and having an object presented in my eye to prove the force of that sentiment, I was doubtless inclined to reject, with no small degree of displeasure, every suggested overture that could offer violence to the genuine emotion which I had been surprised into.

Thus it occurred to my vigilant fancy that this young lady was to be created rival to the elected beauty of my heart. The tender passion in its dawn was not big with an approaching consequence to my future happiness. My senses sufficient ripe to judge of worldly station, and the natural desires of our parents, I soon f

t

the irregularity of a matrimonial connection with this lovely girl—the prescribed forms of life presented the most alarming obstacles—obstacles in which the pure sentiments of filial duty were baffled and circumvented.

But parental displeasure, inequality of condition—these my fertile invention had overcome by a kind of sophisticated prudence, which the favourite objects of our caprices are always prepared to bring to our aid as an apology for indiscretion.

I had conceived a scheme to introduce her to the world—to polish the engaging simplicity of untutored nature—to clothe her with the artificial exterior of modern accomplishment—to document the native heart of innocence with that haviour which the perverted sense of society has rendered arbitrary. Risque the natural goodness of the heart in the discipline of refined manners—manners that may, perhaps, engage and play round the fancy, yet are intimately allied with hypocrisy and design.

To forward a plan of this extent and romantic completion, would, doubtless, require no small share of confidence — but I was not insensible of future expectations, and I had acquired sufficient knowledge of the advantages of my birth and inheritance. The more I contemplated my project, the more I was prone to put it in execution. The great leading sentiment which arose in my bosom was the probability of success in engaging the consent of a parent, to whom my heart had pledged its most sacred vow of truth and sincerity. There was an accord of sentiment which my soul cherished. I was impelled to open candour with him. Whatever bore the name of concealment in my conduct, seemed to arraign my integrity, and my honour stood deeply impeached. I felt a stern resolution in my soul, in which, though unskilled, unhacknied in the trial of life's temptation, all my resolution was centered. If this generous endearing parent remained inflexible in his wishes, what was there not which my courageous heart could not vanquish! — but the pregnant fancy of an ardent affection suggested every favourable motive to flatter my hopes.



hopes. Let him behold the lovely daughter of my foster nurse, Mrs. Underwood, in every advantageous charm of a refined education. Let him be fascinated with the advantage of prepossession. My passion was too pure and generous to covet any other consummation than that which time and fortunate occurrence could not mature to the generous and pure sentiments of my heart.

Well had I anticipated the disappointments which my mother's pride would receive by this resolution; and I well foreknew there could be no motive entered on to operate a change in her inclinations: but however the precept of filial duty may have corrected my rising disobedience, that submission and respect which preponderated in the scale of my father's claims seemed to bear down all consideration on the, perhaps, equal claims of my mother.

In short, such were the sentiments which, at this early period of my life, were training up to a scene of activity—to a plot wherein all my genius, powers of understanding,

standing, on the side of mental fortitude, would be engaged—the struggles of inclination—the combat of filial obligation with the impulse of nature——

My friend Cornwall was now to be consulted, and the point which infant passion had excited was to be ultimately settled.

As we were inseparable companions, my friend had noted the melancholy of my mind, my resignation of our mutual pastimes, and had frequently urged me to divulge the cause of my apparent anxieties; but to his entreaties I had been always silent till such times the uneasiness in my absence from the fair object of my affection had caused my fruitful fancy to suggest a plan for the completion of my hopes.

To Cornwall then did I impart the plan big labouring at my heart. I was to prevail on Mrs. Underwood to send her daughter Fanny to France—there she was to be educated at my expence—to be introduced into life—with every suitable equality

lity of appearance to avert the false prejudice of my parents.

The more I ruminated on this scheme, the less obstacles there appeared to intervene; and though I was afraid that my youth might erroneously find its hopes on a plan which seemed altogether so romantic and impracticable, I still favoured the design, which in reality, from its novelty, afforded me the highest gratification.

There is an aspiring temper in youth to put in practice those schemes which, fanciful and novel in their nature, seem to discover an originality of genius, and a peculiarity of thought—the great spur to their projects.

Singularity is oftentimes found of as much efficacy in our revolutions through life, as the desire of excelling others by the most splendid competition of skill or ability.

The farmer's daughter was to return to her native country in manners, breeding,  
accom-

accomplishments, the favourite nymph of a young rich heir's affections. With these sentiments I sat down and penned the following letter to my father :

“ How shall I divulge the sentiments of  
 “ my breast!—Is it not reserved for a  
 “ task of the greatest delicacy to open the  
 “ motives of a young and ardent mind, on  
 “ the dawn of action, panting to enter on  
 “ the bustling theatre of life?—To relate  
 “ my virtue, would be presumption—  
 “ to relate my weakness, abashes me—but  
 “ would be guarded from the perpetration  
 “ of wrong, parental injustice—injustice  
 “ myself—Alas! how can youth be shielded  
 “ with the experience of age? Let me then  
 “ beseech you to note, with the shrewdness  
 “ of experience, the errors of my youth;  
 “ your feeling heart and liberal spirit will  
 “ soften your rebuke; and though  
 “ wishes may be circumvented, I shall  
 “ receive a consolation in my grief.”

This was part of the letter which I wrote to my father, setting forth the nature of my attachment to Fanny Underwood, and  
 w

which I discovered the project to have her introduced into life. There was a habit of mutual confidence which subsisted between us, and I considered him in the light of a generous friend more than a rigorous and austere parent.

His conduct to me drew this unfeigned confidence from my breast—Cheerful and familiar in his parental authority, I was, as it were, cozened into my duty, and my heart fascinated to reveal its most secret mysteries.

By the same post I dispatched the following letter to my nurse; and, after having thus disburdened my mind of its load of rising cares, and my fancy of its treasures to accelerate that portion of human happiness, but too often more lodged in the pursuit than the possession, I felt myself greatly the man, and already fit to launch into the ocean of life.

The head master of Westminster finding a peculiar gravity in my temper, which, united to my facility in the exercises of the school,

school, determined to take the first opportunity to recommend me for the University, and for which summons I now impatiently waited.

### THE LETTER TO MY NURSE.

“ To a name so tender, what addition  
 “ can be made? What are the obligations  
 “ which are due to a woman, whose  
 “ fondness and peculiar offices of infancy  
 “ regard have equalled that of the tenderest  
 “ parent? Must these sentiments  
 “ on my rising into life, be suppressed  
 “ an elevated station, and, sensible of  
 “ disparity of birth, be taught to esteem  
 “ the wife of farmer Underwood less grateful  
 “ to my feelings than at the moment  
 “ when my pen is employed in divulging  
 “ the secrets of my heart? No, thou  
 “ indulgent parent and friend; my former  
 “ prepared to render up every grateful  
 “ tribute to thy endearing kindness.  
 “ pleasing thought has discarded all  
 “ pugnance; and though a servile custom  
 “ may have placed a barrier to a reciprocal  
 “ re

“ return of affection, I am proof against  
 “ its influence; and this my first impres-  
 “ sion shall be found for ever sacred and  
 “ eternal in my breast.

“ Know then, the milk which the little  
 “ foster Edward drew from thy breasts,  
 “ now flows in the current of his blood;  
 “ and thy lineage, in strong sympathy, is  
 “ impressed in his nature——

“ The lovely Fanny——

“ And canst thou not divine, with the  
 “ sagacious eye of an experienced parent,  
 “ this charm of my soul? By all those  
 “ ties which can recal maternal tenderness,  
 “ while my heart has any pulse of grateful  
 “ remembrance for the debt which nor  
 “ wealth nor kindness can repay, I am  
 “ immovably fixed in my resolution.

“ And where your fears? and where ob-  
 “ jection? When Fanny is fit for mar-  
 “ riage, why should her mother refuse to  
 “ lead her to the bridal bed of him whose  
 “ fortune and sincere love will raise her to

“ the supreme of human happiness? Dread  
 “ not the displeasure of my parents—I  
 “ have a scheme in contemplation to allay  
 “ the pride of their hearts; and they will  
 “ give their consent when they find my  
 “ expedient has been contrived to render  
 “ the union suitable to their wishes.

“ Let me then cherish this pleasing hope  
 “ of my soul; and when the inequality of  
 “ station should chance to step between the  
 “ fond wishes of a mother who aspires to  
 “ the completion of her daughter’s fortune  
 “ and felicity, think that the same breast  
 “ which reared your lovely daughter was  
 “ generously bestowed on an alien child,  
 “ whose life and fortune should be as gene-  
 “ rously offered up in tribute to such kind-  
 “ nefs.

“ These are the pure sentiments of my  
 “ heart, and time will ripen them into  
 “ action. Teach, then, to the dear little  
 “ Fanny, and think of rendering that filial  
 “ epithet real which you have so often be-  
 “ stowed on

“ EDWARD HALES.

“ N. B.



N. B. This letter was preserved by Doctor Philpot, when Underwood had shewn it to my father; and when Lady Hales, with indignation, after its perusal, snatched it from his hands to commit it to the flames.

*From the Doctor's common-place book.*

When Mrs. Underwood had received the pure incense of this natural attachment, perhaps a mother's vanity might have lighted up her soul to shew her some bright vision of future good fortune to her family. She perused the letter with ecstasy, and flew with it to her husband.

There was a gloom spread on the face of this respectable tenant. It was inauspicious to the messenger of these tidings. He shook his head, and cried, "Go, go, woman. I have never known  
 " any good to arise from inequality of  
 " conditions—our family has been too  
 " near our betters—it has poisoned our  
 " simplicity—our stomachs begin to loathe  
 " the plain repast of temperance and frugality—we are ruined——"

He crumpled the letter into his pocket, cried shaw to his wife, and left the house.

It was in the afternoon, when the Baronet was just preparing to fill her ladyship's glass on his son Edward's expedition to the celebrated university of Cambridge, when Underwood's name was announced to the party. It was a trio, and I completed it.

“ Sir Simon,” says he, — the Baronet had filled him a bumper — “ this is the last  
 “ time I shall have the honour of drinking  
 “ your health under your roof — my heart  
 “ is troubled. I am come to throw up  
 “ my lease, and to leave your neighbour-  
 “ hood. My family was once simple, and  
 “ methought the farm some few years back  
 “ looked more prosperous. Now my fa-  
 “ mily are growing up, I should expect to  
 “ see the fruits of experience, and at least  
 “ some discretion as the ornament of a far-  
 “ mer's wife. Sir Simon, I must be brief,  
 “ very plain, and bold. Your family  
 “ have done us no great good. Young  
 “ minds are always aping their betters.  
 “ Samuel is grown fulky with the team, and  
 “ is

“ is stuffing his pockets every day with  
 “ books to imitate the scholarship of  
 “ master Edward. Fanny wears her rib-  
 “ bands like Miss Sophy, and has turned  
 “ her blue-checked bibs and aprons into  
 “ dishcloths — reads novels and works,  
 “ fandango stuff, by the side of her mo-  
 “ ther, who, I will say that in her favour,  
 “ does not altogether approve of such un-  
 “ seemly notions, yet has not a resolution  
 “ to disapprove them. Fashion is catch-  
 “ ing, Sir Simon, and the little must copy  
 “ the great, and so we are ruined. I mean  
 “ to quit your farm next Lady Day, and  
 “ to remove at some distance from the old  
 “ spot.”

Underwood's steady countenance had made some impression on the Baronet, who, suspecting by his quaintness of expression there was a latent reason of much greater importance for his leaving the farm, he urged him in point as to the real cause.

Shall I, or shall I not? is the perpetual question of our lives. We are always in doubt. Underwood hesitated. The Baronet's quick

quick eye and intellectual vivacity fascinated the truth from him.

“ The principal reason is here,” he cried ; and he put the letter in his hand. He read it with some emotion. Lady Hales immediately rose up, and claimed a perusal at the instant he took his eyes from the letter ; which she had no sooner done than, with the greatest possible tremulous irritation, she threw it into the fire, from whence Sir Simon rescued it.

Spirit of jealous precaution, what were the upraising sentiments that flashed in her mind !

“ My apprehensions are then realised,” she cried. “ The vanity of his wife—artful woman ! — Plot — she had taken advantage of the trust reposed in her” — it was all placed to her contrivance, and no threat or indignant epithet spared.

The loss of her temper jarred the manhood of her tenant. Men are independent  
dant

dant when they are made the sport of injustice. Underwood replied :

“ Equal situations, please your ladyship,  
 “ are the true guides to our happiness.  
 “ Perhaps I am as reluctant to the match  
 “ as your ladyship.”

“ Match, fellow !”——

Sir Simon interposed, and extolled the generous conduct of Underwood. Lady Hales accused his wife of design, and him of connivance for permitting the intercourse to proceed to this length.

“ Where is your daughter, fellow ? —  
 “ send her this instant from you—she must  
 “ be kept at a distance in concealment. I  
 “ told you, Sir Simon, my conceptions  
 “ were true.”

“ Conceptions !” he repeated with a smile. “ Women are always pregnant with fancy, and then they talk of conceptions. Had you followed the

“ same native impulse which has governed  
 “ Edward in the choice of a wife”——

She fired ——“ Take care, Sir Simon”——

“ I say it is natural for the boy to love  
 “ his foster nurse, and perfectly natural to  
 “ love a beautiful young girl, the daughter  
 “ of honest parents; and no discredit  
 “ neither to the gentry, as we call our-  
 “ selves.”

“ Very well, Sir Simon. I knew how  
 “ this affair would prosper under your sage  
 “ reflections—you countenance it.”

“ Madam, you should have nursed the  
 “ boy yourself, and then you might have  
 “ assumed the whole power of judging in  
 “ these matters.”

The severest reproof that ever escaped  
 the lips of this liberal and indulgent parent.

Lady Hales left the room with a marked  
 disorder.

“ Well,” says he, on her absence;  
 “ what are your sentiments, Mr. Under-  
 “ wood, on this overture of my son ?”

“ I do not approve of it, Sir ; nor has  
 “ it ever received my countenance. I  
 “ mean to follow her ladyship’s advice—  
 “ remove my daughter—and I also think  
 “ of removing myself—we have been too  
 “ near neighbours, I fear, Sir Simon.”

“ But where do you mean to send her,  
 “ neighbour ?”

“ Out of the way of temptation and va-  
 “ nity—I foresee great trouble in my fa-  
 “ mily—my wife has never been in her  
 “ usual old way of thinking since master  
 “ Edward last paid us a visit—her mind  
 “ has been busied beyond the ordinary  
 “ cares of her family. And what must I  
 “ expect from all this ? Why, truly, con-  
 “ tempt or infamy. If I aim at greatness  
 “ in an honourable match, I shall be hated  
 “ and despised by your family ; if I coun-  
 “ tenance any farther connection, I shall

“ entail a reproach on my name which  
 “ nothing will wipe off.

“ But methinks, Sir Simon, her lady-  
 “ ship should not have been so hard upon  
 “ me neither. To speak my mind plainly,  
 “ though for my own happiness as well as  
 “ yours, I shall do my utmost to break off  
 “ this understanding of Master Edward  
 “ and my daughter, I must do myself the  
 “ justice which I merit.

“ Match, fellow !” were the words of her  
 ladyship.

“ I am no fellow, Sir Simon. I am de-  
 “ scended from a family of yeomen, of as  
 “ great antiquity as your noble ancestry.  
 “ Doctor Philpot says, ‘ though we are of  
 “ the Saxon line, and descended from the  
 “ stout Kentish men under Harold, we are  
 “ as honourable as those who followed the  
 “ Conqueror.’ But however this be, you  
 “ well know the family of the Under-  
 “ woods ; and I am sure you know nothing  
 “ that can make us despicable. I am no  
 “ fellow, Sir Simon. The cultivation of  
 “ our



“ our parent earth has been an honourable  
 “ profession from the beginning of the  
 “ world — from such as we, are descended  
 “ the greatest men of the universe ; and  
 “ my father bestowed upon me sufficient  
 “ education to give me this knowledge of  
 “ my own importance to the state, that  
 “ there is more true honour and true merit  
 “ in the culture of the earth for the prefer-  
 “ vation of its inhabitants, than in the  
 “ study of those infernal professions allied  
 “ to our gentry, which spirit them into  
 “ their destruction, and to the desolation  
 “ of their country. To this noble profes-  
 “ sion was most of your ancestors trained  
 “ up. ’Tis true they had wealth procured  
 “ by the sweat of our brow to support  
 “ them in their nobility, and great feats of  
 “ prowess ; while their real supporters were  
 “ men of peaceful, inoffensive lives, as  
 “ harmless as the poor yoke of oxen creep-  
 “ ing over their furrows.”

Sir Simon fixed a staring eye on his tenant.  
 I was an abettor of this sensible yeoman.

“ It was in the time of the Crusades —

“ the wars in the Holy Land—How many  
 “ of the Underwood family do you think,  
 “ Sir Simon, may have been sacrificed by  
 “ one of the Halefes, when he mustered  
 “ all his hinds, vassals and villains, to ac-  
 “ company him on that expedition under  
 “ the first Edward ?”

I was in pursuit of my favourite chrono-  
 logical and biographical enquiries; and I  
 must confess, from the bottom of my heart,  
 I was in love with the Underwood cause.

“ And what was all this blood of our  
 “ poor Kentish yeomen shed for? For-  
 “ sooth only to adorn the escutcheon of our  
 “ knights with red crosses, and to buy va-  
 “ lour for their masters at the risque of  
 “ having their own throats cut by fierce  
 “ Saracens and infidels. Cæsar mounted  
 “ to the imperial throne on the dead bo-  
 “ dies of his valiant soldiers; and give me  
 “ leave to assure you, Sir Simon, that the  
 “ forefathers of my old acquaintance, Un-  
 “ derwood, in the feudal times of old,  
 “ were full as much necessary to the fame  
 “ of the family of the Halefes, as the  
 “ power

“ power of the haughty baron was essen-  
 “ tial to the preservation of his territory  
 “ against the inroad of his enemy. Now,  
 “ thank God, we are all united under a  
 “ King and wise Government. The yeo-  
 “ man is now free of his lord, and has a  
 “ right to declare his sentiments like a true  
 “ and bold-hearted Briton.”

He was still serious without a reply—but  
 the claret went round, and we all drank  
 our glasses.

During a short pause of conversation,  
 when Sir Simon was inveloped in thought,  
 the bell of Lady Hales rang with uncom-  
 mon violence, and the mansion was raised  
 to a bustle.

Her ladyship had ordered her carriage  
 and her travelling baggage to be got ready,  
 and she was actually equipping herself with  
 her riding apparel.

Turning to me, the knight exclaimed,  
 “ Doctor Philpot, this is a trying moment,  
 “ and I have a struggle within me con-

“ cerning the firmness of a husband’s  
 “ heart. I know the spirit of Lady Hales  
 “ —she is projecting some plan of vio-  
 “ lence — if I relax, the family will be  
 “ ruined — we must be cruel only to be  
 “ kind——

“ I shall not interpose — inflexible — we  
 “ have long been engaged in a kind of  
 “ domestic warfare; all our lives, I may say.  
 “ My projects are always circumvented,  
 “ and she, on her side, continually de-  
 “ vising the most preposterous innovations  
 “ on the prudent system of my domestic  
 “ arrangements, which you well know re-  
 “ quires, on my side, the most masterly ar-  
 “ gument and firm conduct to surmount.  
 “ If I trust all to the storm, where my hap-  
 “ piness? what! to the caprice of a sex,  
 “ who know no bounds to their demands,  
 “ and who have placed no barrier to the  
 “ rule of their conduct?

“ They are but profligate stewards in  
 “ their trust, make the best of them — No,  
 “ no, my friend; I will have the bringing  
 “ up of an only son in my own way — she  
 “ has

“ has no right to interpose—What! sacri-  
 “ fice my public career to the peace of  
 “ domestic retirement, and find as many  
 “ obstacles to my happiness at this time of  
 “ my life as in the perplexing bustle and  
 “ vortex of the British senate!

“ Always circumvented at home—let  
 “ her proceed—I will not be over-ruled  
 “ in spite of the Scotch *bouteur* and proud  
 “ blood in her veins. Let her relax—the  
 “ spirit of suppleness will make the mar-  
 “ riage state enviable by the angels hover-  
 “ ing around us.

“ And you are a good witness, Doctor,  
 “ that she made the vow of obedience at  
 “ the altar.”

“ It is now near twenty years, Sir Simon.”

“ Not twenty moons, in her imagination  
 “ —but I am resolved on the victory—  
 “ upon my honour resolved—(placing his  
 “ hand upon his heart)—let her set off.  
 “ What is your opinion, Doctor?”

I gently raised my square-toe shoe to the Baronet, and fixing my eye upon it, as much as to say I was acquainted with the old proverb and that he must be the best judge of the tender part who wears a pinching shoe, I bridled my tongue, and said nothing.

Thus silence prevailed—Underwood was rising—the Baronet pulled him to the chair.

The coach and four drove up to the door—the luggage was strapping on behind—her maid was handing band-boxes into it—her ladyship was a considerable time before she made her appearance with her daughter Sophy. At last she came out with a tremulous step and disconcerted countenance. Sir Simon went to the door, and, with a strained politeness, handed her into it. She was confused; but she supported her spirit, and the carriage drove off.

When the Baronet returned to us, in his looks there was thought mixed with some inward conflict: at intervals his features seemed smoothened to a collected pause of reflection.

reflection, and at others the emotion of his heart was obvious to the most indifferent observer.

“ Here is my hand, Mr. Underwood,” he cried ; “ and as you are returning home, “ I would strongly recommend a perfect “ confidence in my conduct towards your “ family. Let it rest ; let it rest. Speak “ peace to your wife on the subject. You “ shall hear from me in a few days.”

“ *Rei exitus est in manu Domini, sed quid “ tentare nocebit ?* says my Cordery, Doc- “ tor. I am resolved on a trial.”

This sentence turned his looks to com-  
posure. I nodded approbation. The party  
was broken up.

Farmer Underwood retired. Sir Simon  
took me by the arm, and we inclined to-  
wards the lawn for the shrubbery.

“ It is of importance, Doctor ; there is  
“ an inverse plan of arriving at happiness.  
“ The old, dull, beaten track is so much  
“ worn

“ worn and frequented, that we get jostled,  
 “ and find ourselves continually tripping  
 “ by the settings of legs which we en-  
 “ counter in our road.

“ I will find out another *circumvendi-*  
 “ *bus* for this young dog, Edward.”

“ But where is her ladyship ?” I now  
 ventured to ask.

“ ’Tis a freak—the whim of the mo-  
 “ ment—it will not last—this violence will  
 “ find its own cure when it meets with no  
 “ opposition—I regard it not.”

“ But gentleness, good Sir Simon”——

“ Poh, Doctor ; look at your shoe again  
 “ —filly old batchelor—let me invert it  
 “ now—I gained no ground in my puling  
 “ days——

“ *Hoc nihil est, nisi dum calet agitur—*

“ I am determined to keep it up.

Tho’



" Tho' that her jessies were my dear heart-  
 " strings,  
 " I'd whistle her off, and let her down the  
 " wind,  
 " To prey at fortune."

Thus running on with broken sentences, larded with apothegms, we found ourselves on the turn of the shrubbery which faces the public road, when we beheld a distant view of the equipage returning to Boxley.

" I have triumphed," exclaimed the Baronet. " 'Twas a valiant conflict —  
 " Oh, I have felt it here — I can now re-  
 " cognize all her virtues, my old friend.

" Come, let us hasten to the house."

There are moments when it is dangerous to look in a man's face; there is a plaguy line of sympathy which fascinates, and our feeble hearts melt with participation.

OPPOSITE SENTIMENTS OF HAPPINESS —  
A PLAN DEVISED.

*Continued from the Doctor's note book.*

I BELIEVE there were some tears shed — the passions of the human heart are perpetually contrasted — I found them both in perfect good humour — It seemed a happy compromise.

“ You treat the affair with indifference,  
“ my dear. Lady Hales, shall I divulge  
“ the sentiments of my heart? I see no-  
“ thing in this early attachment of Edward  
“ that should either cause you this violent  
“ alarm, or me the most transient unea-  
“ siness.”

“ Nothing!” she gravely repeated.

“ I have balanced the evil and the  
“ good,” replied Sir Simon. Granted he  
“ has immovably fixed his heart on the  
“ daughter

“ daughter of this honest tenant — nay,  
 “ nay, he added, you are not in a frame of  
 “ temper to suffer my sentiments to ope-  
 “ rate.”

“ What is to follow ?” she resumed.  
 “ But I am prepared. Your extraordi-  
 “ nary ideas, in direct opposition to all re-  
 “ ceived opinion, I am no stranger to.”

“ My extraordinary ideas, Madam, have  
 “ the sanction of truth ; and you must allow  
 “ also, that my judgement has not been  
 “ impeached by your ladyship since the  
 “ all-hallowed day of our union. If you  
 “ grant me this as an encouragement to  
 “ proceed, I will tell you why I do not  
 “ disapprove of Edward’s attachment.”

“ Not disapprove !” — her eyes lifted  
 up to the ceiling.

“ Contemplate the choice couples of the  
 “ age—see where mental and corporeal at-  
 “ tractions have drawn the female victim  
 “ to the altar, and the parent, like the  
 “ bearded

“ bearded high priest of Pagan supersti-  
 “ tion, prepared to give the fatal stroke to  
 “ perfection and innocence. Dressed out  
 “ like the milk-white heifer in her gar-  
 “ lands and perfumed vestments, she is  
 “ adorned to make a sacrifice of her happi-  
 “ ness to vice, debility, and disease—and  
 “ under what imposing auspices! — the  
 “ sanction of a mercenary parent—Reverse  
 “ the scenery—Again behold the magnifi-  
 “ cently attired victim—a blaze of light  
 “ encircling the tiara—the eastern gem  
 “ sparkling to the eye of the prodigal and  
 “ prostituted bridegroom: behold the ge-  
 “ nius of devoted anguish, misery and re-  
 “ pentance, hovering over the deluded  
 “ maid; and would you, waving all me-  
 “ taphor, draw conclusions of happiness  
 “ from these ill-sorted marriages?”

“ You are so strange, Sir Simon——  
 “ I would have my children prudently  
 “ married—and as the approbation of the  
 “ world”——

The Baronet repeating the words, ‘ the  
 ‘ approbation of the world,’ —“ What has  
 “ that

“ that to do with the happiness of our  
“ children ?”

“ Every thing,” replied her ladyship.

“ Sacrifice your fame, your wealth, your  
“ happiness, to the approbation of the  
“ world, Doctor. (He was turning to  
“ me) it will grant no quarter till you  
“ have bestowed on it all the varied in-  
“ cense of life.

“ You may then sink into a fool, and  
“ drop into the grave without a farewell  
“ tear of a friend shed over your obse-  
“ quies.”

“ The approbation of our hearts.

“ Read me Edward’s letter to his nurse  
“ over again distinctly, Doctor.”

He seemed to applaud the sentiments  
which it contained, and exclaimed,  
“ there is more real worth in the spring of  
“ action from the heart, than in all the  
“ forms

“ forms invented by the arts and collusions  
 “ of a ridiculous world to pave our way  
 “ to honour and glory.”

“ And so,” replied her ladyship, erect,  
 cold, and now assuming a tone which she  
 thought, no doubt, would carry conviction  
 along with it — “ and so the boy must be  
 “ trusted to the random impulse of a fine-  
 “ feeling heart, as you are pleased to stile  
 “ it, without the interposition of a friend  
 “ to cure him of his romantic ideas ? The  
 “ letter is fit for a circulating library of  
 “ novels ; and it is a doubt with me whe-  
 “ ther it is not copied from some new ro-  
 “ mance of the day.

“ In More’s Enchiridion Ethicum,  
 “ which you, Doctor, once put into my  
 “ hands, there is a citation from Théages,  
 “ a Greek writer, which begins with P A-  
 “ RORMESIN TINA—There is an impulsion  
 “ and a certain enthusiasm alone derived  
 “ from our nature without our previous  
 “ deliberation or election.

“ I re-

“ I remember it well. More calls it in  
 “ the same chapter, *Murmur et susurrus*  
 “ *divinioris cujusdam legis.*

“ Great God of nature, that thy articu-  
 “ lating voice was always obeyed in the in-  
 “ tellectual region of the earth! What  
 “ idle plans and silly theories have human  
 “ beings invented for the rule of their hap-  
 “ piness!”

“ Speculations of interest, Doctor,”  
 cried Sir Simon.

“ Neither Greek nor Latin, nor the  
 “ scorn of Sir Simon, shall change my sen-  
 “ timents respecting the decorum and or-  
 “ der of life,” replied Lady Hales.

“ If no regard must be paid to form,  
 “ and we are to be guided by first impres-  
 “ sions, there would soon be found a  
 “ strange jumble in society. Our sons  
 “ would be coupled to our scullion  
 “ wenches, and our daughters to jockey  
 “ boys—but the ladies, Sir Simon, are al-  
 “ ways held at a most unmerciful arm’s  
 “ length

“ length in your estimation ; and as for  
 “ Doctor Philpot, it is very plain he does  
 “ not believe that our sex is by any means  
 “ entitled to an honourable rank in the  
 “ scale of creation.”

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“ Her mind is big with some plan, which  
 “ will require all my skill and penetration  
 “ to circumvent,” said the Baronet, when  
 she had left the room, and before I had re-  
 gained my chair, after rising to open the  
 door for her.

“ She left the house with violence ; and  
 “ if I do not set too great a value on my  
 “ conceptions, her baggage was ordered  
 “ for a longer absence—it took the road to  
 “ her old friend and counsellor Lady  
 “ Jekyll—there, there, believe me, dear  
 “ Doctor, was her machination centered—  
 “ perhaps it was well she changed her  
 “ mind, and returned in better temper—  
 “ I had wound up this frame to the con-  
 “ vincing admonition of concurrence and  
 “ sound judgement, and then it is dange-  
 “ rous to tamper, you know.

“ But



“ But the Jekylls, Doctor—there is a  
 “ plot working in that quarter—My boy  
 “ allied to that family!—Death! the emas-  
 “ culated scion of an East-Indian trafficker  
 “ in human blood, to contaminate the pure  
 “ current of British virtue!—Should this  
 “ be grafted in the ancient family of the  
 “ Haleses!—The Jekylls!—The pride of  
 “ my soul rebels—the father emerged from  
 “ a purlieu in St. James’s Street, pimp, pan-  
 “ dor, and sycophant—I knew his origin  
 “ well—I feel a shame burning within me  
 “ which, on any other theme, would con-  
 “ demn this railing—But my honest boy  
 “ Edward, and my daughter Sophy too!—  
 “ Fie, fie, Lady Hales; this mercenary  
 “ temper is very unhandsome.

“ The fellow stood once at my back with  
 “ a goblet of wine in his hand——

“ Doctor, I have a scheme to impart to  
 “ you—Can you explain to me what Aris-  
 “ totle means by his *Νόμον ἰσοκλινη*?  
 “ Edward can do no wrong in this busi-  
 “ nefs.”—He was determined it should  
 have its course.

I think we understood each other, and I made him this reply as we parted, *Licetum esse quicquid passio suadet.*

He answered, “right, right, my good friend; you have divined my meaning.”

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A MIND PROOF TO THE SNARES OF AMBITION.—*From the Doctor's note book.*

WHEN he was labouring with some big project, I had very rarely any decisive induction into it—in his peculiar moments his delicacy was shocked with interrogation—and I have oftentimes applauded the Baronet for this kind of-mental reserve, which, in my opinion, like the main spring of a machine, operates the more forcibly by its retention. In his defence I have always thought it argued a feebleness of mind for men to be always blabbing and  
 6 prating

prating of their projects. The claim of friendship may be too voracious in these cases—consultation destroys the spring of action—I love the heart to be its own minister in all the vibrating pangs of conscience. There is a rhetoric in this kind of privy counsel which transcends the cold and mercenary caution of friendship, when the man is but too often perplexed in his own casuistry and self love.

Yet, as soon as he had once entered the theatre, the case was altered—all his actions were divulged to his friend.

Though by our foregoing conversation, what with ambiguous phrases, and words which escaped from the overflowings of his heart, I had collected a sufficient store of ideas to anticipate the system of his theory: I had no thought that it was his intention to convert the same so soon into practice. This being the case, I was received into his study, and made acquainted with his following transaction with Underwood:

He had strolled to Oldthorpe farm — Mrs. Underwood received him with a timid, yet scrutinising countenance — fear and anxiety were strongly painted in her countenance. The farmer was taking the rounds of his uplands. His chief business was with the husband ; but the look of the tremulous mother, the inquisitive pervading eye made his senses rush upon his heart, and he was constrained to accost her.

“ Where is your daughter Susan ? ” — the Baronet’s usual appellation.

“ In tears, Sir.”

“ The cause, good woman ? ”

“ She has been reproved by my husband  
 “ —there was something in her dress which  
 “ has displeased him ; and as the contents  
 “ of the letter from Master Edward has  
 “ given him so much uneasiness, there is  
 “ nothing in his family which can afford  
 “ him any pleasure now. He says we are  
 “ proud and prodigal, and we are striving  
 “ to imitate our betters. As for Fanny,  
 “ she

“ she is to go out to service to bring down  
 “ her spirit. Samuel has been all the day  
 “ at plough to break him of a bad custom;  
 “ as he calls it—reading story books, and  
 “ casting accounts. I shall be loath to part  
 “ with my daughter, Sir Simon: she is  
 “ now turned of her sixteenth year, and  
 “ grows so handy in the family—looks  
 “ after the dairy, and tends her little bro-  
 “ ther. But Richard will have it so. He  
 “ talks too of moving to Nettleby farm  
 “ next Lady-Day—a sorry kind of a place,  
 “ to be sure—but he says it will try our  
 “ industry the more, and that we shall then  
 “ learn to be something better than gentle-  
 “ folks.”

“ He has got strange notions in his head,  
 “ Susan—I always thought it was the pride  
 “ of most families to rise in the world, and  
 “ to have an ambition to improve their  
 “ children.”

“ Very true, Sir Simon. These are my  
 “ thoughts, I must, from the bottom of my  
 “ heart, confess; but I am obliged, not-  
 “ withstanding, to give into my husband’s

“ moroseness. I have given my pledge,  
 “ you know, to obey ; and obedience, to  
 “ be sure, is my duty : but I cannot help,  
 “ for all that, to be pleased when I see my  
 “ son and daughter improve in their learn-  
 “ ing, and look a little better than the  
 “ clodpoles around us ; and notwithstand-  
 “ ing his railing so much at gentility, I am  
 “ sure there is more goodness and virtue,  
 “ and I may say industry too, to be found  
 “ among those who are decently brought  
 “ up, than among the very lowest of the  
 “ villagers ; who, to my certain know-  
 “ ledge, the more they are ragged, poor,  
 “ and ignorant, the more the vices gain  
 “ ground among them.”

“ I believe it,” replied Sir Simon. “ But  
 “ why is my friend Dick Underwood so  
 “ over-and-above severe in his family ?”

“ He has been so ever since the ruin of  
 “ his friend, farmer Sudbury’s family.”

DOCTOR

MRS. UNDERWOOD'S ANECDOTE PUT INTO  
SOME FORM BY PHILPOT.

“ Farmer Sudbury had two sons and  
 “ three daughters. He was always for  
 “ pushing his children, as he called it, and  
 “ spared no pains and expence in giving  
 “ them the best of educations. His eldest  
 “ son, William, he put under a noted  
 “ lawyer in London; and his son Thomas  
 “ he sent to the Univerfity to rife in the  
 “ church. The three girls went to board-  
 “ ing fchools at thirty pounds a year each,  
 “ to be made fine ladies of — and fine  
 “ ladies, in good truth, they turned out.  
 “ Molly, the oldeft, was asked by her mo-  
 “ ther, Dame, as her neighbours ufed to  
 “ call her, to ftand at the wafh-tub; but  
 “ fhe foon gave her to underftand, that  
 “ gentility was not to be treated in that  
 “ wife. — ‘ La, mama,’ faid fhe, ‘ the  
 “ daughter of Mr. Ebony, the cabinet-  
 “ maker, never does thefe matters, for  
 “ her mama keeps wafher-women to fave  
 “ her white hands from growing coarfe  
 “ with dabling in fope fuds.’ — The girl  
 “ was now rebuked for pride, and growing  
 “ above her family. — Snubbed perpetu-  
 “ ally

“ ally by her mother, and taught by a town  
 “ boarding school to despise the rusty  
 “ roof that nursed her, she soon preferred  
 “ the abandoned addresses of a gay officer ;  
 “ and with the promise of a smart riding  
 “ dress, and assurances of the most faith-  
 “ ful love, Miss Polly left her home ; and  
 “ after the officer had boasted for a few  
 “ months of her pretty face and his easy  
 “ conquest, she was turned off to seek her  
 “ fortune with some fresh gallant.

“ The second daughter, Miss Lucy,  
 “ was taught to be a milliner, and arriving  
 “ from London with all the new modes,  
 “ she soon turned the heads of all the  
 “ lasses of the village about smart caps  
 “ and flurrying bonnets. But Miss Lucy  
 “ had not been long in this profession be-  
 “ fore she was obliged to decamp sud-  
 “ denly, and was not heard of till a few  
 “ months afterwards, to the great grief of  
 “ poor Sudbury and his wife. The slander  
 “ of the village says she was obliged to  
 “ leave her shop for the sake of a little  
 “ bantling, the fruit of an intrigue with a  
 “ banker’s clerk in the neighbourhood of  
 “ Lom-



“ Lombard Street, of the age of eighteen,  
 “ who had promised her marriage when he  
 “ was received a partner in the house,  
 “ which might be fairly computed, on the  
 “ lapse of at least twenty years; provided  
 “ his fidelity and ability were so happily  
 “ rewarded.

“ The youngest daughter happening to  
 “ be pock marked, and somewhat ill-  
 “ favoured, the mother resolved on keep-  
 “ ing her at home to assist in the family—  
 “ but jealous of her sister’s better fortune,  
 “ she was always twitting her parents with  
 “ their partiality, and lamenting her own  
 “ hard fortune in being brought up in that  
 “ line which nature had originally intended  
 “ her for. The insensibility of her own supe-  
 “ rior happiness by degrees subsided, and  
 “ she now finds she is indebted to her want  
 “ of personal charms for her present pecu-  
 “ liar good fortune of life.

“ William, the lawyer, by studying at  
 “ the Temple, very soon grew ashamed  
 “ of his home, and the respectable sta-  
 “ tion of his parents; and as one of

“ his companions, in a rude vagary, twit-  
 “ ted him with the name of lawyer burn-  
 “ kin, his pride insisted on the satisfaction  
 “ of a gentleman, and he was shot through  
 “ his body with a pistol ball.

“ Thomas, the parson, turned his coat  
 “ for a red one, because the farmers in the  
 “ parish called him a Methodist preacher;  
 “ and his father, to flatter his own vanity,  
 “ and the resentment of his neighbours,  
 “ bought him a pair of colours: but the  
 “ palate of the corps not relishing the son  
 “ of a rich and respectable yeoman to mess  
 “ with them, he was obliged to leave Eng-  
 “ land for America to balance the want of  
 “ genteel birth with his personal valour.  
 “ On the first day of his landing, singled  
 “ out by an American savage behind a  
 “ bush, being rather too proud of his  
 “ cockade and gorget, he was left on the  
 “ sands with a hole through his body by  
 “ the ball of a rifle—a prey to sea cormo-  
 “ rants.

“ Thus ended a blooming and healthy  
 “ line of poor Sudbury, who, by aspiring

“ to raise his family to those stations which  
 “ were only peculiar to a certain descrip-  
 “ tion of people, he has now to lament  
 “ his absurdity in bestowing an education  
 “ on his children, which drew upon them  
 “ the greatest curse and vengeance of  
 “ fate.”

#### AN ATTEMPT TO DELINEATE CHARACTER.

There is always some leading trait in men which turns their thoughts to a certain bias. 'Tis in vain to attempt to change the course of their actions in this case — danger is generally stepping in between our good intentions, when we are throwing a check in their way; and we never fail to find them farther off the game of their happiness, notwithstanding all our most sedulous endeavours to turn them to our inclinations.

The heart of Underwood had been for a course of years fixed on some improvements in the line of his profession; which, by an uncommon share of enthusiasm, he had heated his fancy with, and which had amounted, in his mind, by a species of natural

tural sophistry, to the most honourable in the British dominions.

He had gained some premiums from the society of arts and sciences for his ingenuity in the management of land; and, possessed with an enterprising spirit, he was surprised his wife and children did not give into the same fervour.

Perhaps it may be for the want of a worldly participator in our peculiar notions of happiness—in our virtues, follies, caprices, whims, or friskiness, that our minds are sometimes inclined to return inward upon ourselves, and we then are tempted to survey our actions with gloom or moroseness.

Sir Simon had gained the upland—Underwood was resting himself under a hedge, and his son Samuel seated at a small distance with a book in his hand. A new-invented plough was near them—the horses eating a whisp of hay, and the plough boy exhilarating nature with a coarse repast.

When

When the Baronet approached, Underwood rose up with a smile on his face ; and not doubting but the fame of his plough had been the cause of his visit, the predominant passion of his heart burst forth with the most delectable store of circumstantial egotism.

Sir Simon heard him with patience, and he sympathised with his animated discourse on the improvements of his farm.

At the head of this section was prefixed, " a mind proof to the snares of ambition." It is here necessary to clear up the ambiguity of the expression. The remark was intended to be applied to my honest friend Underwood. But in the develloping of his character the word ambition should more intimately apply to his disclaiming any views of raising his family to a station in life beyond their own origin. But with him this glory of the human heart paused on the culture of his grounds, and the presence of proving himself one of the most experienced and capable farmers in the county of Kent. And such is man in  
maxims

maxims of this world's happiness, that all the honours of opulence and exalted conditions could not equiponderate the honour of this species of popularity.

Censure me not, then, to whom the less penetrating laws of human nature is imparted, when thus arrayed in the grim colours of misanthropy. I am curious to dispossess the human heart of its independant honours, and to assign to it all the selfish arts and resources, to cozen the world with its false pretensions.

Perhaps thou art moved to admire the firm integrity of Underwood? But when thou art informed that sordid selfishness was more manifested in his maxims of life than the desire of imparting pleasure and a reciprocal happiness to his wife and children, thou mayest then be inclined to groupe this character with those whom thou hast had discernment to view the motives of.

However strong might be his natural intelligence, would you reason with a rustic on the extraneous happiness of individuals?

Puffed

Puffed up with a sense of his own consequence in the rank which he holds in civil society, he has not sufficient philanthropy to consider that he reigns despotic under his own thatch, and that he is planning a system, to which his family must yield with the most passive and unlimited obedience.

Reserved for the task of delicacy and refinement, the well-regulated soul will not suffer its own maxims to be subversive of general happiness. It will contemplate the grand theatre of life on a broad, varied, and party-checked scale of action; and though it may endeavour to attract the notice of others to its own selfish inclinations, it will still admit of a perfect toleration in all its intercourses. By this complacent rule of conduct we are always sure on our journey to pick up some well-disposed and cheerful friend to beguile the time. 'Tis the polite traveller, and him only, who can entertain his companion with good humour and urbanity — whether the viands of his friend are favoured with garlic or asafœtida, he can eat his own mutton without a nausea at the capricious *haut gout*.

With

With these sentiments of men and manners did the Baronet accost his tenant, with whom he withdrew to a neighbouring copse—but they were sentiments—hush—the pride of my own heart is here intermeddling—they were sentiments of my own fostering—it was my own filling up on the grand design of nature—I loved the Baronet, and this masterhip of finishing the picture did not a little instance the self-love of the artist.

“ I am come,” says he, “ to ask your reasons for that reluctance of family connection which you discovered in your conversation when you put into my hands the love letter of my son Edward ?”

Underwood stared — seemed not to comprehend his meaning.

“ You oppose the match of your daughter to the heir of an honourable title and great estates—On what other premises, than from a sordid conception, that your groveling happiness will be  
“ invaded



“ invaded by a change of condition ? Are  
 “ you ashamed to wear a better coat, or to  
 “ see your servants tilling that ground to  
 “ which your spirit of lucre obliges you  
 “ now to lend an assisting hand ? Or is it  
 “ because a servile custom has brought  
 “ your happiness down to the contempla-  
 “ tion of a fine field of wheat, and you are  
 “ disgusted with the produce, when laid  
 “ before you on a clean cloth, and under a  
 “ richer canopy than you possess at Old-  
 “ thorpe ? Let me hear your prejudice,  
 “ farmer.

“ Are you ashamed to see your family  
 “ prosperous, and obstinate in refusing a  
 “ positive good ?—Do you suffer yourself  
 “ to be overruled by your leading passion  
 “ of inventing new ploughs and farming  
 “ implements, so as not to bestow a thought  
 “ on the leading passion of your wife and  
 “ children ?”

Underwood still staring; and in a perfect  
 maze at this unexpected overture, was at a  
 loss for expression—the Baronet proceeded.

“ The

“ The letter of my son to your daughter  
 “ convinces me that his heart has received  
 “ an early impressiion, which time will not  
 “ efface without much violence; and I  
 “ have here to dread the consequence of  
 “ those passions which, when once averted  
 “ from their natural and honourable  
 “ courses, too often render the man a prey  
 “ to the most servile and profligate princi-  
 “ ples of pleasure. I am willing to encou-  
 “ rage his passion for your daughter, my  
 “ honest friend—There is an argument in  
 “ his letter which assures me of the right  
 “ course I am pursuing—it will, at the  
 “ best, be but an experiment, and I have  
 “ only myself to condemn if time proves  
 “ my system erroneous.

“ Let me be the secret governor of your  
 “ family, and try me, whether I cannot be  
 “ the best pilot for their happiness.”

The farmer cast a stern eye on the Ba-  
 ronet, thanked him with a manlike brevity  
 for the high honour he was desirous of con-  
 ferring on his family; but persisted in his  
 resolution to wave the connection.

Inequa-

Inequality of stations, the scorn of his equals, were some of Underwood's scattered expressions.

The Baronet readily replied to his objections.

“ My fortune,” says he, “ will bear you  
 “ through the malice of the world. I will  
 “ undertake the education of your daughter  
 “ till she is old enough for marriage—this  
 “ will, perhaps, force the prejudices of her  
 “ ladyship to comply with my system.”

Underwood again repelled the Baronet's tender by the most fullen resistance.

DOCTOR PHILPOT'S SKILL IN THE HUMAN HEART DOUBTFUL—THE NEGOTIATION REJECTED.

ON the return of the Baronet from Oldthorpe I was instructed in these proceedings, and the budget of his plans opened.

Having failed in his negotiations, it was my turn to be employed in the embassy.

Fanny was to be sent to a boarding school; and at the expiration of two years she was to go to France, to be under the care of my sister Gordon, whose husband had fallen a sacrifice to the Steuart cause in the late rebellion, and who resided at Paris on a very considerable income.

To this mode of education the natural vanity of Mrs. Underwood would, doubtless, assent; and as the plot would be kept  
a per-

a perfect secret from Lady Hales, she would naturally the more readily conform to the Baronet's projects.

We were thus certain of the mother—the difficulty to conquer the father.

On the same evening I therefore repaired to the farm. Underwood had just arrived from his daily labour. There was an unusual dejection in his countenance—and I thought by his manner he had anticipated my visit as arising from the overture of the Baronet.

Having had frequent opportunities, on my long visits at Boxley, to encounter this farmer in my solitary walks, and holding a conversation with him on the tillage of ground, by degrees we had formed a kind of social acquaintance, and in time I had acquired his confidence.

I soon opened to him my negotiation, by asking him his reasons for rejecting the offers of the Baronet.

He

He had no wish, he said, to alter the condition of his family.

“ What,” I replied, “ suppose you  
 “ were to increase your fortune, by your  
 “ ingenuity and skill in the culture of  
 “ your estate, to that degree as to enable  
 “ your family to live independant, and,  
 “ like the rich man, to have servants un-  
 “ der you, to say to this man, Do this,  
 “ and he doth it; to another, Come, and  
 “ he cometh; would you reject this blef-  
 “ sing of your Maker ?

“ In the language of a divine, I must  
 “ avow, that if it has pleased the Al-  
 “ mighty, for purposes best known to his  
 “ great wisdom, to fulfil some great design  
 “ of his providential interference, to call  
 “ you to a more exalted station in life,  
 “ should you not exert your greatest reso-  
 “ lution to acquit yourself of that duty,  
 “ and accept of this charge as coming  
 “ from his hands ? Surveying, therefore,  
 “ the overture of Sir Simon in a religious  
 “ sense, does it not become your essential  
 “ duty

“ duty to bestow upon it your serious con-  
 “ sideration ?

“ Again, I must briefly state to you  
 “ other sentiments on this singular plan of  
 “ happiness which the Baronet had de-  
 “ vised for his son.

“ Nature, when properly, when confis-  
 “ tently attended to, is our best guide for  
 “ happiness — and how can you consider  
 “ the attachment of a young couple to be  
 “ unnatural, when founded upon the same  
 “ principles as those of your daughter and  
 “ Mr. Edward.”

Finding his demurs rising upon me, I  
 repelled them successively by anticipation,  
 assuring him, that he might be still confi-  
 dered as the independant yeoman; and as  
 the lustre of his family and fortune in-  
 creased, so he might have a far greater op-  
 portunity of proving to the world his firm  
 adherence to the duties of his profession,  
 and of his strength of mind in maintaining  
 a spirit, unshaken by the smiles of fortune,  
 and

and a judgement unimpaired by its luxuries.

Thus, with Underwood's prepossession in my favour, and the most convincing oratory on my side, possibly also with good hopes that a little of worldly vanity might steal into his heart, I fancied his inflexible spirit would yield to my argument.

I now proved to him, by the most indubitable fact, that on the failure of success in this plan of matrimony, in case of a change of sentiment on the side of young Hales, that he would have the most competent settlement on his daughter—that as the system of her education might exceed the station of her birth, the Baronet had come to a resolution to introduce her into life at a proper age as his own child, and to give her every other suitable advantage.

In reply to my negotiation, Underwood answered to the following purport :— That he was a stubborn philosopher in his principles of happiness—that what the world esteemed genteel life, he considered, of all things,



things, the most miserable. There could be no real happiness, he thought, without mental and bodily labour, which calm independence served completely to banish. When the mind is left to its own resource, without a forcible stimulus to action, it generally sinks into indolence, and the most licentious sentiments take possession of it. That his observation of the higher, or more opulent orders of society, had led him repeatedly to this opinion, and he therefore would obstinately adhere to these sentiments which conviction had forced upon him—sentiments which would incline him to accept of an honourable mediocrity, united with compulsion to labour, the dower which he intended to bestow on his daughter, in preference to the most splendid station. The latter the human mind could not always have sufficient fortitude to manage with prudence, while the former was almost certain to lead the possessor to a more eminent degree of happiness in this life.

From these sentiments he was fixed in his resolutions to refuse his daughter to the son of the Baronet, were he even to be

certain the match would prove acceptable in the eye of all his connections. That the young folks could not, at their time of life, fall martyrs to a childish passion, and that Sir Simon Hales could doubtless discover some other method of feting his son in a stile of marriage to his wishes.

Struck with sentiments delivered to me nearly in a similar form, I could not fail to consider Underwood in the light of some primitive sage which might serve to adorn the page of antient history.

To reply — to endeavour to foil him, armed with such formidable weapons, would be a task beyond the art of a Grecian sophist or declaimer.

In silence I gave up the point — but I requested to see the little elect of Edward's heart before I took my leave of this truly-dignified character of a British yeoman.

The countenance of Mrs. Underwood  
brightened

brightened on my request, and she left the room to fetch her daughter.

But she soon returned with great appearance of agitation—Fanny was no where to be found. It was far beyond the usual hour of her absence from the premises of the farm—servants were dispatched—no tidings—our anxieties increased—night was drawing on apace—Underwood himself began to discover some disquietude.

All the grounds were searched near the house, and a perpetual shouting kept up for the space of some hours, and every exertion made use of to discover her in vain.

Mrs. Underwood, in a paroxysm of distraction, wandering over the house, and delivered up to the most heart-rending anguish.

Her husband had saddled one of his fleetest horses, and was mounted to ride over the country in pursuit of her. Two of

the servants were dispatched to the neighbouring villages, and I myself prepared to set off for Boxley, where I was in hopes of gaining some intelligence of this extraordinary circumstance.

CRITICAL EVENT IN THE FAMILY OF  
THE HALESES.

*Still continued from the Doctor's note book.*

**O**N my return to the Boxley mansion my surprise was very great. The son of my friend and patron was returned from Westminster.

To see him at this critical juncture could not fail of confirming me in my sentiments, that he was the cause of the unhappiness at Oldthorpe. But I was soon undeceived in my too hasty conceptions—Cautious and mistrustful age is always severe in its censures of youth.

The Baronet was in uncommon spirits, and, with a countenance of unusual hilarity, presented me with the following letter—it was from the head master of Westminster :

“ I now return your son with a mind  
 “ that does honour to this foundation, and  
 “ to those who have been entrusted with  
 “ the success of his natural talents.

“ It would be doing injustice to the unli-  
 “ mited confidence which you have placed  
 “ in me, were I not to make him the mes-  
 “ senger of these favourable sentiments,  
 “ and to give you the earliest information  
 “ of his fitness for an immediate introduc-  
 “ tion to either of our Universities.”

When I had perused the letter, Sir Simon approached me with a repetition of delight, and enquired after the success of my negotiation with Underwood.

We had retired apart, and I informed him of the strange and melancholy tale of the loss of Fanny.

But when I related to him the inflexibility of Underwood, he seemed—were it possible, equally surprised, at the farmer’s firmness.

We now fixed our suspicions without reserve on Lady Jekyll's machination ; considering no other than that she having heard from Lady Hales the connection of Edward, had contrived to get the little Fanny out of the way, to favour her views of a match between her daughter and his son — and to operate this scheme, he had marked down, on the score of probability, that the widow of a Nabob would not feel the least compunction of conscience, were she to carry it by the blackest of all possible iniquity.

It was now considered as a matter of serious concern to keep Edward a perfect stranger to this event : for the Baronet could think no other, than a youth of a natural tender heart and fine feeling would be seized with a too forcible share of grief on this occasion.

The letter to Mrs. Underwood he declared to have been the effusions of no common tender inclination for the sex — there was a marked reflection and a digested system which run through the whole — it

became him then to treat the sentiments of his child with respect and the greatest caution—for he said he had but too often reason to remark in life, the negligent conduct of parents as to similar sentiments of their children—the cause of all their future misery—the cause of relaxation in their morals—the cause of the dissipation of their fortunes—loss of health—loss of reputation—whereas, if similar sentiments were cautiously cherished and matured, they might reflect the highest honours on the human soul—they would, doubtless, turn out the best of all possible good.

“ Not,” says he, “ but I would in preference have chosen my son to be allied to more suitable conditions—yet seeing that chance has so operated, I consider it as my greatest pleasure and duty to accept of the minor evil, and to order the plan of his engagement with more consistency. But, my dear Doctor,” he continued, “ you see my plan is frustrated, and I fear the boy will be greatly hurt by these accidents.

“ Youth



“ Youth will pair like the turtle dove—  
 “ its little parties should be watched with  
 “ uncommon diligence. Early principles,  
 “ prejudices, impressions, likes and dis-  
 “ likes, are not soon dislodged from the  
 “ tender fancy. Age, sowered with worldly  
 “ disappointments, generally contemplates  
 “ the past passages of life, and it pauses  
 “ where its troubles have been severely  
 “ felt. My boy will never forget his  
 “ Fanny ; and myself, Doctor—I have had  
 “ my innocent days of frolic too.”

But he did not proceed—the Baronet was  
 much chagrined at the event, and he fore-  
 boded a coming evil.

It was planned that I should accompany  
 Edward to Cambridge—that he was to re-  
 main but a few days at Boxley, and we were  
 to watch his motions—the time was to be  
 laid out in parties to withdraw his intentions  
 from visiting Oldthorpe.

Two days elapsed—Underwood used his  
 unremitting diligence, night and day, to  
 discover his daughter ; but he had returned

to his house without any success, and greatly fatigued in body and mind.

On the third day, in the morning, Edward did not make his usual appearance at the breakfast hour. On enquiry he had been observed early to take the road towards Oldthorpe. A servant was immediately dispatched, and intelligence brought that he had been at the farm : and, to add to the increasing anxieties of the Baronet, one of the best hunters was found missing from the stable, which caused a conjecture that he had returned home, and set off on some project.

Mrs. Underwood had been seized with a delirium from her grief, and was confined to her bed in the most alarming state of health—but what caused some degree of suspicion on the side of a servant maid was, after the departure of Edward Hales, which was sudden, and attended with great rapidity, the girl had immediately absconded.

Thus, with a bosom teeming with the greatest suspense imaginable, he was lost  
in

in conjecture, not knowing what interpretation could be put on his departure.

However, in the course of the afternoon, the carriage of Lady Jekyll drove to the door with great haste—some light was now introduced in this extraordinary affair.—She came to report the state of her son, who had, in the course of the morning, been violently assaulted by Edward Hales; and, after having undergone a severe horse-whipping, he set off with the same rapidity he came with.

Lady Jekyll had arrived to enquire into this procedure, to know why her son had fallen under young Hales's displeasure, and for which purpose the preliminary of her discourse was decorated with much asperity.

But Edward Hales was no where to be found—the Baronet in the greatest possible agitation of spirit—divided in his mind—uncertain whether to pursue his son, or to wait the issue of his return.

At intervals the steady turn of Edward gave him fortitude ; at others, the impetuosity of youth hurried his senses to the stretch of inquietude. In this conflict I gave my advice, and produced this argument for his consolation—To submit, and patiently to repose confidence in the conduct of his son.

We had learnt that he had been early to Oldthorpe — that he must have been informed of the loss of his favourite Fanny—the absconding of the maid—the chastisement of young Jekyll afforded every strong reason to conjecture that he had gained some intelligence which would lead to her discovery.

These were the moments in which the enterprising spirit of youth was fired with adventure—the course must be taken—my friend, the Baronet, must wait the consequence—Edward had ingenuity, perseverance, and courage—From the description of Lady Jekyll, her son had received the most severe castigation from Edward ; but the

the cause of the offence she seemed to be perfectly innocent of.

We therefore judged it expedient to accompany this lady to her house, where we were in hopes to acquire some insight into the mystery; and to this her ladyship assented, but not without certain marks of hesitation.

At the instant young Jekyll observed us stepping out of the carriage, he was impressed with terror and alarm. Whether afraid of a second onset, or overawed by his appearance, his uneasiness seemed very conspicuous; which, being observed by Sir Simon, he instantly put interrogatories to him—hesitation followed—he looked at his mother.

It was now obvious they were both concerned in a plot which respected the loss of the little Fanny; and his former surprise being thus strengthened by the hesitation of the son, and his silent, though expressive,  
five,

five, appeal to his mother, caused him to charge her ladyship on the spot with being a party concerned in the affair.

Young Jekyll trembled.

Her ladyship accused Sir Simon of rudeness and effrontery.

This was no time, he replied, for much ceremony—and added, that he was well convinced her son would not have received chastisement from the hands of his son Edward, unless he had well merited it.

At this period the young man's tutor, with much pertness, stepped forward, and advised them not to answer the Baronet. He was a witness, he said, to the assault which young Hales had committed; and he told Lady Jekyll to move the same in a court of law.

Here Sir Simon lifted up his cane as if inclined to lay the same over his shoulders—But Mr. M'Currygrace, the name of the tutor, thought proper to retreat with young Jekyll.

To

To acquire information in this interesting affair now exceeded our skill. Lady Jekyll assumed a tone of imperiousness—talked of justice—sneered at the Baronet's heat of temper—and protested that his accusations were erroneous.

Her declarations were scarcely finished when a country wench was seen entering the court yard, whom we had passed on the road, and who, having espied us, instantly made up, and desired to speak with the Baronet apart.

The girl, observed by young Jekyll, made him sneak into the house. — “ Sir, “ may it please your honour to forgive “ me ;” — and here she dropped upon her knees, with her blue apron up to her eyes, sobbing and begging forgiveness without intermission—accusing young Jekyll as the instigator, and of having received a bribe from a gentleman on a visit at her ladyship's house.

After these ebullitions of repentance were  
over,

over, we soon acquired the following true state of the case.

This girl was the absconded servant of farmer Underwood, who had been suborned by young Jekyll to trepan Fanny to the side of the London road, where there was a post-chaise in waiting ; wherein was seated a Mr. Fitz-Morris, the son of a Viscount of that name, who had been at Lady Jekyll's on a shooting party, and an intimate of her son, who was also there, and into which she was forced by the violence of the party.

The country girl continued, by observing, that Edward Hales had discovered the greatest marks of grief and indignation when he heard of Fanny's departure, and that his agony had melted her into a confession of her crime.

Fitz-Morris had made repeated visits to Oldthorpe under various pretences, and had endeavoured to insinuate himself into the maid's favour to accomplish his ends in the seduction of Fanny ; but not succeeding in his passion, he had contrived the insidious



fidious measure of forcing her to elope with him.

Thus, with the counsel of the maid, and the contrivance of Fitz-Morris, the plot succeeded—but how prosecuted, the consequences of this desperate and abandoned project must discover.

When Edward Hales had received the information of the maid, the plot of Fitz-Morris remained with young Jekyll, and he was therefore determined to force him to that confession which might lead to the discovery of his beloved Fanny.

Having obtained, by corporeal chastisement, the course which Fitz-Morris had taken, it was obvious he was smitten with the true spirit of enterprise, and that he would effect, were it possible, her rescue from the iniquitous attempt of this libertine.

Lady Jekyll was now abashed and confronted with the nature of her son's perfidy; and the Baronet and myself returned  
to

to Boxley with no small share of indignation against her insidious machinations, and with the most serious apprehensions of some desperate proceedings on the side of Edward.

We now concluded, that the most prudent method to adopt would be to set off for town; and, having every intelligence requisite to put us on a favourable tract, we entertained the best hopes of making a full discovery in this affair.

On our arrival the Baronet ordered his travelling chaise at the door, and we both ascended. At Chatham we heard of Fitz-Morris, and his son. The latter was on horseback, and pursuing his course towards town with much speed: but his pursuit being some days after the expedition of Fitz-Morris, we were apprehensive that the unhappy Fanny might be exposed to his devices.

## THE TOWN EXPEDITION.

ON our arrival in town we immediately repaired to Lord Fitz-Morris's. Our enquiries after his son were naturally sudden, and without much reserve.

The Viscount was an acquaintance of Sir Simon Hales's, and he received us with respect and attention. He lamented the dissipated and unsteady conduct of his son; and knowing he had been on a visit in his neighbourhood at Lady Jekyll's, he augured that his conduct had been the cause of our visit.

Sir Simon, with brevity, only signified that he was apprehensive of a meeting taking place between him and his son Edward; and as it concerned a matter of offence committed in the neighbourhood, in which he was himself much interested, he was therefore desirous of interposing  
between

between them, lest any alarming consequences might ensue.

“ Sir,” replied the Viscount, “ my son  
 “ unfortunately, by the caprice of an aunt,  
 “ is now his own master ; and having just  
 “ left the University, he has entered life  
 “ with a commission in the dragoons—  
 “ always the ensignia of dissipation and  
 “ imprudence—I am sorry to say his pas-  
 “ sions are too much afloat—I do not wish  
 “ to enquire particularly into his conduct  
 “ in your neighbourhood—He is old  
 “ enough to be his own arbiter in those  
 “ matters which may concern his honour—  
 “ I shall, therefore, not screen him from  
 “ either your’s, or your son’s pursuits.”

There was a singular indifference in his lordship’s conversation respecting his son— which, possibly, arose from his own attachment to the gaieté of life, treating the indiscretions of his son with levity, perhaps to palliate his own ; but more particularly from the little power he had over him in consequence of a large sum of money bequeathed to him by a foolish fond relation  
 when

when he came of age, which would render him perfectly independant of parental authority—Ridiculous and misplaced affection of kindred, to alienate the child from the parent, to make their interests separable, and to subvert the natural power of the latter.

Fitz-Morris, not to be circumvented in his pursuit, had taken up his residence at a hotel in the neighbourhood of Saint James's Street; and it was to that place we were directed to procure farther intelligence.

We arrived at the hotel, of course, late in the evening—Fitz-Morris was gone to the opera—We heard that Edward and another youth of the same age had been only a few hours before making the same enquiries.

Thus our time had been well disposed—to the opera then we posted.

How dreadful the agitation of the Baronet's mind! We heard there had  
 been

had been a disturbance in the house, from the appearance of two Westminster youths, as report stiled them, who, entering the pit, one of them, with great spirit and resolution, had threatened to cane a gentleman, and which threat he accompanied with such epithets as could not be passed over without an immediate appeal to the field of honour. To which the indignant youth immediately challenged his adversary.

The parties had retired, and there was no doubt entertained but a duel had taken place.

Thus prepossessed with a circumstance of this dreadful nature, so very trying to the feelings of a fond parent, we both made the best of our way to Fitz-Morris's hotel.

There we also had a better chance of hearing the earliest news of the combat ; as also we had an opportunity of gaining some farther light into his procedure with the fair daughter of farmer Underwood.

On our arrival again at the hotel we were immediately struck with a more than usual bustle. On enquiry we found it arose from a report, that Fitz-Morris had received a wound in a duel, and was at an adjoining tavern where the rencontre had taken place. His servant arriving almost at the instant we had received this information, to execute some command of his master, related the following particulars :

That he had been acco<sup>r</sup>ted at the opera by a young gentleman, and some acts of violence having taken place, they had decided in giving each other a meeting at the tavern in question, where his master had that moment been wounded, but not in any material part of the body, so as to occasion any apprehension of danger.

The Baronet having acquired this information, and hearing that Edward had received no injury, it now became our business to enquire out his situation, and the spot where he was to be found. Our conclusions were, to see Fitz-Morris, or his surgeon, and to gather every information possible

possible—though at the same time we were not a little rejoiced to hear the affair had taken such a favourable turn; flattering ourselves also, that our young adventurer, like a second Amadis de Gaul, would by this have discovered his beloved heroine.

Fitz-Morris's servant had scarcely passed us when he cried out, "Sir, Sir, the young gentlemen are coming." Casting our eyes towards the door of the hotel, we observed Edward and his friend Cornwall entering, and; to their no small surprise, particularly to that of the former, Sir Simon caught them both by their arm, before they had a glimpse, in the impetuosity of their motion, of his person.

"Oh, oh, Sir," says the Baronet, "what desperate action have you now on foot?  
"Any more of your foes to pistol?"

Edward's heart, seized with a panic and surprise, gave him no power of utterance; and, looking up in his father's face with a countenance extremely expressive of the  
the



the great perturbation of his soul, bursts into a flood of tears.

They retired into a room apart—my presence of mind was, on this occasion, not wanting; and laying hold of the servant of Fitz-Morris, I questioned him with point and threat as to the arrival of his master with a young girl out of Kent.

The fellow looked confession—I followed up my advantage; and having assured him, that if any proof could be brought that he was a party concerned in this affair, that the laws of the country would be severely applied to inflict on him the most exemplary punishment for his infamy—that the only remedy to exculpate himself from this affair, and also to save his master the ignominy of being brought to public justice, would be to divulge every thing which he knew in this iniquitous business.

Alarmed at my repeated threats, and the energy of my protestations, he as-  
 VOL. I. I sured

fured me that he would give me all the intelligence he was master of.

Directing my enquiry as to essentials, I now learnt, that Fitz-Morris had been given to understand that Fanny Underwood had an impure attachment to Edward Hales, and, as such, he did not consider his artifice to carry her off in the very criminal light which I had painted it.

Determined to lose no time, I sent word to my friends that I was engaged on a commission of some importance, and desired they would not think of leaving the hotel till my return.

The house which the valet conducted me to was at no great distance. I knocked at the door, and a servant maid appeared. I enquired for the mistress of the house—I was shewn into a parlour, and a well-dressed lady made her appearance.

“ Madam, I have information that you  
 “ have had brought to your house, by a  
 “ young libertine of the name of Fitz-  
 “ Morris,

“ Morris, an innocent young woman, who  
 “ is to be doomed to the shameful and de-  
 “ testable purposes of seduction. — Alas!  
 “ what do I say? Is not the odious deed  
 “ already perpetrated? Take care, Ma-  
 “ dam—remember the laws of this coun-  
 “ try are decreed for the protection of in-  
 “ nocence, the injured, and also for the  
 “ punishment of the guilty. This instant  
 “ bring me to the poor young creature.”  
 Here I raised my voice, and threatened,  
 with loud denunciations, to apply to the  
 power of justice.

“ I am here, Doctor Philpot—Oh dear,  
 “ how glad I am— It is the Doctor,”—and  
 she continued incessantly crying, till burst-  
 ing open the adjoining room, I there be-  
 held the little captive—she flew to my  
 arms, and, shedding a flood of tears, fol-  
 lowed me into the room of the prostituted  
 matron.

“ Madam,” darting an eye of resolute  
 vengeance, and arching my brow with the  
 most determined shew of signalised justice  
 —“ Madam, tell me, is she devoted” —

“ Stop, Sir,” — and she here flung herself upon her knees — “ Have pity on the  
 “ most hapless and miserable of the sex.”

“ Speak, child.”

“ Do I deserve this gentleman’s forgive-  
 “ nefs? — Have you not received compas-  
 “ sion and pity from the moment you en-  
 “ tered this roof?”

Here Fanny wept, and told a short tale of favour and tenderness which she had received from the mistress of the house.

I now was tranquilized — Had a parent been present, the feelings of his heart could not have risen to a more pathetic height.

Whether to applaud the uncommon goodness of heart of this impure female, or to render up my petition of grateful thanks for being thus made the liberator of innocence, would be difficult to say in which scale my portion of ecstasy now preponderated.

The little Fanny was found—a guardian angel had preserved her in the most auspicious moment of fortuitous trial.

There was humanity, sense, reflection, and penitence, in the breast of Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Her miscreant and tainted life lost much of that indignant reproach which deep-rooted prejudice would have impelled me to load it with.

When Fitz-Morris had lodged the captive maid in her house, a bank note of a considerable amount was placed in her hand. The greatness of the sum made me consider the affair to be marked with a secret design more than intrigue, and that he had been made, in some respects, a tool in it.

The unhappy situation of Mrs. Bracegirdle, whose life, from the most calamitous scenes of prostitution, had rendered her tributary to the plots of male seduction, impelled her to enter into his impious de-

signs—but hearing from Fanny the simple, unadorned history of his deceptious practice to ruin her, she was touched with compassion, and had contrived, to the moment of her discovery, to amuse Mr. Fitz-Morris with plausible reasons for withholding his designs.

Experience, too prone to accuse young people with indiscretion, levity, or a desire of novelty, often judges with rigour and over-rated caution. Fearful of reposing too much confidence in the simple pudor and innocence of Underwood's daughter, I desired she would proceed in relating to me the arts which were used to force her at this distance from her parent.

When, by threat and violent determinations, he had suppressed the sudden terrors which had seized her mind, on her first being forced into the chaise, he calmed the agony of her feelings by a falacious story to this purpose :

Having heard the particulars of the letter which Edward had written to Fanny  
from

from Lady Jekyll, as related by his mother on the visit which she had paid her, when abruptly she left the presence of Sir Simon, chagrined, and her pride mortified at his inflexible spirit; he interwove this incident in the following plot to engage her confidence, and, if possible, to tranquilize her fears, and to reconcile her to the situation into which she had been forced.

He assured her, that he had been commissioned by Edward Hales to undertake this violence; that he had serious intentions to make her his wife; and that, not doubting of her own consent, he waited her arrival in town to run off with her to Scotland.

That he had asked Sir Simon's consent; which being refused, the transport of his affection knew no other resource than the one which he had now adopted.

If therefore, on their arrival in town, she shewed any reluctance, his friend would not scruple to accompany her back again to her parents, and confess the unjustifiable

steps he had taken — laying the act on his violent and unconquerable attachment — but that, at all events, she must not accuse him of any other motive than the resolute determination of serving his friend — which was the only excuse that could be made for his forcible elopement with her.

It was not presumable the unexperienced maid could consider otherwise than his relation to be true : and as the postilion was his own valet, with a pair of horses not unsuspected of belonging to Lady Jekyll, it was also in vain for Fanny to conduct herself otherwise than with apparent tranquillity. Thus, with a bosom teeming with hope that her situation was not without a remedy, when she had an opportunity of beholding her friend Edward on her arrival in town, to whom her grief might be unburdened, and her anxieties mitigated by his compliance, she might prevail on him to forego the desperate scheme which he had in contemplation.

But what her astonishment when Fitz-Morris, on his lodging her at Mrs. Bracegirdle's,



girdle's, now assumed his own feature! — protesting, when he found her safe in his possession in a retired apartment of this woman, that he was induced to these measures by the force of his own love—and, assuming the impassioned character of the libertine, seemed sedulous to obtain the completion of his wishes.

But finding repulse—the most resolute opposition to every art, entreaty, and proffered attention — he was forced to desist from his abandoned measures, and to apply to the more skilful arts of Mrs. Bracegirdle to relax the firm principles of the terrified maiden.

To palliate the actions of this confederate in town voluptuousness, it is justice to say, that she had been given to understand by Fitz-Morris that Fanny, young as she was, had been prodigal of her charms to young Hales, and that it was only childish bashfulness which made her hesitate to receive his addresses — but on repeated attempts to induce her to listen to overtures on his side, she had by degrees acquired the lovely  
 girl's

girl's true history — and finding truth and artless incident in it, she had come to a resolution of secretly conveying Fanny back again to her parents, and to read Fitz-Morris a lecture on the blackness of his conduct, and the risque he run of laying both of them under the lash of the law.

On either side she knew herself to be secure ; for if he thought proper to inveigh against her conduct, she was certain, as not daring to suffer his criminal act to transpire, he would not be averse to a compromise.

Another motive, perhaps, more impulsive than either might be the cause—she must well conceive that the connections of Fanny were of that nature as would very soon lead to a discovery, and then her own case would be extremely dangerous.

Thus, on a mature consideration of the situation of the little victim to town gallantry, it might also be more to her interest to turn Fitz-Morris from his pursuit of seduction, and to make a merit of an uncertain

tain transaction ; in which both her own interest, as well as design of her patron, might be involved.

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THE following short history of Mrs. Bracegirdle was written on a detached slip of paper, and pinned to a leaf in the Doctor's common place book. There seemed to have been a kind of preface to it—the paper was torn at the beginning as if some memorandam had been discarded.

There was singularity in the life of this woman — and some passages so strongly marked with the history of life, I have been inclined to introduce it here by way of episode, as naturally connected with this period of the work—it can either be passed over, or read, as the good humour of the reader inclines him.

THE DIGRESSION — ON FEMALE SEDUC-  
TION.

**F**OR all the pains I have given myself, I have only acquired a greater share of doubt, to suspend my judgement of things — my breast heaves with more charity, and the cause of my fellow-creatures is nearer to my heart.

I am less confirmed in principles — my sagacity continually on the waver — less self-sufficient of unerring wisdom.

To doubt ! — painful pause of the human soul — it will teach us a far greater share of benevolence, and the milk of human nature may flow more abundantly. Indeed we are too much prone to judge with needless precaution, and an over-strained rigour of our fellow-creatures.

After all, what are we ? — a jumble of  
good

good and evil—strange complex machines—I exclaimed with that wise apostle :—  
 “ O wretched man that I am, who shall  
 “ deliver me from the body of this death !”

I could have proceeded, but I was called to order by the first verse of the same chapter—“ Know ye not that the law hath dominion over a man as long as he liveth ?”

Gracious God ! I would open the sluices of my heart for the children of iniquity, and palliate their manifold trespasses, when I reflect on the harassing scenes of misery which they have experienced in this world.

There is a time when terror and inward dejection will overtake the most stout-hearted mortal in his passage through this vale of tribulation ; and he will, sooner or later, be taught to sympathise even with the unrighteous in their sufferings.

’Twas the fascination of deep misery which made me return to the house of Mrs. Bracegirdle—The eye, the repeated lines of  
 grief,

'grief, traversed over and over again—the curvated brow; one corner drawn upward, marking the countenance with an interesting retrospect.

She poured me out the tea—her hand trembled—I had made her the vow, and she accepted of my offer—tears streamed from her eyes—and “have I then,” she ejaculated, “found an uninterested friend?”

“Then will I fly this detested, this utter-  
 “loathed scene of profligacy—the pride  
 “of my soul shall be subdued—the bread  
 “which I hereafter eat shall be swallowed  
 “with repentance—and my hours shall  
 “be hereafter passed in innocence and  
 “virtue.”

I reverted to the point which we had been debating upon—“when no temptation assailed you, Madam, why then did you proceed?”

“Pride—giddy pleasure—a silly heart—  
 “want of resolution—I was a woman,”—  
 was her answer.

After

After a long pause, I still recapitulated, “independence in your power, where was your temptation?”

“Flattery, Sir—the men flattered, and I became a martyr to vanity.”

She told me her father was the younger son of a gay and antient family, long attached to the bespangled forms of a court life. Places and pensions had allied them to the sovereign. At an early age he had an ensign’s commission, which, transporting him to a distant country, where, for want of opportunity to mix with an higher order of females, he became enamoured with a daughter of a poor West-India planter.

Returning to England, after an absence of some years, he found his father on his death bed; and with him he lost all hopes of promotion. The income of his place was all that the family had to depend upon, and they were, shortly after his death, scattered abroad in the world, and exposed to all its vicissitudes.

Her father had returned to his regiment—the camp had nursed her—she was educated in the circle of a military life. Climate, fatigue, and disappointment, had killed her father before he arrived at any considerable rank in the army, and her mother brooding with anxieties on her hapless, unprovided situation, and daily encountering the rigour and contumely of a hard-judging world, died of a broken heart.

Sufan, an orphan, at the age of eleven years, was, from motives of charity, sent from Quebec to be brought up in Colonel Muzzard's family, whom he had left behind him in England. The Colonel had an eye to prudent œconomy, and self-interest in the plan.

Hence she became a dependant on his wife's bounty, and at the age of sixteen found herself discarded by degrees from the parlour to the kitchen—to be a spy on the actions of the servants, and to assist them in their occasional services.

Nurtured



Nurtured and fostered to the age of some reflection by the pride of a foldier's heart, and a much greater share of family-pride in her deceased parent, she considered herself, though in the light of a servile dependant, the daughter of a gentleman.

An occasional associate with the servants, moral precept was not often displayed before her eyes for an example—she had pride to spurn at vulgar immorality, but had no exalted precedent to induce her to the practice of strict discretion.

She was soon disgusted with her situation—beautiful in person, she found her prudence shaken by the Colonel's son, and she soon became a sacrifice to juvenile professions and giddy intemperance.

The intimacy was discovered too late, and Mrs. Muzzard, to break off all farther intelligence, dispatched her son to the regiment, and turned the orphan of charity into the street. In short, the only extent of her bounty was to procure her a ticket to  
the

the Lying-in Hospital; and, to calm her apprehensions, the offspring, to her great joy, lost its life on drawing its first breath.

She raised her head from the unhappy pillow of repentant disgrace; and as her strength revived, her sorrows increased. A few pounds were conveyed into her purse, and, with a promise of servitude, this miserable orphan thus found herself deserted.

One morning, on a visit of the faculty, the charms of the sorrowful Susan struck the admiring eye of a spruce and middle-aged physician. On enquiry he found her to be fit for the completion of his designs.

Regardless of the fate of the unfortunate girl, a sacrifice to indifference, and a careless training into life, Mrs. Muzzard, on receiving a note from the physician that he had procured Susan a wet nurse's place in a gentleman's family, rejoiced that she was liberated from this intruder on her son's affection, whose views in life were to be raised to the commander in chief of the  
British

British forces, and whose person and pretensions rendered him a suitable match for the first heiress in England.

The benignant smiles of Doctor Prattlecase encouraged the forlorn Susan to receive her patron with complacency; and when her situation admitted of a removal, she found herself the mistress of a suite of ready-furnished lodgings. The natural vanity of her youthful heart lighted up on this prospect; and though she was secretly afraid to enquire into the cause of her patron's kindness, she still admitted the impression of pleasure, which a similar situation would convey to a mind that had been threatened with the hardships and disasters of life.

The Doctor, in the course of his visit, very soon made Susan acquainted with the real spring of his generosity, and she found herself, in a very short time, the mistress of a Galenical gallant.

Gause, silks, and ribbands, soon restored to the fancy of this untutored female in the promis-

promiscuous scenes of criminal pleasure the early vanity with which she had been nurtured—her conversation soon partook of a more enlightened cast, and Prattlecase now discovered a mind that had been stored with some accomplishment—he found her a perfect mistress of the French language, which she had acquired from an infant in the foreign families settled in Quebec; and she had also some skill in music.

Perhaps the whim of the moment had at first inspired the Doctor with his notion of gallantry only; but on hearing the lovely orphan's history, his amorous caprice assumed a more reflected principle, and he now indulged in a certain tenderness of heart which bespoke an approaching attachment.

He bestowed several masters upon her, and she found herself improving in a refined knowledge of life, with a flattering hope that her situation would effectually place her above distress.

Doctor Prattlecase had conducted his intrigue

trigue with great secrecy—her apartments were taken in a retired part of the town, and his visits were paid with circumspection—to her his injunctions were forcibly given not to divulge his situation; and her servant, with the family of the house, were kept perfect strangers to it.

Thus she lived in an undisturbed serenity—little desirous of partaking in any other pleasures than those which she derived from her attention to improvement—and this so well corresponded with the Doctor's inclination, that she found herself, as it were, an idol of his choice.

About six months passed in this plan of life, when one morning, about noon, a chariot stopped at the door, and a lady, about the age of thirty, stepped out of it, and, giving her orders to the servants to be in waiting at a certain distance from the house, she made her entry without much ceremony, and enquired if a young woman was her lodger who received visits from a gentleman answering such and such descriptions. Having received an answer to  
satisfy

satisfy her it was so, she begged to be shewed up into her apartment.

The Doctor, in the continuation of Mrs. Bracegirdle's anecdotes, makes her speak in the first person.

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A piano forte was open before me—the music master had just left me—the door was flung open—no ceremony was used in the entry of the lady.

As soon as she caught sight of me, her salutation was commenced nearly in the following terms :

“ Madam—Miss—I want no proof of  
 “ your infamous arts in alienating the af-  
 “ fections of Doctor Prattlecase from his  
 “ family—I am his wife, Miss; and you  
 “ are his slut.

“ So you are the patient who has inticed  
 “ him,

“ him, under pretence of his professional  
 “ visit, for these many months past, to leave  
 “ his innocent and respectable family in  
 “ the evening ?

“ You dirty drab you — where has he  
 “ picked you up ? — Come, Miss ; this  
 “ instant troop away from this house — you  
 “ shall either obey my orders, or submit to  
 “ be charged with a constable, who shall  
 “ dispose of you in Bridewell, where I will  
 “ take particular care to see you are pu-  
 “ nished for your impudence.

“ Come, huffey, pack up your things  
 “ this instant — from this spot I will not stir  
 “ till I see you off.”

She now rang the bell with violence —  
 the woman of the house made her appear-  
 ance.

“ Madam, do you know who I am ? —  
 the woman curtesied low to the ground —  
 “ I am, Madam, the lawful wife of Doctor  
 “ Prattlecase, the gentleman who visits this  
 “ here naughty woman — And pray, Ma-  
 “ dam,

“ dam, how dare you connive at this im-  
 “ pious wickedness? — Let me know this  
 “ instant all about it. I watched him here  
 “ last night myself, and was determined to  
 “ get the best instructions in the neigh-  
 “ bourhood concerning his Madam—So I  
 “ find he keeps her, in good truth—I have  
 “ learnt all from the pretty Miss’s hair-  
 “ dresser at the corner of the street—the  
 “ best place for intelligence of this na-  
 “ ture, as your grocer, Madam, informed  
 “ me—The Doctor, Madam, pays all her  
 “ bills truly, I suppose; so if you please  
 “ to let me know the amount of her lodg-  
 “ ings, they shall be discharged immedi-  
 “ ately, and then off she certainly goes  
 “ from this place—this very instant—or,  
 “ depend upon it, I will have you yourself,  
 “ Madam, into custody, for harbouring a  
 “ common prostitute.”

Terrified with these menaces, and the  
 apparent importance of the Doctor’s wife,  
 the woman made no hesitation to give her  
 the bill for my lodgings.

Myself frightened, to the total loss of all  
 my



my presence of mind, and the little reflection which seemed at this age to be in my nature at once forsaking me, and with a tremor through all my frame, I meekly yielded to every proceeding which this amiable solace of hymeneal compact thought proper to prescribe, for being the innocent cause of her husband's incontinence.

An hackney coach was now ordered to the door—I was commanded to pack up all my apparel—and Mrs. Prattlecase was ushering me into it with all the stern correction of privileged tyranny.

During this bustle I overheard the voice of my servant, Dolly, expostulating with the mistress of the house for suffering the Doctor's wife to treat me with this severity—the coach driving up, with the pacific spirit of the most flagrant sinner convicted in her crimes, did I ascend it, almost suffocated with my tears, and in the greatest agony of grief.

Dolly declared she would not suffer her

poor young mistress to be driven off in this hurry without a home to go to, and no friend to bear her company, jumped into the coach, and we thus left the field entirely in the possession of the incensed Mrs. Prattlecase.

DIGRES-

DIGRESSION CONTINUED—ON FEMALE  
SEDUCTION.

**DOLLY** had ordered the coach to drive into Oxford Road ; and questioning me where and how I was to dispose of myself, I seemed utterly at a loss for an answer. The girl now found I was totally, from my ignorance of life, incapable of affording myself any assistance, and set about providing me with fresh lodgings, which she soon did ; for, ordering the coach to drive through a street, which, perhaps, she was acquainted with, I soon found myself equipped with a decent first floor and suitable bed-room.

“ And now, Madam,” says the expert girl, “ you must contrive to see Doctor Prattlecase, or how will you be able to pay your lodgings, and to provide yourself with other necessaries ?”

“ A married man !” I ejaculated. “ No, Dolly, from this instant I disclaim all farther intercourse”—and I was thus proceeding—“ Pho, these heroics will not suit your forlorn case.”

“ Connections of this nature,” she replied, “ are very common among the genteel—few women, who wish to advance themselves in the world, ask any questions about the history of their gallants.” And thus, with a cant well hackneyed in infamy, I was now documented by my maid.

But to her entreaties I now seemed resolutely inclined to be inflexible; and, considering the friendless state I was exposed to, with only a few shillings in my pocket, I had every reason to call forth all my faculties. The only suggestion which presented itself for immediate relief to my troubled mind was, to exert my industry to procure servitude—and this was the plan I proposed.

“ You a servant !” exclaimed the girl—  
and

“ and who could take you into their fer-  
 “ vice? — It would be first necessary to  
 “ get a character; and, after all, there are  
 “ few places you would be fit for. As to  
 “ myself now, who do you think would  
 “ take me, but ladies like you, who are  
 “ not very scrupulous about decorum and  
 “ *virtue.*” — In short, her rhetoric seemed  
 so perfect and just, that I was obliged to  
 yield to her counsel — and what confirmed  
 me in my obedience to her plan was, the  
 sudden appearance of my hair-dresser, to  
 whom I was indebted some pounds.

This man having seen the Doctor's  
 wife, to whom he had imparted something  
 of my history, had anticipated a revolution  
 in my affairs; and arriving at my lodgings  
 a little after our departure, as also the de-  
 parture of the above lady, enquired the  
 route which our coach had taken. The  
 woman hearing the orders given for Ox-  
 ford Road, the fellow enquired of the  
 coaches at every stand the spot where we  
 were set down at. Thus describing our  
 persons, he acquired his information, and  
 he was soon at the house where we stopped.

This fresh trouble effectually determined me to see the Doctor; and I assured the frisseur, if he would call in a few days, he would have his account settled.

On the ensuing morning I was resolved on a visit to the Lying-in Hospital; and the first object which struck my sight, was the Doctor alighting from his chariot.

Pleasure darted in his countenance when he cast his eyes upon me. I received his assignation to meet him at night; and, putting into my hands a small bank note, he desired I would keep concealed.

I had just time to reprove him, as a married man, for his maxims of gallantry, and conjured him to get me a place of servitude in some respectable family. He smiled at my innocent remonstrance, and pressed me to have patience till he called upon me at my lodgings.

A few evenings past, and the Doctor made me a visit — a supper was ordered, and he was seated with a chearful spirit to

pass a few hours in my company. In the midst of our conviviality, a single knock at the door was heard, and in a few seconds, to our wonder and astonishment, Mrs. Prattlecase was seen entering the room.

This lady, jealous of her husband to an extreme, and not without great reason, was determined to discover his propensity at intrigue; and taking advantage of an invitation to a city route, from which he had excused himself under pretence of visiting a sick patient, she contrived to make good her plot of detection.

Having suborned a porter to watch the motions of the Doctor on his foot excursions in the afternoon, he was enjoined to bring her immediate intelligence of the place he stopped at, where any single female lodged. This business the fellow executed with the greatest perspicuity; and arriving at the city route with his budget of secret services, the lady suddenly ordered her carriage, took a french leave, and thus transported herself on the spot, leaving her

servants and equipage at the end of the street that her motions might not be discerned.

To paint the situation of the Doctor on this interesting event, would require the penciling of an Hogarth.

His alarms were depicted in the expressive complexion of surprise, dismay, and stupidity.

His domestic heroine taking advantage of his ghastly and petrified countenance, approached him with a clenched fist, tremendously shaken in his face. Having receded from her first onset behind the collation on the table, and worked up to the greatest gust of violence, she exclaimed, "Is this your goings on?"—and, raising her foot, kicked the whole repast into the fire place—Doctor Prattlecase all the while staring with strong marks of guilt in his countenance, and confounded with the lady's resentment.

However, to do him justice, when the  
first



first impulse of her vengeance was somewhat abated, he had the resolution to offer his hand to her, and insisted on conducting her down stairs.

He told her, that the method she had taken was not the fittest to recover the mistaken husband from his delusion, and entreated her to leave the house, and he would accompany her home.

“ After all, Madam,” I heard him say, “ you have tolerably well retaliated ; and “ if your passion inclines you to rouse mine “ in return, perhaps you will find me in “ as violent a mood as yourself to conceive “ offence against you.” Some other similar sentiments were pronounced by the Doctor, when his wife, bursting into a flood of tears, rushed to the door. The Doctor followed—they both left the house, and I was left several days in suspense to wait the issue of this ridiculous business.

The anxiety of my maid, Dolly, inclined her, without my consent, to set off for Throgmorton Street, there to insinuate herself

self among the servants, and to gather from them the particulars of the family. Finding the Doctor and his lady to be persons of opulence, the artful wench desired them to acquaint their master, that a person had waited upon them on particular business. The Doctor concluding this business might relate to his profession, ordered her to be shewed up to his apartment. When he recognized the maid, she, without the least ceremony, told him, that as she had been privy to his intimacy with her mistress, she came to be bribed to secrecy, and that her distresses forced her to this step — and I, who had imprudently put her in possession with the secret history of the Doctor's allurements to bring me over to his designs, caused her to blab those truths which he would not have divulged for a considerable portion of worldly opulence.

The girl retired from his presence with some pieces of gold, and seemed perfectly delighted with the levies she had raised upon his timid complexion.

But the matter stood thus : — Prattlecase  
had

had married the daughter of a rich alderman in the city, whose connections had brought him into considerable practice among the whole fraternity of the luxurious turtle and venison caterers, made him apprehensive of losing much of his practice by his loss of character; and it therefore became a matter of interest to have the affair hushed up in the most expeditious manner. Not but what he might possibly know that the railers at his folly, in the list of his acquaintance, might actually be in the same predicament as himself under the rose; yet they, as not being exposed, would appear respectable and untainted; whereas himself, having the misfortune to be detected in his peccadillo, would be made the town jest. Thus it happens that a good character is often founded on a discreet and political conduct. No one is entitled to talk on suspicion, but all the world on palpable fact.

With similar sentiments this gallant was obliged to forego all farther thoughts of his amorous pursuit—and, indeed, as my mind was impressed with no small share of remorse

more for the admiffion of his favours, I found my inclination to change the courfe of my life greatly ftrenghened.

A few mornings after this revultion in the family of the Throgmorton-Street phyfician, taking counfel of Dolly, my cabinet minifter, how to embrace a more inoffenfive mode of fubfiftance; and being much ridiculed for my *vartuous* fentiments, as fhe was pleafed to call them, I had a vifit paid me by Mrs. Prattlecafe.

“ My dear,” fays fhe, fmothening her brow with much benignity, “ I have heard  
 “ from the Doctor, by his own con-  
 “ feffion, the whole of your melancholy  
 “ hiftory, and I am now come to offer my  
 “ fervices to place you in a guiltlefs and  
 “ eligible fituation, where you may pafs  
 “ your time in a scrutiny on your former  
 “ conduct, and fervently repent of your  
 “ heinous tranfgreffions.”

Here I found my tears guffhing from my eyes, and, from the natural tendernefs of my heart, conjured Mrs. Prattlecafe to dif-  
 pofe

pose of me as her goodness thought fit ; for being resigned to enter on an industrious and inoffensive course of life, I submitted entirely to her disposal.

“ What do you think, my dear, of the “ Magdalen ? ”

The nature of this excellent charity she explained to me ; and after having, with the greatest sincerity, expressed my thanks, and a firm desire to embrace this opportunity to lead a new life, she left me with assurances, that, in a few days at farthest, I should be placed in it.

When she retired I imparted the substance of this meeting to my friend Dolly, who, smiling, ridiculed my penitence, and painting the charity in odious colours, inveighed bitterly against the foundation ; assuring me, that the penitents were let lose upon the world with the same inclination to prostitution as when they first entered it ; that is, provided they had charms left to render them amiable : and after having assured me that I was by much too pretty for

for a Magdalen, ran out of the room, and left me to guess at her absence.

In less than half an hour she returned with two tickets for the play, and insisted on my going into the upper boxes with her at Covent Garden.

This kind of freedom might be repelled with disgust, when a young woman considered herself as screened from the necessities of life; but knowing my situation placed me on a level with herself, and being already under obligations to her, as I then considered myself, for her seasonable services in distress, I thought that an unreserved familiarity was her due.

In short, she pressed me to the play—pleasure, that Syren always fluttering in the heart of the sex, at my years irresistible, and I gave my consent.

Dolly, arrayed in a suit of my apparel, acted the part of my companion and duenna.

*The Doctor speaks in the first person.*

HERE let my pen stop on the colloquial discourse of this unfortunate woman. It was the simple truth of her seduction—and let it suffice—I find the sex every day to acquire more of my respect and tenderness—She had no friend to give her counsel; and the fortuitous scenes of her early life presenting pleasure always before her, a man must have a cold and merciless heart to execute vengeance and wrath against her delusions.

Let the state interpose, and award punishment against the first dispoiler of female innocence—and so it does, you may say—but how are these transactions palliated?—I will venture to propose, that young Muzzard will find the virtuous and regular part of the sex equally well inclined to receive him into favour.

At the play she informed me, that her experienced and artful maid contrived to introduce a man of rank into her company  
—Susan's

—Sufan's innocence and beauty made him attached — an equipage turned her thoughts from her seclusion in the Magdalane ; and when the Doctor's wife called upon her, to put her pious and humane motives into practice, she found the object of her husband's flame had disappeared. This served, no doubt, to convince her of Sufan's inclination for evil, more than for good.

In the giddy circle of novelty she was, after a few months, neglected by the young nobleman ; and thus, from a succession of lovers, arising more from the natural volatility and inconstancy of the men, than her own giddy passion, she was obliged to accept of favours, which her heart despised, and her conscience loathed.

She had no friend to strengthen her in her resolutions to return to virtue, and no succour to assist her in the prosecution of it. Emerged in vice, where was the power to raise her from it ?

She condemned her conduct with the contrition of a penitent, but could find no  
 expe-



expedient but death to deliver her from her guilt.

In a state of affluence, perhaps splendor, she was attacked with a fever—she prayed for death ; but reserved, as an example of human misery, heaped on those females who have made sacrifices to unlawful pleasures, she was taught at once to deplore her own errors, and to experience the inhumanity of those men who are charmed with yielding beauty, and not attracted by mental or virtuous qualities.

On her bed of sickness she was deserted by her gallant.

When the Doctor took his leave she found herself also deserted by her personal charms—and that woman, whose affluence could be alone supported by those charms—what a shock to sensibility !—Her creditors and menial dependants flocked to general ravage. Her bed was torn from her—humbled to poverty, to beggary—for a trifling debt she was thrown into jail, and there she had to lament, in the greatest depth

depth of human misery, that the strength of her constitution had made her such an example of female wretchedness.

Almost sunk down by rigour and poverty, she was accidentally relieved by Prattlecase, who recognized her among the prisoners, and in which place some business, which related to his profession, had called him.

Many years had passed since his attachment to her person—but concerned at her misfortunes, and, perhaps, not a little accusing himself as the first cause of them, he humanely paid her debts, and delivered her from this state of horrid bondage.

His wife was dead, and he found himself at liberty to indulge in an election—but some wrinkles on his face had taught him a lesson of prudence; and having naturally had the dignified turn of benevolence in his heart, he allowed Mrs. Braccgirdle an annuity for her maintenance—and here it was I had cause for reproof.

In retirement, she said, she had been discovered by one of her noble gallants—and, with an abashed countenance, she made a confession of her want of resolution to ward off his entreaties, to refuse pecuniary overtures, and to withstand those incentives of pleasure which had intoxicated her imagination at a former part of her life.

She was thus persuaded to become attached to a certain stamp of splendid characters in their pursuits of gallantry—How great my triumph!—to recover this woman from vice—to liberate the state from an unworthy citizen.

But she was the guardian angel of the little Fanny—This trait alone would preponderate some of her past errors—I represented, in the most formidable point of light, the iniquity of her life, and her latter character, marked with a greater degree of transgression, presented to her view in the odious form of disgust—She had a mind to receive these impressions.

Mrs. Bracegirdle was reclaimed.

FANNY UNDERWOOD IS INTRODUCED TO  
EDWARD HALES BY DOCTOR PHIL-  
POT.

*The common place book of the Doctor changed to the third person. Some family anecdotes were expunged, and the manuscript much varied.*

**T**HE Doctor introduced Fanny into the apartment of the hotel—Edward Hales flew to the arms of his little favourite in the most passionate rapture of genuine love.

When his first transport had subsided, he drew back on the presence of his father—but who, being engaged so deeply in the drama, perhaps did not observe the sensibility of the meeting. The Baronet was also affected. The party was wound up to the height of happiness.

The feelings of Sir Simon, interested for

the discovery and preservation of his son, had been greatly agitated; and the scene having been concluded with so much satisfaction on either side, made him receive Fanny Underwood with all the fondness of a parent. Edward, delighted with the acquiescence of the Baronet, did not conceal his attachment, which became more obvious—But measures were now to be adopted to prosecute his designs.

Underwood was now summoned to town—the intelligence of her fortunate discovery filled the hearts of her parents with the greatest of all human delight—enraptured transition from boundless misery!

When he arrived, he found his daughter at the town house of Sir Simon Hales.

The Baronet thus addressed him :

“ Underwood, I have admired your in-  
 “ flexible virtue in refusing my sollicitation  
 “ to educate your daughter as a fit compa-  
 “ nion for my son, and to do honour to  
 “ that

“ that engagement which I am desirous he  
 “ should ratify. You are rejoiced at find-  
 “ ing your child—to Edward you are in-  
 “ debted for her delivery. She has been  
 “ snatched from the hands of a base liber-  
 “ tine, who has been severely punished  
 “ for his perfidy. Her honour is pre-  
 “ served—but it was reserved for the spi-  
 “ rited pursuit of Edward, and my own  
 “ exertions to rescue her from the bondage  
 “ of infamy. You have, therefore, a  
 “ grateful return to make—her liberators  
 “ must be rewarded.

“ Fanny must be the wife of Edward  
 “ Hales—I see a marked attachment in  
 “ the young folks—I have a peculiar de-  
 “ sire to encourage it for the preservation  
 “ of their happiness—I grant my ideas  
 “ may be somewhat singular in the opinion  
 “ of that part of the world which vulgar  
 “ prejudice has complimented with the  
 “ name of prudence and reflection—that  
 “ part of the world who entertain views of  
 “ suitable conditions, and the aggrandise-  
 “ ments of estates. Fatal error! and which  
 “ experience has too deeply convinced me  
 “ of

“ of its truth. Departing from the natu-  
 “ ral ties of the heart, I have no one in-  
 “ stance, in the tablet of my memory, of  
 “ one happy affortment in marriage.

“ Fanny must be the wife of Edward,  
 “ Hales. Here is the grateful return you  
 “ have to make to those who have restored  
 “ a lost daughter to her parents.

“ I have still this argument to offer—  
 “ Were she to return to Oldthorpe, judge  
 “ of the miserable life she will be hereafter  
 “ doomed to suffer — her character im-  
 “ peached—her mind, in some instances,  
 “ impressed with sentiments incongenial to  
 “ her station in a cottage.

“ And the animated passion of Edward,  
 “ my good friend—Is not there a cause of  
 “ alarm? — Will that enterprising mind,  
 “ rushing precipitately to the object of its  
 “ regard, be restrained by the cold pru-  
 “ dence of age?

“ Pshaw! we know ourselves better, be-  
 “ lieve

“ lieve me—Were we to recollect the past  
 “ incidents of our youthful days——

“ The young couple will meet—bars,  
 “ bolts, and a parent’s anger, will not hin-  
 “ der them.—Come then, my friend—let  
 “ Fanny be put under our care—she shall  
 “ immediately be sent out of the way of  
 “ all peril — I shall henceforward consider  
 “ her as a young gentlewoman ; and if the  
 “ world does not change the sentiments of  
 “ my son, I shall regard her father as a  
 “ welcome relation.”

The Baronet now tendered Underwood  
 his hand—the latter consented.

Fanny was immediately to set off for  
 Paris—to be educated under the care of  
 the Doctor’s sister.

This plan was to be conducted with the  
 most profound secrecy — and that Fitz-  
 Morris, or any of the Jekyll party, should  
 be ignorant of her having been liberated  
 from Mrs. Bracegirdle, the valet was to  
 be



be bribed to secrecy who conducted Doctor Philpot to her house — and she was to invent a tale that Fanny had made her escape from confinement.

Thus concerted, the necessity of Edward's setting off for Cambridge to finish his studies was strongly urged, and in less than a week the business was finally settled.

*[The succeeding part of these memoirs are continued from a more mature period of my life.]*

A SCENE BEFORE MY INTRODUCTION  
INTO LIFE.

**I** HAD now past three years at the University, and was on the eve of setting off for the Continent, by my father's request, to spend the remainder of my time till I came of age. Then the old mansion at Boxley was to open its folding doors for the auspicious event. The Baronet had promised himself a return of those days of ancient hospitality, which portrays the page of history with the features of hilarity and benevolence, and which impresses the heart with more satisfaction than can be derived from the sanguinary feats of our ancestors.

The three years of my academical studies glided away with but little mixture of anxiety. Love was seated in my breast—but the passion was not seconded by the  
boiste-

boisterous evil which attends an attachment raised at a more mature period of life, and which might be retarded with doubt and difficulty.

I had considered my union with Fanny as the first impulse of a youthful heart—naturally formed in a generous mould, and unoccupied with the higher orders of worldly pleasure. Ambition had not then found its way into it to interrupt or to mix with the delicate passion. Thus I had centered the whole of my plans before my entry at the University on this maid, who was to rule sole arbiter of my future destiny, without the fear of not possessing her.

But manhood now assumed superior privileges—I had formed some notions of life—I had gay companions to partake of those notions—Cornwall, my old school-fellow and brother academic, who heard my childish attachment with the simplicity of inexperience, and approved the soft touches of my heart, had now assumed the privilege of giving me a higher estimate of manly happiness.

Our vacations were chiefly passed either in the town or country, as the season of the year had governed the motions of our families, and which suited with our academical life.

Public places, at these times, were frequented by us; and I, who, at an earlier period, had derided the frippery of young Jekyll, now found my glass could display a person to my eyes no less inferior in dress and manners. The ladies had flattered my good looks; and, in proportion to their civilities, so increased the importance of my exterior.

Cornwall's family chiefly resided in town; and Mrs. Cornwall having been many years dead, his house was managed by a maiden sister, to whom was, in every particular, entrusted the care and education of his daughter.

The politeness of this lady had drawn me frequently into their parties, and I soon found the sister of my friend agreeable in  
manners,

manners, and charming in person. Every opportunity had been concerted to place us in those favourable situations which induce the most indifferent of the sexes to foster those pleasing præpossessions, which do not fail to cause a friendly intercourse, and which time often mellows into sentiments of tenderness and love.

Fashion and dress soon dazzled—Miss Cornwall o our parties to the Opera, Ranelagh, or such places of public amusement. I there beheld young men of figure and higher privileges, proud to shew their attentions in her suite—but I generally found I was the more welcome to her person, and my importance not a little elated at the preference.

This kind of induction into the gaieties of the town was soon noticed by Lady Hales; nor was her maternal regard a little heightened by it. The town splendor of Lady Jekyll encreased—I was invited to her parties—Sir Simon had been talked into a compromise in the misunderstanding, which

had now lasted a considerable time between the families — Young Jekyll had made an atonement for lending Fitz-Morris his services in the affair of Fanny ; and thus an intercourse was established.

Miss Jekyll was presented as the rival of Miss Cornwall ; and between the two families I found myself assailed with every pressing kind of cordiality to inflame the breast of a young man with vanity and self-commendation.

The force of prejudice has, doubtless, the greatest influence over our inclinations. The friendship I entertained for Cornwall excited a partiality for his sister, which had not yet reached the finer passages of my heart. The indifference which I always entertained for the Jekylls made me receive their invitations with disgust — and Miss Jekyll, though, in every respect, a fine young woman, had no share of my attention, and barely that of common civility.

My bosom thus swelling with the action of life, I was lost in a variety of concep-  
tions

tions on the future plans which I had to pursue, when one day Sir Simon sent to summon me to a private conversation.

“ Edward,” says he, “ I have received a packet of letters from Paris—  
 “ there is one which I conclude to be written from your little shepherdes — it is  
 “ directed to you — This which I hold  
 “ in my hand is from Mrs. Gordon — you  
 “ shall hear the contents.”

---

“ She improves daily in the graces of  
 “ the mind, and flexibility of her manners. The attention which she pays to  
 “ the advantages which you have laid before her exceeds the ordinary capacity  
 “ of her sex.

“ Nature has bestowed on her the  
 “ greatest good sense, and she is sedulous  
 “ to improve it to its utmost extent — her

“ French is rapidly approaching to that of  
 “ the courtly Parisian—her music delicate,  
 “ and the ear Italianised — she feels its ex-  
 “ cellencies, and already begins to consider  
 “ harmony as responsive to the poetry.  
 “ This she manages with a skill which at-  
 “ tracts, by the natural ease of her voice,  
 “ and the grace of her manner. Her per-  
 “ son is also improved with her capacity.

“ I have introduced her to the circles—  
 “ her conceptions are opened—without  
 “ the *trop. suffisant* she can assert her vi-  
 “ vacity with an ease which has surprised  
 “ me on several occasions with the first-  
 “ bred people of Paris.

“ They call her the *belle Anglaise*—and  
 “ the Parisian ladies are not a little inclined  
 “ to extinguish most effectually all the  
 “ *naiveté* which she has brought over.  
 “ This laudable intention I am attentive  
 “ to modify—but, to do her justice in this,  
 “ she wants but little of my restraint.

“ A natural reserve and serious deport-  
 “ ment will in time temper that vivacity  
 “ which



“ which the advantage of company can  
 “ give her — I have already engaged her  
 “ friendship, and her sentiments are my  
 “ own — I have long admitted her to an  
 “ unreserved freedom, as the best-calcu-  
 “ lated scheme to understand her disposi-  
 “ tion thoroughly ; and I find, that what-  
 “ ever my condescension has granted, her  
 “ natural goodness of heart has secured.

“ We have reasoned a great deal about  
 “ her attachment to Edward — my tears  
 “ have been shed on her account — she has  
 “ a soul fit to adorn the most chosen of her  
 “ sex.

“ It is only to time I can trust the suc-  
 “ cess of your singular plan adopted for  
 “ the happiness of these children.

“ My vigilance and pains the lovely girl  
 “ has already engaged on her own account  
 “ —free of all obligation to those com-  
 “ mands which you have imposed upon  
 “ me—and this, I think, will prove the  
 “ best demonstration of her gentle mind

“ and placid spirit—the best of all praise  
 “ which I have to bestow on Fanny Un-  
 “ derwood.”

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There was a pride which had swoln my heart to an unusual bigness when I heard the contents of this letter.

I had cast a sort of repentant retrospect on the drama—three years had past since the violent transport—my pulse had lost somewhat of its irregular motion—fresh objects of life seemed to have replaced a portion of my attachment to the blooming child of my foster nurse—in short, there was a different impetus of action which had rebelled against the pure affection of my heart.

The daughter of farmer Underwood!  
 the heir to the Boxley estate—dispropor-  
 -tionate conditions!

The brilliancy of fashion at this moment  
 superseded

superfeded my first impressions, and the elegant sister of my friend Cornwall had marshalled ideas of greater moment before me.

Fixed in doubt, I trembled to break the wax of Fanny's letter.

'Twas the first I had received from her hand — the seal bore the impress of a leaf — the motto, *Il ne change qu'en mourant.*

Before I opened the letter my father spoke.

“ Edward, I see the world has already  
 “ fastened upon your heart— I shall not  
 “ endeavour to balance your inclinations  
 “ on either side — I renounce all govern-  
 “ ment of your passions — a father in this  
 “ has no authority—whatever your friend-  
 “ ship thinks fit to impart, I shall hear  
 “ with the tenderest regard of a parent ;  
 “ but do not suffer that tie to overawe those  
 “ plans which you have proposed for your  
 “ future happiness.”

I broke the seal.

“ SIR,

“ In what language am I to address the  
 “ son of Sir Simon Hales—must I be go-  
 “ verned by the impulse of the heart—by  
 “ the cold laws of respect?

“ Three years are past, and I am igno-  
 “ rant of those forms which the disparity  
 “ of conditions have prescribed for my go-  
 “ vernment. I float in an ocean of error  
 “ and perplexity.

“ Who am I, Sir? What is the state of  
 “ the poor daughter of farmer Under-  
 “ wood?

“ I write effusions of filial love to my  
 “ dear and severed parents—I am an-  
 “ swered in all the genuine feels of pa-  
 “ rental tenderness—yet, can this be suffi-  
 “ cient to sooth my long absence from the  
 “ humble roof which nature has taught me  
 “ to cherish beyond the gilded pride of a  
 “ palace? No, Sir. I feel myself lost in  
 “ the obscurity of my present condition.

Three

“ Three years—many afflictions can be  
 “ endured in this space—many impressions  
 “ of deep wretchedness the mind can re-  
 “ ceive! — My books may soften down  
 “ my anxious thoughts—a cultivated mind  
 “ may divine a paliating remedy, but the  
 “ heart cannot be released from its an-  
 “ guish.

“ Three years!—in what my impatience?  
 “ —Good heavens! I am lost in wildness of  
 “ conjecture—Are not the tears of a fond  
 “ mother impressed on the leaf which her  
 “ affection has blotted? And does she not  
 “ interrogate in all the softness of maternal  
 “ feeling! Oh, Sir—pardon the freedom  
 “ of a presumptive daughter—spare my  
 “ breast the torture of making any confes-  
 “ sion of my sentiments.

“ On what altar is my youth to be sacri-  
 “ ficed? — Where is that blessing to fill  
 “ my soul with that portion of bliss which  
 “ the absence from my native country, my  
 “ home, my parents, have robbed me of?

“ Accomplishments—sad, sad compen-  
 “ sation

“ fation—I have now learnt to estimate  
 “ my misery.

“ Have you not drawn me from a  
 “ sweet oblivion to polished life—refined  
 “ sensations? — What continuance of  
 “ pain is there in rustic life? — The soul  
 “ must be refined to estimate the portion  
 “ of its misery—there is a native resource  
 “ in the unpolished mind which soon dis-  
 “ charges sorrow from the breast—you  
 “ have taught my soul to feel the force of  
 “ its senses † a tear can relieve in humble  
 “ existence, but education alone can raise  
 “ our feelings to their acutest sense. †

“ Three years are past—My mind has  
 “ found a channel of thought—deliver  
 “ me, Sir, from this torment of anxiety—  
 “ there can be no compact that is ratified  
 “ in which I can discover any denunciation  
 “ of rigour against the frankness of your  
 “ confessions—Liberate me, I conjure you,  
 “ from this deadly suspense.

“ Does the son of a Baronet humble  
 “ himself

“ himself to the daughter of his father’s  
“ tenant, a plain and simple rustic? —  
“ No; this cannot be — you are recovered  
“ from the delusions of early youth — your  
“ heart and understanding have received  
“ more approved impressions.

“ Presuming sentiment to extend my  
“ hopes — The effusions of my heart have  
“ exceeded my duty, my respect.

“ The son of Sir Simon Hales was my  
“ deliverer — I lowly bend to all — to every  
“ sorrow.

“ Forgive this unconnected transport —  
“ ’tis the moment of a dejected mind.

“ FRANCES UNDERWOOD.”

I shewed my father the letter — he read it  
with a marked surprise — my wonder was no  
less great.

The elegance of her mind, the sweet  
tone

tone of composition, conspicuously shewed the scope of her natural intellects, and the great assiduity of her application. But from whence this improvement of a rustic soul? — 'Tis true, she had received a plain school education before she left England.

She had an early turn for reading—This propensity had, in some respects, been chided by the father; but, perhaps, secretly encouraged by her mother.

My sister Sophy had repeatedly lent her books; and, before the fracture with the farm at Oldthorpe, Lady Hales had permitted her, in the interval of my vacations from school, to call upon her from time to time—perhaps, too, there might have arisen some emulation in her pursuits of knowledge, and she might have caught a desire of improvement from my sister.

But however forcibly these considerations may have weighed upon me, I had ascribed



ascribed other reasons for the polish of her letter.

Sir Simon perused it several times, and returning it to me, accompanied it with these words :

“ Edward, the natural docility of your  
 “ temper will readily incline you to give  
 “ ear to every thing which an indulgent  
 “ and considerate father has to advance for  
 “ the happiness of his son.

“ You are now arrived at an age which  
 “ only requires a few more years of expe-  
 “ rience to render you decisive in your  
 “ plans of life. The education which you  
 “ have had, joined with the natural good-  
 “ nefs of your understanding, must have  
 “ impressed you already with a sense of  
 “ your past conduct, and will doubtless  
 “ have furnished you with prudent lessons  
 “ to govern you in your future plans.

“ You must, therefore, not consider  
 “ yourself bound, as I have before said, to  
 “ any fixed rule which I may have pro-  
 “ posed

“ posed for your happiness, I consider  
 “ you now to have entered into the circle of  
 “ manhood, and I address myself to you  
 “ in a certain degree of friendly equality.

“ Before I considered the necessity of  
 “ giving you a public education, I had  
 “ first studied the natural qualities of your  
 “ mind and heart ; on these I depended,  
 “ when you were to be trusted from my  
 “ sight. Your master had promised me  
 “ his best diligence to scrutinise your mo-  
 “ ments of privacy, and I had the inex-  
 “ pressible delight to find the tone of your  
 “ actions accord with those sentiments  
 “ which I had ardently long hoped to find  
 “ inherent in you. Thus I progressively  
 “ received every information of your im-  
 “ provement in moral conduct, as well as  
 “ human acquirement ; and when you left  
 “ the first rudiments of knowledge for that  
 “ hazardous test of a virtuous youth, the  
 “ University, I laid down a plan with my  
 “ old friend, Doctor Philpot, to have your  
 “ actions analysed, and your conduct su-  
 “ perintended. Nay, (says he) do not be  
 “ surprisèd—the tutor of your college was  
 “ my

“ my friend, though unknown to you ; and  
 “ while the sons of many careless fathers  
 “ were rioting in a childish debauch, and a  
 “ dangerous profligacy for the want of rea-  
 “ sonable admonition and timely interfer-  
 “ ence, you had a friend always at your  
 “ side to cozen you, as it were, into your  
 “ academical duties — and your bosom  
 “ friend, Cornwall, the son of my old  
 “ crony, educated on the same principles,  
 “ and who had imbibed sentiments of a  
 “ similar nature with your own, gave me  
 “ an equal share of delight, when I found  
 “ he had proved himself worthy of his  
 “ tutor’s regard. With such a compa-  
 “ nion and friend I knew you would be  
 “ strengthened in your virtuous principles  
 “ of life ; and I experienced no appre-  
 “ hensions of a change, while Doctor Phil-  
 “ pot was sedulous in his enquiries, and  
 “ your tutor bestowed an invariable sys-  
 “ tem of friendly assiduity and control  
 “ to improve your knowledge, and to  
 “ establish sentiments in you of moral  
 “ virtue.

“ Thus, Edward, I have received you  
 “ from

“ from college, a youth of parts, and un-  
 “ shaken honour. But now, my son, the  
 “ scene is opening upon you—you are to  
 “ encounter the world—to become an use-  
 “ ful, independant citizen to the state, and  
 “ not to aspire after unproductive honours  
 “ and a fantastick shew of fame and glory—  
 “ all I wish for is, to see you happy—  
 “ happy as a sense of your own virtue and  
 “ independant station can make you. The  
 “ senate is to receive you, when you re-  
 “ turn from your travels—when your opi-  
 “ nions of life are more collected, and  
 “ when you are seated in domestic life.  
 “ As a senator, you have received my  
 “ counsel—you have heard my sentiments  
 “ —you have been told the reason of my  
 “ retirement — this will conspire to esta-  
 “ blish the happiness of your public cha-  
 “ racter.—but as your principal happiness  
 “ must be raised under your own domestic  
 “ roof, the choice of a wife will become  
 “ your next consideration — And here I  
 “ propose to make remarks on your pre-  
 “ sent progress in life.

“ I have allowed you to assume the car-  
 “ riage

“riage—the decoration of a young man  
 “of fortune—and this I may say in a mea-  
 “sure unrestrained — But I must be frank  
 “when I tell you, that the shrewd eye of  
 “the doating father has not been with-  
 “drawn from you. I have noted your re-  
 “ception in the Cornwall family.

“Miss Cornwall”——

At the name of this charming girl I felt  
 a pulsation which recalled the blood into  
 my cheeks.

“Miss Cornwall,” my father resumed,  
 “receives you with pleasure. Give me  
 “your sentiments, Edward. Have you  
 “balanced the accomplishments of this  
 “young lady with those of the daughter of  
 “my tenant at Oldthorpe ?

“Come, come, my lad ; I am afraid  
 “the first impressions of childhood have  
 “been superseded by reason and refine-  
 “ment—but I was unwilling to counteract  
 “this natural impulse — the current was  
 “dangerous to keep head against — I saw,  
 “indeed

“ indeed, it had gained too great a height  
 “ to be diverted by force from its chan-  
 “ nel——

“ We may have now procured, by ab-  
 “ fence and address, what all the open power  
 “ of the universe could not have operated.

“ Miss Cornwall, Edward, is a charm-  
 “ ing girl—respectable connection.

“ Fanny Underwood can”——

Heavens! what an emotion my heart  
 experienced at this period!

“ Fanny Underwood can be provided  
 “ for,” continued my father.

The letter had awakened my senses to a  
 conflict of contending emotions. There  
 was a plaintive reproach in it which alarmed  
 my honour. 'Tis true, Miss Cornwall had  
 engaged my attention — but there was no  
 deep impression made—the flattering senses  
 of youth were more amused than was the  
 tender passion raised to anxiety.

Sweet-

Sweetness of manner, united with grace, had won upon my affections—She preferred my company—and, in the moments of glitter, fashion, and the circle of acquaintance, every reflection on the first impression of love was banished from my breast—Successive rounds of amusement had obliterated the name and genuine loveliness of the little Fanny—but the letter recalled my former attachment.

My father noted this conflict——

“ Edward,” says he, “ you are agitated  
 “ on the reception of this young woman’s  
 “ letter. I am afraid there is more design  
 “ than nature in it. What think you ? Is  
 “ not Mrs. Gordon the prudent matron  
 “ who has given her the good counsel to  
 “ work upon your passions ? Is it possi-  
 “ ble her mind can already have received  
 “ this polish ?

“ Remember, although you are pledged  
 “ in a sense to receive the hand of Under-  
 “ wood’s daughter, I would not have you  
 “ enter on a system of domestic life, un-  
 “ less

“ lets both heart and judgement approve  
 “ the woman of your choice.

“ Fanny will be better provided for  
 “ than if she had remained in the farm—  
 “ you would have considered her in the  
 “ light of an inferior, and she might have  
 “ humbled herself to the miserable——

“ No, Sir — I have a soul that”——

“ True, Edward — but there are mo-  
 “ ments”——

“ Not repugnant to my honour—I have  
 “ given the law to my heart, Sir; and I  
 “ must only think of Miss Cornwall in the  
 “ pure light of friendship, of distant re-  
 “ spect — I could yield to the transport of  
 “ passion, were my heart disengaged; but  
 “ my honour recalls me to the lovely  
 “ Frances.

“ The letter is her own writing—See,  
 “ Sir, it is defaced—here are erasements—  
 “ it has been written at many intervals—  
 “ there has fallen a tear on several of the  
 “ letters



“ letters—She had always a mind eager for  
 “ improvement.

“ My letter to her mother, Sir—’tis im-  
 “ possible—I must answer it.”

My father was attentive to the contend-  
 ing passion warming in my soul — his eyes  
 bespoke an admiration when he heard my  
 election, and he left me with a squeeze of  
 the hand, and with an exclamation, “ Ed-  
 “ ward, I will trust you — My son, thou  
 “ hast a firm and noble soul.”

An answer to this letter now became an  
 object of my deepest consideration — deci-  
 sion was required — on it depended the  
 whole happiness of my life. I observed in the  
 composition of her writing an elegant sim-  
 plicity, the result of native sentiment, and  
 an improved mind. Here my pride was  
 flattered — the counsel of my heart taught  
 me firmness in attachment ; but the forms  
 of life usurped a great portion of my incli-  
 nations — the object was absent — beauty,  
 accomplishment, and connections, waited  
 my overtures.

Miss Cornwall would have been beloved, had my heart been less consulted; yet the conflict prevailed, and I was rendered inconsolable, dispirited.

There was a necessity to answer Fanny's letter; but the expressions, the terms, gave my mind a perplexity which seemed irremediable.

To be ambiguous, was an artifice which I thought unworthy a generous attachment; to be explicit, was not the exact language of my heart. In short, I was floating in a state of uncertainty, and apprehensive that time, the world, and the extraordinary vicissitudes of life, might cause me to repent the early attachment I had formed. Thus agitated, I was determined to take my future plans of domestic happiness into consideration, and wait the time when I was to behold Fanny in a more mature and polished situation than when we parted—to answer her letter with open and unreserved sentiments, and to trust its fate to the natural goodness of her understanding.

My answer :

“ DEAR FRANCES,

“ The cold formality of your letter has  
 “ given me pain ; that pain is much in-  
 “ creased, because I find you are un-  
 “ happy.

“ The time is now drawing nigh when  
 “ we shall meet on more mature and re-  
 “ flected principles — then, my dearest  
 “ Frances, we shall be far better judges of  
 “ our hearts and inclinations than under  
 “ the roof of our nursery. Let us see what  
 “ the world will effect, and not impose a  
 “ task of happiness, which our hearts may,  
 “ perhaps, not be completely framed to  
 “ accomplish. I now readily conceive you  
 “ will be pondering and scanning this last  
 “ sentence, and with all the jealous irrita-  
 “ bility of the sex, you will consider it as  
 “ ominous of a change of sentiment in me.  
 “ Perhaps your fears and conceptions  
 “ may be just — I will not answer for ca-  
 “ price or the influence of life, and there-  
 “ fore I shall judge your apprehensions  
 “ with tenderness. — “ Does the son of a

“ Baronet humble himself to the daughter  
 “ of his father’s tenant ?”

“ Love has no distinction — the con-  
 “ queror of a world may be brought to  
 “ the feet of the meanest peasant — yet,  
 “ far from wounding a mind so polished  
 “ as thine by comparisons, it is strict jus-  
 “ tice when I say, that the daughter of far-  
 “ mer Underwood is not inferior to the  
 “ son of Sir Simon Hales.

“ Education has given that equality—  
 “ Education has made up your dowry—  
 “ your birth will be elevated, by your vir-  
 “ tue and merits; therefore of this, hence-  
 “ forth, no retrospect.

“ In short, I must no longer dwell on  
 “ any part of your letter which may cause  
 “ explanations, The time is drawing  
 “ nigh—

“ A twelvemonth—

“ Leave the world for this space for me  
 “ to roam in—doubt the constancy of my

“ sex, and trust your fate to the mercy of  
 “ a young man who is floating amidst  
 “ shoals and quicksands.

“ A twelvemonth, and you return to  
 “ your native country — may that period  
 “ prove the ordeal of true love! — in thine  
 “ I have an implicit confidence — and if  
 “ absence does not cause any alteration,  
 “ you will find that all prejudices will  
 “ vanish in him who has the impression of  
 “ Fanny Underwood indelibly fixed in his  
 “ heart.

“ EDWARD HALES.”

END OF VOL. I.

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Mais la nature est vraie, et d'abord on la sent.

BOILEAU.

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V O L. II.

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1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that this is crucial for ensuring transparency and accountability in the organization's operations.

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. This includes the use of surveys, interviews, and data mining techniques to gather insights into the organization's performance and the needs of its stakeholders.

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5. The fifth part concludes the document by summarizing the key points and emphasizing the ongoing nature of the data analysis process. It stresses that regular monitoring and evaluation are necessary to ensure that the organization remains competitive and responsive to its environment.

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THE  
MAID OF KENT.

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PART OF A MUTILATED LETTER FROM  
MY FATHER TO DOCTOR PHILPOT.

“AND I have had two more especial  
“ reasons for this peculiar education of my  
“ son.

“ As to the first, had I circumvented  
“ his early attachment with the stern be-  
“ haviour of the generality of parents,  
“ alarmed and irritated, on the thoughts  
VOL. II. B “ of

“ of degrading his station and pretensions,  
 “ I should have effectually turned his ge-  
 “ nerous sentiments into a groveling, for-  
 “ did, self enjoyment.

“ He would have triumphed in his su-  
 “ perior rank, and the object of his passion  
 “ would have fallen a passive sacrifice to  
 “ his pursuit.

“ Then all the vices would have rushed  
 “ upon him — the moral ties of his con-  
 “ duct would have been dissolved, and his  
 “ youthful passions would have floated  
 “ down the ocean of modern debauchery.

“ He has now a plan to pursue which  
 “ will exercise every tender impression,  
 “ and call forth all his virtue to bring to  
 “ perfection.

“ If he succeeds, what will not be the  
 “ approbation of the wise and the good?  
 “ As to the world, to the vulgar, the  
 “ foolish, and the vain, we will spurn at  
 “ their reproaches, and trace out new  
 “ maxims of happiness.

“ This

“ This I am certain of—by my gene-  
 “ rous and vigilant conduct I have secured  
 “ his confidence and virtue—but from  
 “ whence these sentiments?—From you,  
 “ dear Doctor—from you I have learnt the  
 “ ripe duties of a parent—and I have now  
 “ had experience to find their value in ad-  
 “ ministering the same discretionary tuition  
 “ to my child.

“ I have examined Edward on the first  
 “ impressions which he had received of the  
 “ tender passion for the daughter of Un-  
 “ derwood—there was reason to apprehend  
 “ a change—Absence and the gay flutter  
 “ of life—strong incentives, you know, to  
 “ supersede the incautious sentiments of a  
 “ boy just bursting from the shell of child-  
 “ hood—but he has reasoned upon his  
 “ choice—there is a powerful stimulus of  
 “ honour in his nature.

“ Miss Cornwall, I had reason to think,  
 “ was the rival of our little *élève*—attrac-  
 “ tion in every feature of her manner and  
 “ person—fortune and connections—pre-  
 “ ference too, I have reason to say—these

“ are great incentives—but Edward is firm  
 “ in his first impressions.

“ You well know how often we have  
 “ reasoned on the necessity of giving the  
 “ spirit of knight errantry to a young man  
 “ of a good heart and intellects.

“ However whimsical this epithet may  
 “ appear at first view, there is more serious  
 “ truth couched under it than the superfi-  
 “ cial observer of human nature may at  
 “ first sight discover.

“ Youth will always have a spirit of  
 “ enterprize — we are then justly to be  
 “ called Quixots on our entry into life ;  
 “ and though we may not, in our distem-  
 “ pered notions of chivalry, make our at-  
 “ tacks on castles, giants, and windmills,  
 “ there are still objects of a nature full as  
 “ preposterous on which we may exert our  
 “ prowess.

“ But if in the pursuit of a dulcina, there  
 “ is virtue for its basis. If the mind of  
 “ youth can be averted from more crimi-

“ mal courses, and steadily fixed in the more  
 “ innocent, to which experience and saga-  
 “ city has invited it, and more especially  
 “ when the first principles of the youthful  
 “ moment has pure nature for its agent,  
 “ then the parent will triumph over the  
 “ impurity and guilt of those courses, in  
 “ which the generality of the youth of the  
 “ present age are perpetually rushing.

“ Farther experience must justify the  
 “ truth of our plans—all is well hitherto—  
 “ but we must still, with patience and hu-  
 “ mility, think with Solon in his famed an-  
 “ swer to the prosperous royalty of Cræsus,  
 “ ‘ wait the end of things.’

“ P. S. Should be glad to see  
 “ you as soon as possible in Har-  
 “ ley Street.”

DOCTOR PHILPOT'S SENTIMENTS ON  
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE EDUCATION  
AND AN EARLY INTRODUCTION IN  
LIFE, IN ANSWER TO MY FATHER'S  
LETTER.

ON the immediate receipt of your letter  
I threw my pipe into the fire, reached my  
porte folio, and wetted my old pen.

I rejoice to find Edward is steady in his  
principles—Metaphysically speaking, some-  
thing, perhaps, may be placed to a natural  
good heart, and a constitutional firmness  
resolution—I believe with you, that all  
hitherto well—and one thing convinces me  
we were both right in our plan of training

His morals are not corrupted by his  
early introduction into life—with know-  
ledge



ledge he is not tainted with the vices of the age—in this we triumph.

Had you adopted the plan of Lady Hales—the private education which I have always condemned as an effeminate system—his mind would have derived no energy, from the narrow confines of his own family, to withstand the frequent onset of worldly trial. The mind of youth must, in some respects, be left to its own powers.

I must deliver my sentiments more closely, being led to conclude, from a survey of the past, we may be able to divine the good effects of the future.

It has been often alledged, that good example can be always presented before a youth under the immediate inspection of a private tuition. This I deny.

Vice, like pestilential disorders which exale from an Asiatic fen, is contagious to youth, when confined from the free air of public life.

It is action which will be more likely to repel the danger of this contagion, than with the secluded life of a hermit, rapt in contemplation over the lives of primitive saints, or criminal converts.

Can virtue spring from the inanimate clod, with no opposite passion of the heart? Compare the virtue of an effeminate and sequestered youth, with the virtue of him who is delivered over to the bustle of a public career.

Suspicion follows the theoretical system of the one, while decision is always preceding the practical system of the other. With suspicion, inclination totters—moral advice has lost its genuine efficacy, because it has not been opposed with obvious precept.

The outward actions of a youth, in the moments of recreation, study, converse with his associates, furnish grounds for an early intimation of the heart and principle. On this the sagacious friend must build the superstructure of education.

Survey the boy fondled at home, cooped up under the restraint of private instruction — no competitor of skill, either in the graver study, or the lighter ornamental qualities of the mind ; his talent slumbers, and his moral principles are concealed till the chances or vicissitudes of life call them into action.

Novelty, in this case, will fasten on the heart ; and at a period of life when, perhaps, the passions are more strong, he is insensibly hurried on to vice and intemperance.

But you will say a private education may be less subject to bad example. This I deny—contamination may be found in the climate of his own family — reverberating sounds from his own roof will impress his rising fancies with a variety of criminal disorders—the human mind is susceptible by nature—it will be in vain to note the influence—it will only lay dormant until mature age and the advantage of the world brings it into action, and then it will but too often take the current headlong.

It has been observed, that continual good precept will mould our nature into habits of moral virtue. True, when youth is designed for inactive spheres ; but this species of culture will always be found inimical to bustle and worldly enterprize ; and the youth will never rise to equality of competitorship.

Let him slip early into life ; let him view the contrast of virtue and vice ; if he has talent and genius, he will most assuredly fasten on the former in preference to the latter ; and should he, by a kind of surprize, fall into a temporary course of promiscuous pleasure ; there is no fatality to be apprehended ; honour will soon recover him from this delusion, and his return from error will then be more signalised.

From these sentiments I have collected a full approbation of Edward's public plan of education, and his early introduction on the theatre of men and manners.

His attachment has evidently moulded his heart to gentle and delicate impressions ;  
it

it has amended and humanised the stern principles of original evil. It, doubtless, verifies the adage of the old frolicsome poet,

“ *Atque animos placida contudit arte feros,*”

Fierce passions calm and humanise the soul.

My sister Gordon repeats her eulogia of Fanny. I find you have written to several English acquaintance at Paris to visit them; and I find, by her report, that she will be an ornament to the first line of domestic engagement.

She has had the advantage of the best masters; and her English acquaintance will cultivate her natural taste for reading, and the study of her native language.

But after all, I must still confess, that the poor girl makes a great sacrifice to the ties of family affection. Mrs. Gordon has noted much filial piety in her nature—a great argument of her sensibility and integrity of heart.

You know it has been my firm, fixed opinion, that nature is the basis of human acquirement, and of those elegancies which compleat the character of the truly liberal and expansive soul. We may do much, but nature gives the original germe; yet I readily make this concession, that we, doubtless, receive, by habit and commixture with our equals, a system of thought which influences our manners, and compleats a kind of coalition of sentiment which is never to be found among our inferiors. Wherefore we have, doubtless, taken the best method possible to introduce this child of nature among the most polished of our acquaintance. The time is now approaching for the last scene of our drama—my apprehension is only fixed on worldly prejudice — this our sagacity must endeavour to combat.

I am rejoiced at your plan of keeping Lady Hales an utter stranger to the situation of our little maid of Kent—in this I augur a future success—the minds of the sex are more governed by appearances, than by the hidden arcana of more substantial motives.

motives. There may, perhaps, be various exceptions; but I have generally found their prejudices dissipated by this species of imposing influence.

You have said nothing of the Jekylls in your letter; It would be as well, perhaps, to give me a hint on their town arrangements; possibly we may, in this instance, contrive a plan to remove your embarrassment—there is no accounting for the views of Lady Hales—and how to counteract the plan which she proposes for the union of Sophia with young Jekyll, may, perhaps, exceed our policy. The combination of her views on Edward will be defeated by his own natural predilections and aversions.—in this we have no fears.

I have some things to order in my parish which will arrest my attention a few days; after which I shall obey your summons for town, when, I conjecture, measures are to be taken for Edward's grand tour—till then

VALE.

P. S. You

P. S. You have heard my sentiments on the nature of foreign travel—I shall not dissuade you from the plan, because you have given his mind a turn to this kind of parental indulgence—let him go—but do not propose to yourself that he can possibly derive any solid advantage from it—it may amuse, and give him a kind of flexible demeanor, which, as Shakespear says, (though of a more versatile and light character than my friend Edward)

“ A kind of yesty complexion

“ Which passes thro’ the winowed opinion of men.”

Foreign travel can only be productive of real utility to a young man of rank and fortune, when his experience has rendered his mind on a par with the generality of the world; and even then, I believe, if the truth was fairly investigated, pleasure and change of scene constitute the real motive of their emigration.

Why should Britons be made a compound of the French, German, and the  
Italians?



Italians? Is not solid sense and accurate discrimination to be found in our island, without the trouble of fetching it from abroad? Believe me, dear Baronet, there is no such thing under Heaven as the possibility of improving a real native English gentleman by foreign travel.

THE

THE MATRIMONIAL PLOT FOLLOWED  
BY GREAT EMBARRASSMENT.

**G**REAT reciprocity in our acquaintance with the Cornwall family had excited the marked displeasure of Lady Jekyll; nor was Lady Hales so much prepossessed in this family attachment as my father. In the first place, the antient intimacy of Sir Simon with Mr. Cornwall — at the same school — same standing at the University — My own attachment to his son had thrown the election of friendship into my father's scale; and though it may appear undutiful and censorious in the assertion, yet the fact was, Lady Hales was never in strict coalition with her husband's sentiments — his preferences were too often her aversions.

Besides, two objects conspired to render my mother less sociable with the Cornwalls than my father. The first was, her views in the

the Jekyll family, to bring about a matrimonial connection with me or Sophia; the second, her rooted dislike to Mr. Cornwall's sister—arising from this lady's penetration, worldly consistancy and sagacity, and who could never be overawed by my mother's frigidity and haughty demeanor. Of this Lady Jekyll was the reverse; she had implicit confidence in my mother's superior knowledge, fashion, and family pretension — to which she always yielded her most devoted and supple *obeisance*; and as these families had each a separate plot machinated for immediate action, jarring interests would doubtless arise.

A jarring interest, indeed, of a more particular nature, influenced the breast of Lady Hales, which threatened greatly the happiness of my father's town residence.

The partiality of Miss Cornwall in my favour had evidently been observed by her ladyship; and as several marked gallantries on my side had also been displayed before her, when I found myself in the company of this amiable young lady, my mother

ther seemed inclined to oppose any serious overtures which might naturally be supposed to arise from it.

Frequent suggestions had reached my ear—on the poverty of the family—that Mr. Cornwall had purchased his return to Parliament by an exorbitant canvass—a canvass which had drained his finances to the lowest ebb—that he was therefore very naturally inclined to favour an approach from my side to his daughter; and hence it might be reasonably inferred, that every art would be practised to accelerate an union.

The force of these sentiments I, doubtless, acquiesced in. It was apparent, that old Cornwall had raised similar expectations; and the assiduity of the aunt evidently bordered on the family hopes of this desirable event.

Here then was placed her anxiety. She dreaded this connection—wealth was the prime object of her heart—Miss Jekyll's riches were immense—the brother had an  
equal

equal portion of fortune to bestow on Sophia — but the little favour which the young folks seemed to discover hitherto for each other was not a pleasing reflection for Lady Hales; and thus it was natural to conclude, she would endeavour to sever that cordiality which subsisted between us and the Cornwalls.

Having received, at a moment's privacy, over our morning tea, her shrewd suggestions on Miss Cornwall's *tendre*, I frankly told her, that I had only indulged in the common forms of gallantry with this young lady; and I therefore pledged my honour, that all matrimonial views were distant from my thoughts.

She was satisfied with my assertion, yet I thought resolved to play the spy on my motions; and as I had not formed a plan contradictory to my declaration, I felt myself perfectly unconcerned at the suspicion which I entertained.

In her presence, some few days after this  
inter-

interview, I received a letter—the contents were as follow :

“ I tremble in taking up my pen—my  
 “ confusion gives me inexpressible pain—  
 “ delicacy and decorum harrow up the  
 “ feelings of my sex—but while I con-  
 “ demn this overture of a woman’s weak-  
 “ nefs, my soul is low sunk in misery.

“ Surely, Sir, the generous heart will  
 “ extend its compassion ; and if an equal  
 “ share of tenderness does not take posses-  
 “ sion of it, the honour of a gentleman  
 “ will shield a woman’s fame from injury  
 “ and censure.

“ Spare my breast the throb of anguish  
 “ in filling my paper with those senti-  
 “ ments on which the tender heart could  
 “ dwell with an eternity of rapture. If  
 “ your breast has placed any value on the  
 “ contents of this letter, suffer me to hear  
 “ from your lips that return which you  
 “ think it merits.

“ But, perhaps—perhaps—

“ In

“ In short, my happiness is now staked  
 “ on this overture — my generous heart  
 “ would have sworn with insufferable an-  
 “ guish, if I had not divulged them.

“ AMELIA CORNWALL.

“ P. S. My aunt will accompany  
 “ me to Ranelagh this evening —  
 “ I shall be in the third box from the  
 “ orchestra, to the left of the entrance  
 “ from the lobby.”

---

When I had perused this letter Lady Hales observed an agitation in my countenance. She questioned me; but I made no reply, and shortly after left the room.

My intention was fixed to accept of the affignation — I considered it as a requisition for an overture — a respect due to this amiable young lady required it. I was also determined to open my heart — to make known to her my engagement with Fanny: yet, with all these stubborn sentiments of virtue,

tue, a mixture of gallantry had a share in my resolution.

The vanity of youth heated — the conquest which I had obtained — beauty and female accomplishments — the envy of all the pretty fellows of fashion were now at my mercy — sentiments which affected my breast with delight, and which could not be effectually supereded by the stern principles of any philosophical rubric.

When the evening came I ordered my *vis-à-vis*, and about ten I entered the room. I soon singled out the box, and there I beheld my lovely captive. What emotions now seized on my feelings! a trembling hesitation made me approach the box — I bowed to the aunt — She rose — Miss Cornwall looked an undiscrivable confusion — her eyes, abashed, were afraid to encounter mine — a natural meekness had taken possession of her.

Mr. Cornwall's sister proposed to leave us for a few minutes, to find her brother and his son, who were in the room.

This



This I considered as a plan to afford us an opportunity for the tender moment of privacy.

Our embarrassment was somewhat relieved by the introduction of the tea, which Miss Cornwall prepared to pour out—but her trembling and delicate hand could not obey its office. I was alarmed—the colour had forsaken her face—it was recalled again into her cheeks with a crimson suffusion.

I had pondered on an overture—several times repeated the name of Miss Cornwall, but utterly unable to proceed—I had no words—my utterance silenced by the conflict.

Thus seated opposite to each other, while both seemed perfectly sensible of the contending passions of the heart, there was no language but the eyes which could discover the tumult within us.

In this interesting situation I was surprised to observe Sir Simon at a little distance in the room, in close chat with Mr. Cornwall; and greatly to increase it, to see them

them followed by a good round party of our acquaintance — Lady Hales in confab with Mr. Cornwall's sister — the Jekylls, mother, daughter, and son — and young Cornwall by the side of my sister Sophia.

The party thus moved forward towards our box — their eyes soon noticed us — the Jekylls curiously observative — looks of more than ordinary significance — apparent fore-knowledge of the spot — the aunt squinting sagaciously, and whispering her ladyship.

Miss Cornwall, with timidity, asked if we should join them.

My apprehensions were rising — the situation I was discovered in, critical — to brave it with the demeanor of vivacity and unconcern repugnant to the present state of my mind — My resolution fled me — my senses hurried and bewildered in conjecture.

I had no intimation of Sir Simon and Lady Hales's intention of visiting Ranelagh;

lugh; and the circumstance of the aunt joining the party and leaving us, served to strengthen a surmise that some design might have entered into the plan of this appointment.

Affections of the heart are soon alarmed when we suspect an artful interference on the side of interested views.

I could not accuse Miss Cornwall of any similar negotiation; but it seemed too obvious that she had been made the tool of her family; and, perhaps, her letter might have been the result of some deliberation to prevail on me to open myself on the subject of the wished-for plan of matrimony.

However strong appearances might be, this was only conjecture, and my feelings had gained no decisive shock.

The timidity in my countenance, the hesitation in my manner, served at once to confirm her that my heart must have received an equal impression.

But I was resolved to speak.

“ Your influence, Miss Cornwall; is very  
 “ signalised. I submit to your power ; but  
 “ I fear there is no remedy for my afflic-  
 “ tion. To impart the agony of my mind  
 “ would be rapture, if I had freedom in  
 “ my heart ; but while I am thus permit-  
 “ ted to admire, I am interdicted the gra-  
 “ tification of harbouring any prospect of  
 “ happiness.

“ Absence has not diminished the at-  
 “ tractions of her to whom my heart has  
 “ vowed a constant obligation. I am  
 “ bound, Miss Cornwall, to”——

I now observed this delicate creature to cast an eye of inquisitive impatience—the ashy semblance of a spirit had overspread her countenance.

“ Who is the beloved ?” her tremulous lips repeated — “ And your letter too !”

“ Who is the beloved ?” she again faltered. “ My brother once told me of an

“ attachment—Oh, Mr. Hales, where has  
 “ been my delusion ?” — The only words  
 she repeated, and she sunk down lifeless.

At this instant I called an attendant.

The company in flocks pressed around  
 us — Miss Cornwall was recognised — our  
 situation made public — our friends soon  
 approached — she recovered in my arms —  
 my tenderness and attentions discovered to  
 Sir Simon and Lady Hales the interest  
 which I took in her health.

Her indisposition required her to return  
 home. Mr. Cornwall, his sister, and son,  
 accompanied her.

Under the most painful sensations I took  
 my leave — sensations of a complicated na-  
 ture — the most afflicting to a generous  
 mind, when accompanied by innocence,  
 under the semblance of deceit and dis-  
 honour.

With a disordered and uncollected coun-  
 tenance I soon joined my family.

The impressions which this adventure had made were, doubtless, alarming to the confidence my father had reposed in me, as also an evident appearance of a fracture of promise with my mother.

This confusion was increased by the request of my father to accompany him to a box apart. I noted an unusual agitation in his looks before he thus addressed me :

“ You have now the convincing proof  
 “ of the influence of a fine woman. The  
 “ charms of the sex are not so soon van-  
 “ quished by assertions. You had no  
 “ chance, Edward, but to fly. However,  
 “ we must do as well as we can now ~~the~~  
 “ affair is settled. Old Cornwall must  
 “ shake hands with me on the ties of kin-  
 “ dred.

“ But I confess I had but little thoughts  
 “ that our old friendship would have  
 “ turned so suddenly into family compact.

“ She is a fine girl, but not a fixpence.  
 “ I have just heard his family statement—  
 “ his

“ his last election has ruined his family—  
 “ thrown completely on the Minister’s  
 “ bounty, unless some of our Kentish  
 “ estates can raise him once more to inde-  
 “ pendance.

“ A very seasonable match, indeed ;  
 “ and if young Cornwall should take it in  
 “ his head to match with Sophy, the fa-  
 “ mily compact will then be firmly set-  
 “ tled.

“ But what shall we do with the young  
 “ shepherdes? — We must not desert the  
 “ poor girl — What will Fanny say to all  
 “ this ?”

Here I interrupted him, and desired he would be particular — more explicit — begged he would relate to me what had passed between him and Mr. Cornwall.

“ You have promised marriage to Miss  
 “ Cornwall, Edward — she has it under  
 “ your hand writing.”

Astonishment! — I had written no letter —

“ Nay, nay, Edward; let not disguise  
“ save your confusion”——

Disguise! — Sir, I scorn——

Why the privacy of your meeting her  
to-night? ’Tis a strong argument of your  
“ attachment — but the letter, Edward—  
“ can you deny it?”

I do, Sir.

“ To detect you in falsity, would be a  
“ death wound to the tender feelings of a  
“ parent—Must I believe you, Edward?”

My life on my word, Sir.

I shewed my father Miss Cornwall’s letter; and I related to him my intentions of making a generous sacrifice of her partiality to my person, in favour of Fanny Underwood. But to this he did not assent with his usual implicit confidence in my veracity.

A week past, and my father’s coldness  
continued



continued—at last, determined to know the reasons for his reserve—I demanded the cause with much energy.

Fixing his eyes sternly upon me, he told me there was a letter under my hand, with a promise of marriage to Miss Cornwall, that had come to his sight. To this I gave a peremptory denial, and gave my father the most unequivocal proofs of my innocence, by assuring him that I should that moment set off to the Cornwalls, and demand a sight of the letter.

Mr. Cornwall was stern and authoritative in his advance to me. His usual manner, frank and cordial; but he was now reserved and haughty—I felt my pride alarmed, and I met him on the same principle of a distant demeanor.

“ I am informed, Sir, that you have de-  
 “ clared having in your possession a letter  
 “ of mine to Miss Cornwall, which inti-  
 “ mates a promise of marriage. I must  
 “ beg the sight of this letter. It is a for-  
 “ gery,

“ gery, and contrived to injure me in your  
 “ esteem.”

Mr. Cornwall in reply :

“ Take care, Sir ; there is a coincidence  
 “ of circumstances which may probably  
 “ alarm your present effrontery.

“ To unite my daughter to the son of  
 “ my old friend, was, I confess, the glory  
 “ of my heart ; but no compulsion. With  
 “ your change of sentiments you shall,  
 “ doubtless, stand liberated from every  
 “ engagement ; but at the same time, as a  
 “ sense of honour and becoming family  
 “ pride impel me to restore the son of Sir  
 “ Simon Hales to his freedom, I must still  
 “ regard the happiness of my child with  
 “ the jealous eye of a tender parent.

“ What reparation is there in your  
 “ power for the wrongs you have done  
 “ her ? Have you not engaged her affec-  
 “ tions ? Can you deny the personal pre-  
 “ ferences shewn to her ? Is not the world  
 “ apprised of your engagement ? — To  
 “ sport

“ sport with her affections, Sir — to flatter  
 “ an attachment, and then to break with a  
 “ sudden fickleness of temper without pro-  
 “ vocation. Though the council of friends  
 “ may have had its effect, it has not  
 “ screened you from my resentment.

“ Do you deny the letter, Sir ? — Incre-  
 “ dible conduct ! — The fair report of  
 “ your integrity — your honour — for Hea-  
 “ ven’s sake, Mr. Hales, recover yourself.

“ Did you not give Amelia the meeting  
 “ at Ranelagh ? Has not every individual  
 “ particular of your conduct arisen to the  
 “ substance of a belief that you had made  
 “ honourable addresses to my daughter ?”

My reply :

“ Whatever appearances may be, I still  
 “ assert my honour and my word — the  
 “ letter is not mine. I place my life on  
 “ my word ; and though it distresses me to  
 “ the very heart to be obliged thus to re-  
 “ ply to a superiority of years, I must jus-  
 “ tify

“ tify my own conduct in the face of the  
 “ grayest experience”——

Your accusation is false.

“ I venerate the person of Mr. Corn-  
 “ wall, but I also respect my own cha-  
 “ racter.

“ Amelia, Sir—Excuse my entering in-  
 “ to particulars—I would convince you of  
 “ my regard, but — Indeed I would not  
 “ excite your resentment—I am falsely ac-  
 “ cused.”

I now felt myself uncommonly agitated  
 —Mr. Cornwall still, with a stern counte-  
 nance, waited an expostulation.

But I felt unable to proceed——

He now produced the letter——

“ There, Sir ; think not I am so base or  
 “ fordid as to retain your signature for a  
 “ court of justice.

“ If your honour is blackened by your  
 “ disavowal”——

“ If

“ If my honour”—I repeated his words briskly, and casting my eye immediately on the hand writing, which was to the following effect :

“ MY DEAREST AMELIA,

“ I find the world are busy and meddling—Our names are made the topic of discourse in the circle of our friends. They must not talk without reason ; and that public hearsay may be better founded, I ardently wish for an avowal of your sentiments.

“ You here know mine — haunted by the fairest face of perfect beauty, I am a wretch in your absence — that empire you must have skill and ingenuity to discern — perhaps I may be too vain when I rehearse the sentiments of mutual sympathy, and suggest that I am not ill received in your good opinion. Oh that I could induce you to bestow a more tender appellation !

“ Will these my sentiments excite in

“ you the wished-for epithet which I aspire  
 “ to? Will the effusions of my heart be  
 “ received with favour, rewarded with an  
 “ equal return? Heavens, what do I  
 “ risque!—eternal happiness—miserable  
 “ suspense!—Hope—trembling distrust—  
 “ in my heart I must declare the agony  
 “ which oppresses it.

“ Amelia Cornwall is adored by Ed-  
 “ ward Hales. His hand will lead her to  
 “ the altar of consecrated bliss. His for-  
 “ tune, his expectations are devoted to her  
 “ happiness.

“ Ah! will Amelia refuse—the thought  
 “ shivers my heart with a deadly panic—

“ I wait the decree with unutterable im-  
 “ patience—I shall not wait your answer  
 “ by letter, but hope to receive it by a  
 “ look, a word. Writing was made for  
 “ distant lovers. What immense rapture  
 “ in beholding the object of our adora-  
 “ tion, and hearing the pleasing sentence  
 “ from her lips.

“ I shall

“ I shall be at Ranelagh to-night—the  
 “ third box from the orchestra—to the left  
 “ of the entrance from the lobby—there I  
 “ shall wait, in trembling expectation, the  
 “ reward or punishment which Amelia  
 “ Cornwall will pronounce on

“ EDWARD HALES.”

Astonishment!—I read the real sentiments of my heart—sentiments in which I could have delighted with an immensity of transport, had I the freedom of indulging them—I rose from my seat—suppressed the pulsation. The effort—the struggle was great.

“ If your honour is blackened by your  
 “ disavowal”——

I had never before been exposed to such rigorous suggestion. But I addressed him with calmness—with a deep and pointed respect.

“ Mr. Cornwall, I do disavow this writ-  
 “ ing; but I acknowledge the force of  
 “ those

“ those sentiments which the unknown in-  
 “ terpreter has had skill enough to divine,  
 “ as the true state of my heart. It shall  
 “ not be my part to surmise at the artful  
 “ inventor of this forgery ; but as the pre-  
 “ sent moment seems favourable for a frank  
 “ declaration of my conduct, I shall not  
 “ hesitate, before I take my leave, to speak  
 “ in the most unreserved manner. This is  
 “ all I can do under the imputation of any  
 “ dishonourable conduct in your family.

“ Know then, time, opportunity, and  
 “ other favourable circumstances have ren-  
 “ dered your daughter amiable in my eyes ;  
 “ nor was it till the recollection of an ear-  
 “ lier attachment that I suspected my visits  
 “ in your family might give colour for  
 “ supposing that I had views of a matrimo-  
 “ nial connection in it. In this I have to  
 “ lament the common mode of prefixing a  
 “ serious engagement to those young peo-  
 “ ple, whom the mere ties of acquaintance  
 “ or family intimacy may have drawn to-  
 “ gether.

“ With Miss Cornwall I should have  
 “ been



“ been happy, if I had not before experi-  
 “ enced a prepossession which my honour  
 “ binds me to, and which absence may,  
 “ perhaps, by removing the object, some-  
 “ what have lessened its influence.”

Before I took my leave a thought struck me, that the letter I received for the appointment at Ranelagh was also a forgery to ensnare me into an avowal of a reciprocal attachment; and begging the use of pen, ink, and paper, I enveloped the letter to his daughter, requesting her answer to the truth of its originality.

In a few minutes the lovely Amelia entered the room under the greatest possible agitation of spirits—pale and trembling—she was in a white muslin undress robe—her hair floating in ringlets on her shoulders—her looks cast on the ground, and presenting the letter which I enclosed to her, she thus spoke :

“ Mr. Hales, this letter is not of my  
 “ writing. We have both been cruelly  
 “ and artfully betrayed.”

When

When Mr. Cornwall heard this declaration, he instantly told her of my denial of the letter to her.

The greatest indignation on her countenance was now visible.

To be exposed—the public talk—to have her name, by unfounded report, united to a man whom she secretly admired, yet who had now given the death wound to her hopes, excited in her breast the most conflicting sentiments.

The only mitigation for the pain she felt was to retire ; and casting the most plaintive look of distress upon me, with a gentle bend of her body she left the room.

Mr. Cornwall, convinced of my innocence, his own mind unusually agitated, begged of me to take some chocolate.

By a kind of fascination I was riveted to my chair. I welcomed his invitation.

“ I now apologise, Mr. Hales, for an  
“ hasty

“ hasty decision; but you must allow,”  
 says he, “ that I had great cause for my  
 “ unquietness. ’Tis true the explanation  
 “ has somewhat calmed me, but I am far  
 “ from having regained my peace of mind.  
 “ This affair will prove an insurmountable  
 “ injury to my dear Amelia’s fortune.  
 “ You must pardon me, when I now speak  
 “ in open terms. Your frequent visits of  
 “ intimacy here have kept many young  
 “ gentlemen of rank and fortune from  
 “ paying their addresses to her; nor has it  
 “ been from one acquaintance only that I  
 “ have been congratulated with an ap-  
 “ proaching union with my daughter.  
 “ How will this affair now terminate?—  
 “ the world will, doubtless, believe that  
 “ you have engaged her affections; and  
 “ few young men would wish to take that  
 “ woman by the hand whose heart is not  
 “ also at her disposal.

“ Believe me, Sir, I must always con-  
 “ sider you as the author of her future mis-  
 “ fortunes, and of the great trouble which  
 “ I now experience.

“ I will:

“ I will readily admit, that you have  
 “ innocently been the cause of this cala-  
 “ mity ; but it surely behoves you to ren-  
 “ der equity, as far as it lies in your  
 “ power.”

The effect of this short address struck an anguish to the very bottom of my soul—I was on the point of a surrender—my attachment to Fanny was flitting before me like a vision of the night.

To involve Mr. Cornwall’s family in distress—the beautiful Amelia—our old friendship to cease——

On either side, preponderating the ties of the heart, the binding engagement of honour, the balance seemed suspended on the minutest point. Critically influenced by an equal conflict of sentiment, I knew not where to fly for council, and I was delivered up to the most mournful condition of sorrow.

Mr. Cornwall well noted the state of my mind. “ Sir,” says he, “ I shall leave  
 “ this

“ this unhappy affair to your resolutions.  
 “ I can only say, since you have espoused  
 “ the opposite side of my inclinations,  
 “ which these untoward circumstances  
 “ have rendered so unsatisfactory, that our  
 “ acquaintance has proved the bane and  
 “ misfortune of my family.

“ I understand you have informed Ame-  
 “ lia that your choice is fixed on another  
 “ lady.

“ Sir Simon and Lady Hales may aspire,  
 “ perhaps to a more exalted partner for  
 “ you—in fortune and rank superior”——

The acute pain of my feelings obliged  
 me to interrupt him.

“ The severe state of my mind, Mr.  
 “ Cornwall, will not allow me to make  
 “ you, at this moment, a proper reply—  
 “ Suffer me to retire—I am disconcerted  
 “ —perplexed—your words have made  
 “ the strongest impression.”

I was now rising to take my leave, when  
 the

the postman knocked at the door—a packet of letters were delivered—One of them, with a foreign post mark, caught my eye—it was directed to Miss Cornwall—Mr. Cornwall ejaculated a surprise—his daughter had no correspondence on the Continent.

Judge of my astonishment—I recognised the hand writing of Fanny Underwood.

Curiosity impelled me to know from the postman whether he had letters for me.

There was one sent me into the room—From Paris—I broke the seal—the signature, Frances Underwood.

PERPLEXITY OF MR. HALES — REMORSE  
ON THE FICKLENESS OF HIS FIRST  
ATTACHMENT.

ON Mr. Cornwall's occasional leaving the room, I read the letter of the neglected Fanny—remorse reverberated on my heart-strings. Deluded by the impetuous, unrestrained principles of youth, my breast heaved with no real misery. No anxious repugnance—no mental agony. I thought myself secure in the lasting sentiments of a humble farmer's daughter; nor could I have entertained the most distant thoughts, that the empire which I had assumed over the inferiority of her original station would have thus been so nobly disclaimed.

“ SIR,

“ Your heart is at liberty. I am reco-  
“ vered from the moment of extreme  
“ misery.

“ misery. Your letter has sunk me to the  
 “ earth. A gleam of returning reason  
 “ has now dawned upon me, and I am  
 “ raised to calm reflection.

“ I have been apprised of your engage-  
 “ ment with Miss Cornwall.

“ I could have wept, but my heart was  
 “ overcharged with grief. My pride, too,  
 “ was alarmed. With the polish of life I  
 “ had forgot the humility of my birth, and  
 “ my soul towered beyond its prescribed  
 “ limits.

“ But here let me conjure you, Sir, to  
 “ spare my breast this poignant anguish.  
 “ Do not accuse my sorrow of disappoint-  
 “ ment. Sure I am, that, raised to a dis-  
 “ parity of condition above my family, my  
 “ soul has been overwhelmed with grief  
 “ insupportable. My reluctant spirit has  
 “ bewailed the moment I left the peaceful  
 “ home of my parents.

“ Could the sagacious experience of Sir  
 “ Simon Hales believe it possible that his  
 “ son,



“ son, on his entry into life, amidst the  
 “ gay and splendid forms of his equals,  
 “ would preserve an attachment to an un-  
 “ educated girl—an attachment conceived  
 “ only by the natural habit of an infant  
 “ acquaintance, and not ripened on any  
 “ principle of reflection? No appeal to  
 “ the serious admonitions of the heart, to  
 “ the wisdom of conduct, to the discrimi-  
 “ nation of right and wrong?

“ Well was it then judged, Sir, to re-  
 “ move the obscure object of juvenile  
 “ pursuit, to amuse it with the glittering  
 “ hopes of success, till the more favour-  
 “ able opportunity had gained a victory  
 “ for his son.

“ The foresight of a prudent father is  
 “ now rewarded—the spirit of a giddy  
 “ boy turned into the path of regular de-  
 “ corum. You have beauty, and a nearer  
 “ equality of birth to confirm the hopes of  
 “ your family—The triumph is complete.

“ I require no retrospect on your part—  
 “ all is peace here, believe me, Sir—Mo-  
 “ derate

“ derate your own feelings, and persuade  
 “ yourself, that what I have lost by the  
 “ calm repose of a more obscure condi-  
 “ tion, I have now gained by an insur-  
 “ mountable pride of precept.

“ Be blest with the woman of your  
 “ choice, and forget there ever once ex-  
 “ isted the once-aspiring, but now resigned  
 “ and deserted

“ FRANCES UNDERWOOD.

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To describe the effects of this letter would require all the energy of human power.

I had struggled with the conflict—the personal presence of a beautiful face and an ornamented mind, united in the person of Miss Cornwall, had, doubtless, much impaired

impaired the original and ardent passion I entertained for Fanny—but I had completed my triumph.

'Tis true I was fluctuating, when Mr. Cornwall had left the room, on the proper course I was to follow in the perplexity of his pretended engagement with his daughter, whose situation had, doubtless, much affected me—but I had firmly balanced my conduct in favour of Fanny.

This letter now threw my feelings afloat, and distraction itself seemed ready to assail me. I passed in review my conduct since I parted with this little first favourite. Accusation had followed accusation.

I now recollected the parting word of her native innocence. Every tender recollection rushed into my mind. Under this painful, this agonising solicitude, pensive, my head reclined on the back of a deep and easy cabriole chair of Mr. Cornwall, and delivered up to every mournful idea in the catalogue of juvenile misfortune, the letter of Fanny in my hand, I was broke

in upon by Miss Cornwall, who, entering through a green-baize folding door, which led to an anti room, with a light tread, and my back turned to the spot, harrowed up my feelings to surprife. I started from the chair.

Miss Cornwall observed my agitation—the letter in my hand. The effect of my wild looks bereft her of utterance. The delicacy of her nature began to totter. She also held in her hand a letter. With trembling steps she feated herself on a sofa opposite to me — and holding out the letter, she begged my perusal of it.

“ MADAM,

“ An unfortunate young woman folicits  
“ your friendship.

“ A stranger to your person, though not  
“ fo to the amiable virtues which have  
“ marked your character.

“ To flattery, I am not to be beholden  
“ for the interest which I may poffibly de-  
“ rive

“ rive in writing this letter. To an in-  
 “ tereft, which can only be conducive to  
 “ foften my cares in divulging the present  
 “ sentiments of my heart.

“ I have been informed, that Mr. Hales  
 “ has received your sanction for his ad-  
 “ dreffes.

“ Foolifh woman ! I was taught to be-  
 “ lieve it poffible that a young man, du-  
 “ ring feveral years abfence, could pre-  
 “ ferve, pure and unfullied, the firft vows  
 “ of his affection. I was dreaming of con-  
 “ ftancy at the time his parents and friends  
 “ were uſing their fedulous diligence to  
 “ difunite the compact of his ardent pur-  
 “ ſuit.

“ In theſe ſentiments I may, perhaps,  
 “ accuſe Miſs Cornwall of rivaling the  
 “ unhappy and innocent object of his at-  
 “ tachment ; and when I have prefixed the  
 “ epithet of a pure and unfullied vow, ſhe  
 “ may queſtion my humility and reſpect.

“ No, Madam ; I do not ſuſpect you of

“ art or design to entice Mr. Hales to this  
 “ injustice. The delicacy of your educa-  
 “ tion far; very far, will dismiss any similar  
 “ reflection. By similar advantages to  
 “ yourself, my own assiduity, and the good  
 “ counsel of a diligent friend, vigilant  
 “ over my increasing years, have taught  
 “ me to draw the line between the confis-  
 “ tent duty I owe myself, and the respect  
 “ which is due to my superiors in birth  
 “ and fortune.

“ ’Tis true, low and humble my birth,  
 “ I had some degree of vanity in my heart,  
 “ mixed with the purest affection. I had  
 “ considered myself as the favoured object  
 “ of Mr. Hales’s regard.

“ To these sentiments I had made great  
 “ sacrifices — the greatest of all earthly sa-  
 “ crifice—a home—the cherished fondness  
 “ of two tender parents; and I had suffered  
 “ a voluntary banishment, as far as the ad-  
 “ vantage of education would avail, to pre-  
 “ ponderate against birth and fortune.

But this banishment—sad reach of po-  
 “ licy

“ licy on the side of his family, when there  
 “ was a chance of its involving an inno-  
 “ cent woman in the depth of human  
 “ misery ! This banishment was conti-  
 “ nued to draw Mr. Hales from his early  
 “ and imprudent attachment, and it has  
 “ well succeeded.


“ But where is my reparation ?

“ Can affluence atone for the violation  
 “ of those delicate ties which the well-re-  
 “ gulated heart of a woman has matured  
 “ by education, and the fixed principle of  
 “ her own virtue ? Surely not. My pre-  
 “ sent elevation must be completed only  
 “ to render my future life proportionably  
 “ miserable.

“ Raised above the thatched roof of my  
 “ parents, with what an incongruity of soul  
 “ must I return to it without the prize I  
 “ have been aspiring to !

“ Yet, Madam, my envy at your better  
 “ fortune has been nobly defeated, I assure  
 “ you. I have obtained a complete con-

“ quest over every base and fordid gratifi-  
 “ cation. With the loss of Mr. Hales I  
 “ have repelled the mean selfish vanity of  
 “ my heart ; and I shall, without a pang,  
 “ when divested of the superfluous vani-  
 “ ties which my situation is now surrounded  
 “ with, return with humility to my long  
 “ and tender absent parents. In a ruffet  
 “ gown, and diligent spirit, I mean here-  
 “ after to fulfil the duties of an English  
 “ cottage ; and though I may entertain  
 “ the natural impulse of sorrow on the re-  
 “ collection of a few flattering moments  
 “ of human felicity, I have a soul that can  
 “ submit with persevering resolution, to  
 “ mourn, in solitude, and useful bodily la-  
 “ bour, the misfortune of an early delusion.



“ These are the sentiments of a young  
 “ woman, who should not be accused of  
 “ intemperance or misguidance  
 “ ment. I guard  
 “ cor  
 “



“ against the malignant reproaches of a  
misjudging world.

“ In these hopes may my wishes then  
“ ascend, that Heaven, which, in wisdom,  
“ has corrected my youth, by teaching my  
“ soul a greater portion of humility, may  
“ take you under its protection for the  
“ completion of all terrestrial happiness.

“ FRANCES UNDERWOOD.”

What an increase of pain did this letter  
convey to my soul! There was a guilty  
confusion which mounted in my face, and  
which could not pass unobserved by Miss  
Cockburn, who saw that greatness of spirit  
in the character of Fanny—her  
marked dismission of my  
proposal to make her my wife—  
object, Miss Cockburn, in my  
partiality—

Every conflict to harass the mind of man, big swelling in my bosom. In silence I gazed on Amelia — there was no appeal — I had only one effort to make — even this, to remove from her presence, was equally fatal to my happiness.

But she thus, with an amazing recruit of energy, addressed me with a firm and collected look. It seemed her soul had summoned up every exertion of human power and virtue.

“ Mr. Hales, there is a reparation you  
 “ have to make, which requires your im-  
 “ mediate interposition. If I may be per-  
 “ mitted to dictate, in the tumult which  
 “ your mind at this moment suffers, I  
 “ conjure you, with the firmest decision, to  
 “ fly. You are on the eve of your travels  
 “ —this instant fly to the unhappy lady  
 “ who has obtained your honourable and  
 “ solemn promises. For God’s sake do not  
 “ one moment hesitate — the whole happi-  
 “ ness of your life is now hazarded. Con-  
 “ vince her of her unfounded surmise.  
 “ Quiet the agony of her mind. Such  
 “ sensi bi-

“ sensibility and nobleness of soul must  
 “ be cherished! — To suffer her to expe-  
 “ rience your neglect — Oh, Sir, what has  
 “ been your infatuation!

“ But cast a retrospect on your conduct.  
 “ You have, doubtless, Mr. Hales, sought  
 “ opportunities of giving cause for such  
 “ reproaches; and yet how cautious, how  
 “ resigned, are those reproaches! Will  
 “ not the world talk? Can even, the most  
 “ perfect, the most pure ties of common  
 “ friendship, pass through the observance  
 “ of our acquaintance, unaccompanied  
 “ with scrutiny and a perverted report?

“ Believe me, your attentions in our fa-  
 “ mily have given rise to all that the world  
 “ has, and will continue, to say,

“ But my father—it was by his request I  
 “ have here found you—he is now in con-  
 “ sultation with my aunt—All is not safe in  
 “ this quarter—I have sought your pre-  
 “ sence, Sir, under a different complection  
 “ to that which my father expected—but  
 “ the strict truth, be assured, he shall be

“ well acquainted with—I know he be-  
 “ lieves your attachment to my person is  
 “ not easily severed—that we are still  
 “ doomed to be united.

“ Pardon this open, ingenuous language  
 “ —the time will no longer admit of any  
 “ palliating delay. You have only one  
 “ resolution to adopt—your travels—I am  
 “ resigned, Sir—The interested views of  
 “ my father and aunt I well discern—  
 “ herein lies your danger. This secret I  
 “ impart to you as a final tribute to that  
 “ affection which I am now generous  
 “ enough to avow in your favour, but  
 “ which shall never, no, never be encour-  
 “ aged at the expence of my peace of  
 “ mind, at the expence of the happiness of  
 “ another injured female.

“ I dread my father’s resentment—yet I  
 “ have courage enough to avow, both the  
 “ regard which I entertain for your person,  
 “ and the firm resolution of sacrificing all  
 “ my views and wishes to her who has a  
 “ better and more natural claim to them.

“ I see

“ I see your weakness, Mr. Hales —  
 “ would my present sentiments infuse in  
 “ your breast the same spirit of resolution  
 “ —but I have little time left for the con-  
 “ tinuance of our interview — I feel my  
 “ spirits sinking under this exertion — I  
 “ dread the weakness of my natural con-  
 “ stitution, lest I may not have power to  
 “ withstand this conflict.”

At this moment I clasped the lovely Amelia in my arms — my soul had caught a glow of sympathy from the greatness of her sentiments — I was resolved on taking an everlasting farewell.

She received my embraces.

“ My dearest Amelia, I then shall leave  
 “ you for ever — for ever ! — Deplorable  
 “ fate that has thus made me the sport of  
 “ such peculiar, such tender situations.”

Her eyes gushed tears, and she wept on my bosom — O God, my soul was bowed down with tenderness — ineffable pity — I must not call it love — dear, sacred name ! I had bestowed it on the neglected Fanny.

The trembling lips of Amelia besought me to leave her presence—Under the roof of her father to be surpris'd in a tender farewell moment !

I still felt her palpitating heart indicate the perturbed state of her soul.

I still held her to my bosom——

Distraction ! — at this instant we heard a foot at the door.

Mr. Cornwall entered—I had scarcely time to break from the arms of the loveliest of women.

Our disconcerted appearance could not fail to attract his notice.

He had the most indubitable proof of an apparent reciprocal affection.

But not shewing any marks of having observed the hurry and confusion of our situation, he said he had returned to ask my company to dinner ; that he had sent the  
same

same invitation to Sir Simon and Lady Hales, requesting at the same time, with a particular emphasis, that I would use my sollicitation to prevail on them. I noticed an apparent anxiety in his manner of making the request; and as I had now a fair opportunity for taking my leave, I left the house with less agitation than, for the want of a similar excuse, I might have done.

MY TROUBLES CONFIRMED. THOUGHTS  
ON A VIOLENT EXPEDIENT.

ON my return home I was saluted by our common friend, Philpot. He had that instant arrived from Kent. Sir Simon was in a *tête-à-tête* with Lady Hales in the study.

The Doctor taking me by the hand, thus accosted me :

“ My dear Ned, I have received a letter  
“ from my sifter Gordon — the contents  
“ will give you pain — but *integer vitæ* —  
“ and we will leave the rest to fortune.  
“ *Audax omnia perpeti* — a brush on the  
“ Continent together will set all to rights  
“ again. We must make the best of our  
“ way to Paris.

“ There



“ There is a storm which threatens us  
 “ from that quarter.

“ It is now twenty years since I accom-  
 “ panied your father on his tour—we were  
 “ much about the same age—brother stu-  
 “ dents—we read together, and our friend-  
 “ ship cemented at college—we made a  
 “ cheerful trip—but I am afraid this bushy  
 “ wig and rusty black will not comport  
 “ with the jessamy heir of my old friend.”

The extreme hilarity of the Doctor, and his partial regard for our family, always endeared him, more as a familiar companion than the austere preceptor, and of sufficient experience in life to value the advantage of his company. I was not in the least dissatisfied with the plan which my father had proposed for him to be my companion.

He had sent in his name, but Sir Simon did not make his appearance. His ready wish to join hands with him, whenever he visited us, inclined me to conclude, from his delay, that business of some consequence were on the *tapis* between him and my

my mother. This afforded us an opportunity for a farther discourse ; and my anxiety to see the contents of Mrs. Gordon's letter increasing, I desired the Doctor to shew me them.

The Doctor resuming—“ Why, to be  
 “ brief, I must now inform you of a re-  
 “ markable occurrence that has taken  
 “ place on the side of my sister.

“ You know her husband, having an at-  
 “ tainture against him for high treason, in  
 “ the rebellion of the year 1745, was  
 “ obliged to fly to France. By his death  
 “ she became in possession of a very hand-  
 “ some fortune ; and having no child, I  
 “ naturally concluded, that her intentions  
 “ were fixed to leave the same to me. But  
 “ I find the case otherwise, and which she  
 “ has specified in her letter in such terms  
 “ as will, doubtless, occasion your sur-  
 “ prise.”

“ DEAR GEORGE,

“ You know my affection has been  
 “ oftentimes revealed to you by the most  
 “ undoubted

“ undoubted proofs—I shall forbear to re-  
 “ capitulate them—your own breast must  
 “ do me that justice which I merit.

“ Possessed of such ample provision in the  
 “ church, and your own hereditary fortune  
 “ on the side of our family, it cannot be  
 “ presumed you are desirous of increasing  
 “ your revenue. Besides, if I may be al-  
 “ lowed to judge of your generous temper,  
 “ I shall readily conclude, that you would  
 “ allow me to gratify my present feelings  
 “ at the expence of any expectations which  
 “ you may entertain of the legacy which I  
 “ should make in your favour after death.  
 “ Older than myself, I might reasonably  
 “ expect to outlive you; and with this  
 “ chance of survivorship, perhaps your  
 “ hopes, on the possession of my fortune,  
 “ will naturally be banished from your  
 “ mind.

“ And now to the point which I have  
 “ resolved upon.

“ Sir Simon Hales, by your recommen-  
 “ dation, has entrusted to my care the  
 “ daughter

“ daughter of his tenant, Mr. Under-  
 “ wood. Having no child I was rejoiced  
 “ to find in this young woman a compa-  
 “ nion — but I found her more than one—  
 “ She is an accomplished and amiable  
 “ friend. Delighted in her friendship, I  
 “ have spared no pains to render her as  
 “ perfect in the refined forms of life as  
 “ my connections in this capital have per-  
 “ mitted. More than answered my best  
 “ hopes, she is sought and careffed. Her  
 “ manners, by a kind of native intuition,  
 “ is on an equality with those whom we  
 “ occasionally affociate with. In this my  
 “ hopes were fixed, that Mr. Hales would  
 “ have received her to his heart ; not only  
 “ the woman of his early choice, but ap-  
 “ proved by his reflection and more chosen  
 “ regard.

“ Our care and perfeverance are now  
 “ effectually frustrated—the lovely Frances  
 “ is forsaken. Miss Cornwall preferred ;  
 “ and, perhaps, there may be very strong  
 “ and natural reasons to be affigned for  
 “ this change. Absence will make a very  
 “ material alteration in the hearts of two  
 “ lovers.

“ lovers. All other ideas are pastoral and  
 “ imaginary.

“ But in effect, we have, doubtless, a  
 “ strong instance exhibited in these young  
 “ people. Yet, as no moral justice can be  
 “ administered for Fanny’s consolation on  
 “ the side of the perjured swain, in this dis-  
 “ appointment of her hopes it would be  
 “ the extreme of cruelty if she could not  
 “ engage the friendship of some indivi-  
 “ dual. In this she has succeeded—and  
 “ well does she merit my regard. Her  
 “ conduct and genuine nobleness of soul  
 “ entitle her to a superior class in the order  
 “ of society; and I have thoughts, by my  
 “ fortune, of placing her in that class.

“ Her suspicions were long entertained  
 “ on the infidelity of the Boxley heir—  
 “ a letter, which reached our hands, has  
 “ confirmed them. And how did she sub-  
 “ mit to this reverse? With a firm and  
 “ collected mind—She had anticipated  
 “ this change—not only from long ab-  
 “ sence, but from the natural complection  
 “ of the sex. It was obvious that Sir Si-  
 “ mon

“ mon well knew the effect of separation ;  
 “ and we have both ascribed the result to  
 “ his more masterly reach of policy.

“ Some provision with Underwood the  
 “ Baronet seems to have previously agreed  
 “ upon. There had been a surmise of  
 “ fickle passion, and he talked of a settle-  
 “ ment on Frances.

“ Now judge.

“ This she has rejected in a letter to Sir  
 “ Simon, and specifies her resignation to  
 “ return to the farm house. That her  
 “ heart is deeply wounded, I have the  
 “ strongest proof ; but well I am con-  
 “ vinced the mortification arises more  
 “ from the loss of the object, Mr. Hales,  
 “ than that of elevated station.

“ To return to her home — to the little  
 “ retired offices of rural œconomy — how  
 “ disproportionate to the elegant senti-  
 “ ments she has imbibed ! — But she has a  
 “ temper for resignation, and a sufficient  
 “ portion

“ portion of religion to exercise her hu-  
 “ mility.

“ I have hitherto suppressed her letters  
 “ to her friends to prepare them for her  
 “ return, to wait the confirmation of my  
 “ views.

“ She must not be neglected—I have  
 “ no child—and, with your permission,  
 “ dear brother, Frances Underwood is the  
 “ adopted one of your affectionate sister,

“ ELIZABETH GORDON.”

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Doctor Philpot now continued, by observing, that Mrs. Gordon's property amounted to the yearly income of a thousand pounds—a sum of sufficient importance to balance the prejudice of Fanny's extraction—that the regard which he entertained for the family of the Halses was such, that he, doubtless, approved of his  
 sister's

sister's resolutions; and that he had signified the same to her in his answer.

Having animadverted on the letter which Mrs. Gordon had received on my pretended overtures with Miss Cornwall, we had no doubt but a secret conspiracy had been framed to subvert my affections for the lovely Kentish maid.

Where to place our suspicions was our study. In this our skill seemed to be foiled; sometimes they were fixed on Lady Hales — but her hatred for the Cornwalls seemed here to interfere — then again we thought of the Jekylls — but the situation of Fanny was a mystery to them, as also to Lady Hales — the latter, indeed, might have gleaned the secret from Sir Simon.

To doubt the divulging of this secret from the confidential trust in my friend Cornwall was a thought which could find no place in my bosom — yet how to account for this intimation to Mrs. Gordon!

Our enemy must be detected and com-  
bated,



bated, or we must expect the weapon to be again drawn with redoubled execution.

Having given the Doctor a recital of the forgery which had taken place with Miss Cornwall concerning the meeting at Ranelagh, he seemed to have an insight into the plot ; and, without divulging his suspicions, he concluded that the same person had acted in the affair of Ranelagh as in that of Fanny.

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The Baronet now entered. There had been a negotiation between him and my mother.

Lady Jekyll had proposed her son to pay his serious addresses to my sister Sophy. To this my mother, with her usual partiality to that family, had assented, and which had been strenuously opposed by my father. The demur had occasioned a compromise.

promise. Lady Hales asserting her right to be the guardian of her daughter, had inclined Sir Simon to relax his aversion against the Jekylls, and the matrimonial parley had broken up with the arrangements necessary for the intended union to take place.

On the death of his mother, Jekyll was heir to a funded property of upwards of one hundred thousand pounds. This acquisition might, perhaps, somewhat prevail on my father to accept of the treaty ; but I believe his principal one arose from the desire he had of preserving his influence in favour of his son Edward, uninvaded by any exceptions on the side of his wife ; and, in this instance, the peculiarity of his notions did not cause him a little anxiety : natural enough was it for him to dread the developing his plans respecting my connection with Fanny. Therefore, having yielded implicit obedience to my mother on the disposal of her daughter, he demanded the same unconditional terms of administration in favour of his son.

These

These were the heads of Sir Simon's first conversation with the Doctor.

But now the subject turned upon the resolutions of Mrs. Gordon, to adopt Fanny Underwood as heir to her fortune.

My father's face had marks of anxiety impressed upon it—after having heard from me the description of the scene which had transpired at Mr. Cornwall's, which I described to him without the least reserve; and having shewed him the letter of Fanny, his impatience immediately broke forth.

He pulled out of his pocket a letter which the same post had brought him.

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“ SIR,

“ My breast cannot accuse me of in-  
 “ gratitude for the long-continued marks

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“ of

“ of your friendship and protection : they  
 “ will remain to my latest moments un-  
 “ impaired. But while I have a heart  
 “ susceptible of grateful principles to my  
 “ benefactor, I still preserve a filial love  
 “ with unshaken fidelity. The cause,  
 “ therefore, which has kindled the former  
 “ must be cancelled to preserve the latter ;  
 “ and as I find it impossible to draw my  
 “ breath this distance from my home, I  
 “ must beg leave to disclaim those expect-  
 “ tations, which the vanity of an ignorant  
 “ young woman had raised up in me.

“ My inexperience and innocence at an  
 “ earlier period of my life might, doubtless,  
 “ have excited your commiseration ; and  
 “ while you gratified your charitable prin-  
 “ ciple in the protection of a young wo-  
 “ man, who might, perhaps, have fallen a  
 “ victim to her thoughtless engagement,  
 “ you have also, doubtless, affected the  
 “ most wise of expedients.

“ Mr. Hales is recovered from his in-  
 “ temperate pursuit of an unhappy girl—  
 his affections are now fixed on a lady of

“ every conspiring quality to render him  
 “ prosperous and happy.

“ The plan has prospered to your most  
 “ sanguine wishes. Accept my thanks for  
 “ your bountiful care—your considerate  
 “ preservation of my tender years. It is  
 “ all I have to bestow for the pains you  
 “ have taken to enlarge my capacity, and  
 “ of teaching my heart the perfect doctrine  
 “ of resignation in all the trials and per-  
 “ plexities of human life.

“ I have proposed to my best and most  
 “ affectionate friend, Mrs. Gordon, to set  
 “ off for England in a few days from this;  
 “ and my prayer will then be, that an ob-  
 “ livion may be for ever stamped on

“ Your very grateful,

“ And humble servant,

“ FRANCES UNDERWOOD.”

Two posts from this, the day before I sat off for the Continent, my father received a second letter.

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“ SIR,

“ By favour of my more than common  
 “ friend, Mrs. Gordon, I have enclosed  
 “ you the sum of four hundred pounds,  
 “ per draft on Messrs. \*\*\*\*\* and Co.  
 “ bankers.

“ It is not the pride of my heart which  
 “ impelled me to accept of this bounty,  
 “ for the base gratification of resentment—  
 “ I beseech you, Sir, most earnestly, not  
 “ to accuse me of this ungenerous device.

“ To the amount of this sum I am in-  
 “ debted to you for the advantages I have  
 “ received—but what advantages!—Good  
 “ heavens! what can we know of your dis-  
 “ pensations!

“ It

“ It was your pleasure, Sir, to prevail on  
 “ my parents to send me at this distance  
 “ from my home, to cancel the disproportion-  
 “ tionate attachment between your son  
 “ and me. Suffer me to do my own feel-  
 “ ings this justice to say, that in this the  
 “ gratification of self-interest seems to have  
 “ been predominant; yet as this could have  
 “ been accomplished by more harsh and  
 “ stern principles of parental authority,  
 “ than with the extreme delicacy and ten-  
 “ derness I have experienced from you,  
 “ doubtless I must bestow my thanks; and  
 “ as I think it the most delicious moment  
 “ of life to have a due sense of benefits  
 “ received, I do not omit this opportunity  
 “ of cancelling those inferior obligations,  
 “ at the expence of all ingratitude, when  
 “ the most exalted, that of your goodness  
 “ of heart, is for ever rooted at the very  
 “ bottom of mine.

“ Yours, &c.

“ FRANCES UNDERWOOD.”

With an accumulation of trouble I had determined on a violent effort—to listen to the proposition of Doctor Philpot—to set off for Paris—to fly to the house of Mrs. Gordon.

My heart had received the most violent shock on the side of Miss Cornwall—my affection divided—Horrid sensation!—My fancies perplexed, I was ready to be precipitated into the most distempered of actions.

Nor could I be persuaded to enter on the violent resolution of breaking effectually with the Cornwall family, until the Doctor, noting the visible effect which this embarrassment had on my health, endeavoured to restore my reason to some degree of coherent discipline.

“Do you not,” he observed, “view  
 “the interested principles of Mr. Corn-  
 “wall and his sister, as having been  
 “planned from a remote distance of time?  
 “Yet what more desirable than the alli-  
 “ance of his family and yours? And on  
 “your



“ your side, what objections? An honour-  
 “ rable family—prejudice of the world de-  
 “ feated—but fortune circumscribed—on  
 “ your side the deficiency well balanced?  
 “ To this what answer but from the coun-  
 “ cil of your own heart. To Under-  
 “ wood’s daughter there is a natural at-  
 “ tachment, which you declare oftentimes  
 “ accuses you with an unmanlike versati-  
 “ lity; and herein lies the bane of all hu-  
 “ man happiness. How can any man  
 “ propose the smallest portion of repose,  
 “ and a contented life, when his consci-  
 “ ence must daily accuse him of the in-  
 “ fracted ties of affection?

“ Considered on the scale of female at-  
 “ traction, Fanny Underwood and Miss  
 “ Cornwall are on a parallel; and by the  
 “ same parity of reasoning on the chapter  
 “ of the infidelity of our sex, you might  
 “ suffer your inclinations to range in the  
 “ gay lawn of variety. Do you not, then,  
 “ observe the great necessity of coming to  
 “ some resolution?

“ But to balance the choice with wis-  
 E 4 “ dom,

“ dom, and to enquire into the sincerity of  
 “ female affection, how can you be sensible  
 “ that perfect truth would be found in the  
 “ heart of Miss Cornwall, when you per-  
 “ ceive so much design and trick to ac-  
 “ complish their views? With Fanny,  
 “ have you not the full measure of a na-  
 “ tural passion, which, by your own feel-  
 “ ings, you will confess, that neither time,  
 “ or the flattering propensities of life, can  
 “ extirpate ?

“ Surveying your election on another  
 “ principle, education dismissed from the  
 “ enquiry, seeing that Fanny is now as  
 “ perfectly accomplished as Miss Cornwall  
 “ in the forms and pleasing varieties of be-  
 “ haviour, will you not have in her a  
 “ partner, whose virtues and acquirements  
 “ have been matured by your own dili-  
 “ gent caution? The plant of your ten-  
 “ der rearing — the scion of your own in-  
 “ grafting—but why this rapture ?

“ This possession, Mr. Hales, is now  
 “ uncertain. On our arrival in Paris per-  
 “ haps we may find this young woman re-  
 “ turned

“ turned to her parents—inflexible in her  
 “ resolutions, and nobly resolved, to dedi-  
 “ cate the remainder of her life to a single  
 “ state. Her views, you find, are disap-  
 “ pointed; and how shall we presume to  
 “ answer for the caprice of the sex, when  
 “ seconded by the experience of age—  
 “ the experience of my sister Gordon,  
 “ whose desires have been long placed on  
 “ passing her latter days in her native  
 “ country, with an amiable companion in  
 “ this young woman?

“ But still to confront the present state  
 “ of Miss Underwood with your own sen-  
 “ timents, is she not in an actual state of  
 “ independance? What then may not  
 “ that independance operate? Perhaps  
 “ she may be sought, be coveted by a  
 “ rival—a rival of equal power and im-  
 “ portance to yourself. The mind of a  
 “ woman is not always proof against such  
 “ a powerful stimulus to the tender pas-  
 “ sion. The cold precepts of decorum  
 “ and fine sentiments may be transformed  
 “ to a criminal resentment; and a native  
 “ child of an amiable docility may resign

“ the principles of her religion and moral  
 “ duty to resentment and disdain.

“ Is not this a natural change, Sir, in a  
 “ woman’s temper? By this she gratifies  
 “ the pleasurable attractions of life—pow-  
 “ erful influence—and sometimes found  
 “ irresistible by the best educated and most  
 “ virtuous of women.”

Roused from the most fluctuating condi-  
 tion, I embraced his counsel—It was to fly  
 from Miss Cornwall—to resolve not to see  
 her again.

Our preparations for leaving England  
 were now to be considered, and a few days  
 at farthest were allotted before we departed.

## A FRESH REVOLUTION IN OUR FAMILY.

**W**HEN Sir Simon had received the invitation of the Cornwalls to dine, punctilio would not permit Lady Hales to accept it before their dinner visit had been returned. She had dined last with them, and it was resolved by her ladyship that a card should be sent for this purpose.

The card having been accepted, the party were to consist of Lady Dorothy Murray, aunt to Lady Hales ; Lady Jekyll, her son and daughter ; a young gentleman of the name of Dalton, who was intimate in this lady's family, and who had been introduced by Mr. Jekyll as a proper suitor to his sister ; Mr. Cornwall, his son, daughter, and sister ; and Doctor Philpot.

The public conversation among our acquaintance

quaintance having turned upon my supposed approaching marriage with Amelia, it wanted little penetration not to perceive the views of Mr. Cornwall. His ready acceptance of our dinner invitation indicated his wish to have the same believed; and as he still entertained hopes of the match being compleated, so his correspondence and intimacy in our family served to flatter him in it, and also to continue the talk of our acquaintance.

To break off our intimacy on a sudden would have excited the vindictive spirit of the father; and our policy seemed the safest to continue him in his error till I had left this country.

'Tis true I had opened my sentiments to him in the most unreserved manner; but his discovery of my tender situation with Amelia, and on our parting, convinced him his daughter's attractions had operated as a spell to continue my regard. This delusion my father well knew Mr. Cornwall was continued in — but his turbulent spirit was to be dreaded — naturally overbearing  
and

and resolute, Sir Simon might experience the most fatal effects from the disappointment of his hopes.

Our party thus situated, we had prepared a more than usual decoration of table. With splendor and magnificence the liberal heart of Sir Simon had contrived to regale his son before his departure for the Continent.

But the difficulty to overcome the meeting of Amelia—here my alarms—a distrust of resolution which caused unspeakable pain—but happily my fears were relieved—the lovely girl had persisted in her determination not to attend her father and aunt, and being attacked with an indisposition in consequence, their resentment seemed dissipated. Thus restored to a certain degree of composure, I met the guests with more collected calmness.

On the arrival of the Cornwalls, the aunt immediately made up to Lady Hales and Lady Dorothy Murray.

The

The pride of Scotch blood was indicated in the countenance of Lady Dorothy by an increase of scarlet tint and erected gravity—Lady Hales darted reiterated looks of inquisitive surprise on me and Sir Simon.

A quickness of conception inclined me to suppose that the plot of Fanny was discovered by the shrewd policy of the maiden aunt.

Amelia had, doubtless, assigned my reasons for breaking off my visits; and as Harry Cornwall, my school and Cantabrony, had been long acquainted with the situation of Frances, he had divulged this long-entrusted secret to his family. But this doubtful suspicion was soon confirmed.

My friend Cornwall had entered the room with a look of reserve—had taken an opposite seat with an unusual distance—an evident demonstration of an unfavourable change of sentiment. The member seated next my father, with whom he was also seriously engaged in conversation. The Doctor and myself surveying the company.

Furnished



Furnished by these appearances, I now conjectured that my visits in the family had flattered the wishes of Mr. Cornwall in a matrimonial connection with his daughter ; but as I had not spoke the tender word to Amelia, the aunt had doubtless devised the measure of a fictitious correspondence to produce the effect. This artificial contrivance was productive of every requisite means to produce an overture ; and should hereafter the plan be discovered, still the great end of the plot had been effected.

On the other hand, it was evident the letters were the production of a woman who had some knowledge of composition ; and in this Mr. Cornwall's sister had the fullest claim to the merit. Authoress in prose and verse—a member of a certain female society—coterie—conversations—\*\*\*\* club—she had assumed the prerogative of control among her acquaintance. Lady Hales was submissive to her arguments. Lady Dorothy heard her with oracular solemnity—Lady Jekyll suspended her usual volubility when she raised the notes of her voice for general attention ;  
and,

and, in short, all the room seemed prepared with due submission to confess the superiority of her merit and confidence. Under this colour of popular sway the Doctor well anticipated some approaching revolution which her inauspicious manner seemed to announce.

In proportion to this lady's ascendancy, so increased Doctor Philpot's commentary. He was convinced she was the artful agent of a plot in which she seemed intent to involve our family, and he therefore became equally vigilant and resolved to circumvent it.

Under these impressions it was not apparent the hospitable roof of my father would be seasoned with its usual conviviality. Thus we both foreboded a rupture.

When the table was served a general discontent seemed to prevail among all the parties. An interval of silence, till the fish was removed, produced a brisk challenge of a health from Mr. Dalton to Lady Jekyll.

This

This attracted the notice of Mr. Cornwall's sister. The youth, bespangled and elegant in his attire, seemed to accord with the sentiments of East-Indian parade ; and Lady Jekyll was not a little vain in having an opportunity of displaying such a pretty fellow as a proper acquaintance for her daughter, with whom he had been sporting a great deal of welcome gallantry.

This gentleman, therefore, having engaged the attention of our Machiavelian heroine, the whisper circulated to enquire his pretensions.

A sarcastic smile from Miss Elizabeth Cornwall soon convinced us, she had there an anecdote also—and, leaning towards Lady Hales, she caused a most solemn look of astonishment to beam on her countenance.

Not the famed Sybil Erythræa could be attended to with more implicit confidence. Looks, sneers, and ambiguous sentences, went round. Mr. Dalton thought the lash  
of

of this lady directed to him. This caused a cessation of gallantry on his side.

Mr. Jekyll whispered polite anecdotes of the day across the table to my sister Sophy, but ineffectual his sufficiency. In all the glory of despotism converse, this lady caused a damper here to take place—a glance of the eye to young Jekyll conveyed his looks to her—sneers and nods with Lady Hales—and here he had no doubt of censorious tattle at his expence.

Thus contrived by the ascendant genius of this lady, a perfect silence was *awfully* conveyed over the party.

During the whole time of the repast, great coldness on the side of Lady Hales to Sir Simon — great formality on the side of Lady Dorothy Murray—mystery shrouded in their behaviour—he felt an unusual discontent, and his natural vivacity entirely forsook him.

When the ladies retired, Mr. Cornwall had drawn my father into a private conversation,

versation, which had turned upon the marriage with me and Amelia. To this he replied, that he had a fixed determination never to control the inclinations of his children, and that he referred the issue of the business to his son.

This reply caused an address to me on the side of Mr. Cornwall, which he thus prefaced with a forced kind of humour:

“ Sir,” says he, “ if I am not mistaken,  
 “ there are two gentlemen in the company  
 “ upon the same agreeable party of plea-  
 “ sure as yourself. Mr. Jekyll is to pre-  
 “ sent the wreath of hymen to Miss  
 “ Hales; and Mr. Dalton, by report, has  
 “ been entered into the list of Miss Jekyll’s  
 “ admirers. Suppose we have the cere-  
 “ mony of the trio celebrated on the same  
 “ day — what say you, Doctor Philpot;  
 “ will you be accessary to the mischief,  
 “ and perform the ceremony ? ”

The Doctor, well discerning the point of old Cornwall, turned the foil with a serious straight lunge to make him sensible of the  
 hit,

hit. "As for the two gentlemen there,  
 " (meaning Jekyll and Dalton) I will  
 " leave them to answer for themselves;  
 " and on their requisition, all parties con-  
 " senting, I have no objection to perform  
 " the ceremony—but here, Sir," turning  
 to me, "I confess I should have the  
 " greatest, were all the parties perfectly  
 " united and agreed."

The Doctor's black eyebrow now be-  
 came arched and contracted—it bespoke  
 a serious disposition of the heart. The fa-  
 cetious attempt of Mr. Cornwall was thus  
 awed into gravity.

"Your reason, Sir?" replied the mem-  
 ber.

"Because he is engaged to another  
 " lady—and I find, by true report, that  
 " Miss Cornwall has accepted of his  
 " apology for declining any farther visits  
 " in your family."

"Mr. Hales is present," answered Mr.  
 Cornwall, "to answer for himself; and I  
 " now

“ now think it incumbent on me to demand a reason for your interference.”

Doctor Philpot returned.

“ My friendship for the family, and the confidence of Mr. Hales, have emboldened me to reply in a matter of this delicacy; but I am more particularly encouraged to it from the base designs that were practised to entrap the affections of a generous young gentleman.”

“ Base designs,” warmly repeated Mr. Cornwall, rising from the table.

“ Believe me, Sir, there is no accession of fame to be reaped by this kind of violent opposition,” rejoined the Doctor.

“ I repeat my words—base designs.—Sudden resentment may, perhaps, give colour for my suspicion—and, perhaps, if my warmth be excited, you may have a much greater cause for your anger.”

Jekyll and Dalton now rose and left the room to join the ladies.

The Doctor continued.

“ I do, indeed, Mr. Cornwall, espouse  
 “ the cause of Mr. Hales — his conduct  
 “ does honour to manhood — his generous  
 “ inexperienced mind has been played  
 “ upon, and taken advantage of.”

“ Forged letters were contrived to make  
 “ the young people declare their senti-  
 “ ments — their peculiar tender situation  
 “ exposed to the public eye. I repeat the  
 “ words, base contrivance !”

“ Concerned for the advantage which  
 “ has been taken of his friendship for Miss  
 “ Cornwall, Mr. Hales is reduced to the  
 “ greatest possible anguish of mind. His  
 “ affections are engaged for another lady,  
 “ and I have his permission to tell you he  
 “ is resolved to break off the connection.”

At this period, the father, on his legs,  
 demanded



: Doctor's sen-

(and initials. In block capitals)

NAME FLETCHER L

DATE 03 APR 1989

ruptly left the

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my father, re-

am indebted to  
loan of a confi-  
I. I would not  
peace of your  
gratitude by any  
My son, I per-  
himself in anger—  
ry seems to have  
must be smothered.  
is visibly impaired  
ling; and I have  
suffered a mutual  
attention to have subsisted between these  
young people for such a length of time.  
Perhaps it will prove the absolute cause  
of our downfall. — Amelia has refused  
the

“ only to  
“ attention to have subsisted between these  
“ young people for such a length of time.  
“ Perhaps it will prove the absolute cause  
“ of our downfall. — Amelia has refused

“ the most affluent and distinguished  
 “ young men of the age.

“ As to base designs, Doctor, you have  
 “ my permission to place them where your  
 “ suspicions fall : but I hope you will ex-  
 “ empt me from this reproach, and not  
 “ consider me as the author of the letters.”

Of this Doctor Philpot assured Mr. Cornwall he acquitted him, and that he did not mean to accuse him of any artifice in the affair, but begged his reconciliation.

Some peace was now restored, and we were seated till the ladies summoned us to tea and coffee.

Lady Dorothy Murray had left the house in all the state and pageantry of her antient clan—discontented, and her pride alarmed, we had no doubt of the secret being divulged, and a powerful battery raised against the citadel of my early affections. No doubt but my engagement with Fanny Underwood was to become the public topic  
 of

of our acquaintance, and every stratagem was to be devised to shame us from this low and degrading notion of matrimonial happiness.

---

Miss Elizabeth Cornwall and my mother were in full career of conversation — animated in the extreme — and as the former lady had effected her negotiation to the complete routing of every maternal sentiment on the side of the latter, she briskly turned upon Doctor Philpot to change the nature of her triumph into a more sprightly vein of conversation.

Before we proceed on the history of this lady's visit, it would be first proper to hint, that Miss Elizabeth Cornwall was one of these ladies, whose connections admitted her into the most choice societies of the age, and whose great delight was to be thought the first *bel esprit* in her circles—her com-

positions had been various, both in prose and verse—she had written prologues, puffs, and introductory letters, for her friends, without number—had assisted several ladies in correcting the publications of novels. Her interest was the means of foisting on the managers of one of our theatres a play, which, deficient of either plot or incident, received its just damnation from the critics on its first representation.

Having sent her play to a celebrated poetess to have her criticism upon it, her friend had tenderly recommended some judicious alterations, and most seriously counselled her not to offer it to the managers till it had undergone a more correct revision. Irritated with all the petulency of a self-conceited authoress, who considered her friend's alterations and counsel as envy at her superior merit; and having her hopes so completely disappointed by the public, her determined resentment was now excited against every rising genius of the age; and with these sentiments she had composed the following copy of verses against the literary

female friend who had made the judicious observations on her play :

T O

A M O D E R N P O E T E S S .

WHEN all around a solemn stillness  
reigns,  
More active sprights illumine the pensive  
brains.

The wakeful mind in ecstasy is drest,  
And the rapt nymph a goddess is confest.  
Comic or tragic, authoresses rise,  
And female breasts refine to ecstasies.

Pale beam'd the midnight lamp—Saphira's  
breast,

By poesy impell'd, shook off dull rest ;  
Te blanch'd bed gown, loose folded o'er  
the fair,

Slight shield of comfort 'gainst the dank,  
chill air.

Cold winter's blasts, repell'd by thoughts  
sublime —

Warm comfort feels, true votaries of rhyme.

Now to the silver ink-stand quick she flies,  
The polish'd verse, in well-pick'd words,  
she tries ;

Eras'd and interlin'd the page appears—  
Sometimes she rhimes to laugh—sometimes  
to tears—

Comic or tragic metaphor abounds,  
And bright sublimity the eye astounds.  
How soft the diction, point so sweetly  
grac'd—

The *ton* expression of the day well plac'd :  
Choice *flourets* cull'd—no vulgar word can  
found,

And well-turn'd periods well arrang'd are  
found.

All elegance *well-hammer'd* stanza trite,  
To consecrate the poetess unite.

These verses had been entrusted into the hands of Doctor Philpot to read ; but this truly philanthropic man refused to proceed.

“ Madam,”

“ Madam,” says he, “ satire, in any  
 “ shape, I never respected. Even in the  
 “ works of our best poets, where it may  
 “ be occasionally found with acknowledged  
 “ propriety, I am generally led to believe  
 “ it has been written more to favour the  
 “ vanity of an author’s abilities, than the  
 “ pure desire of reforming the world.

“ I grant there are vices which merit  
 “ the combined attacks of all our best  
 “ writers—but it appears to me that their  
 “ good intentions are generally perverted  
 “ by loading the culprit with much ob-  
 “ loquy, and sinking the mild precept of  
 “ Christian lenity into the harsh invectives  
 “ of a cruel and unjust censure.

“ I never read any of these pretended  
 “ reformers of modern dross, but I call to  
 “ mind the confession of the poor damned  
 “ poet in the realms of Pluto, which we  
 “ find so happily portrayed in the visions  
 “ of the celebrated Quivido :

“ Oh, this vile trade of versifying  
 “ Has d—d us all to hell for lying !

“ For writing what we do not think,  
 “ Merely to make the verse cry *Clink* ;  
 “ For rather than abuse the metre,  
 “ *Black* shall be *white*, *Paul* shall be *Peter*.

“ — — — — —

“ — — — — —

“ Not out of *malice*, Jove’s my witness,  
 “ But only for the verse’s *fitness*.

“ The way our poets have gone about  
 “ to cleanse the augean stable, has been to  
 “ attack corruption on the triumphant  
 “ car of their own self love. Their  
 “ furious and clamorous driving have made  
 “ too great a noise in the world, and ex-  
 “ cited the human passions in open arms  
 “ against them ; they have only made men  
 “ more obstinate and persevering in their  
 “ vice and folly.

“ See the conclusion of our celebrated  
 “ Pope’s epilogue to his satires — Was he  
 “ not conscious that he had effected very  
 “ little,



“ little, or, indeed, no reform by his  
“ writing ?

“ Here, laſt of Britons ! let your names be  
“ read —

“ Are none now living ? — let me praise  
“ the dead —

“ But why had not his ſatires more effect ?  
“ Because the vanity of the poet ſeemed  
“ more conſpicuous than the real and un-  
“ feigned deſire of mending his fellow  
“ creatures by his mild corrections. To  
“ vilify and to degrade is not to correct,  
“ but to excite reſentment. Men have  
“ their vices, 'tis true ; but the moſt  
“ wicked may have their virtues.

Why ſhould

“ — Grandeur bluſh, *and* proud courts  
“ withdraw *their* blaze ! —

“ Because the man of Roſs was a good  
“ man ?

“ Kings and great men have been vir-  
“ tuous, as well as men in private life ; and

“ as the man of Rofs was a peculiar exam-  
 “ ple of singular virtue in the middling  
 “ ranks of the people, we may with equal  
 “ propriety infer, that a similar instance of  
 “ peculiar virtue may be found in gran-  
 “ deur and in courts; therefore Pope’s  
 “ satire and comparifon is by no means  
 “ juft, and we have a right to fufpect the  
 “ poet of more vanity and defire of fwel-  
 “ ling his calunny, than of ferioufly re-  
 “ forming the vices of his fellow creatures.

“ But I am rather enlarging too much on  
 “ the fubject; and, perhaps, I myfelf may  
 “ be fufpected of the fame fault which I  
 “ am now inclined to cenfure in others.

“ In fhort, satire to me is deteftable—  
 “ I never hear it, or read it, but I am con-  
 “ vinced, in my own mind, it is penned  
 “ for fome finifter or interefted purpofe.  
 “ I am very forry that I am obliged to be  
 “ fo pointed, but the bufy meddling fpirit  
 “ of public and private life calls aloud for  
 “ fome Chriftian interference.

“ You are an abettor of immorality,  
 “ Doctor.

“ Doctor. Vice is made to appear with-  
 “ out deformity in the sense of your cate-  
 “ chising lecture,” replied the lady.

“ Not so, Madam. When I reprove, I  
 “ would reprove with charity, sensible of  
 “ my own foibles, frailties, and transgres-  
 “ sions. There is a little Scripture here  
 “ necessary—but that I leave for your own  
 “ meditation and proper application.”

Here the Doctor rose, and presented the lady her verses, who received them with the most visible mortification, that their point and personification might not be recognised.

Her resentment had been excited against every rising genius of the age by the unsuccessful treatment of her play; and she was now determined to lug into her satire all the circle of her friends who were distinguished for their genius and abilities; and among them several ladies, who were eminently conspicuous in the light of writers, by several inoffensive and elegant publications.

The Doctor used much rhetoric to dissuade her ; but finding she was resolved to dip her ink in gaul instead of the milk of human nature, he boldly declared that he himself would attack her, and compel her to silence.

The fact was, on the perusal of the stanzas, Philpot had observed a similitude of hand writing between the poetess and the writer of the forged letter of Miss Amelia Cornwall to Mr. Hales, on the rendezvous business at Ranelagh ; and he was determined to explore the affair before the party broke up.

## THE REVOLUTION COMPLETED.

**T**HERE was now announced to the party the arrival of a Mr. Wardmote.

Mr. Dalton, who had been engaged in a continued vein of pleasantry and chat with Lady Jekyll and Miss, like a thunder clap, seemed struck speechless and motionless. The most obvious confusion was now depicted in his countenance—this being noticed by the shrewd eye of the critic, Miss Cornwall—She asked him, with a malicious grin, “if this gentleman was of his acquaintance?” if not, she said she would have the pleasure of introducing him.

“Mr. Wardmote!” rejoined Mr. Cornwall, “why this is the name, sister, of our grocer in Cheapside.”

“ The same, brother,” replied Miss Cornwall.

“ What business can he have here ? ” answered the Member — not a little disconcerted in turn.

Dalton held a cup of tea in his trembling hand, which tottered on his saucer ; and as the door opened, the worthy citizen made his entrance ; but this side of the room favouring a motion of the youth, as he was rising unhappily to gain the door, the cup fell out of his hands ; for the back of Wardmote being turned to him, it was easy for him to have made good his escape, had it not been for this accident, which drew the whole eyes of the company towards that quarter, and, among the rest, Wardmote himself.

“ Ben, are *you* here ? ” cried the grocer.

Miss Cornwall now addressed Mr. Wardmote.

“ Sir,” says she, “ I was informed, the  
“ last

“ last time I was in the city, that you was  
 “ in great distress about your son, whom  
 “ you described as living in a state of  
 “ great expence and figure at our end of  
 “ the same. This, Sir, I presume, is the  
 “ gentleman, and whose face I had recol-  
 “ lected sometime back in a blue apron  
 “ behind your counter, serving out the  
 “ wares of your shop.”

“ Pray you be seated, Mr. Wardmote,”  
 with the most benign and complacent set  
 of features, cried Sir Simon—“ A chair,  
 “ William—and do you, Mr. Dalton,  
 “ take your seat—I am happy to see you,  
 “ Mr. Wardmote, though not the plea-  
 “ sure of your acquaintance.

“ By whose orders, Lady Hales, was  
 Mr. Wardmote sent for?”

“ Mine, by the request of Miss Corn-  
 “ wall,” replied her ladyship.

“ To expose my son, I suppose, Sir,”  
 says Mr. Wardmote.

“ To

“ To be sure Ben is but a comical sort  
 “ of a heedless chap, and has given me  
 “ a good deal of trouble about one kind of  
 “ a thing or other—somehow he has got  
 “ above his business, and is not easy with-  
 “ out he is figuring away like a gentleman.  
 “ Good company, however, my boy is got  
 “ into. Why Ben has a coat on as fine as  
 “ our Alderman on a Court day.”

SIR SIMON. “ Give the gentleman tea  
 “ and coffee.”

Tea and coffee was handed to Mr. Ward-  
 mote—The assumed Mr. Dalton was terri-  
 fied to an inconceivable stupidity.

LADY JEKYLL, *at intervals.* “ An  
 “ impostor.”

MISS JEKYLL *picking her fan.*

YOUNG JEKYLL *staring at his mother.*  
 “ Was never more surprised in all my  
 “ life.”

LADY JEKYLL. “ Mr. Dalton, you are  
 “ an



“ an impostor, and I will have you ap-  
 “ prehended for the insult you have put  
 “ upon my family.”

WARDMOTE. “ Insult ! Madam — I  
 “ beg I may know it.”

LADY JEKYLL. “ Fellow—he has pre-  
 “ tended to be a man of rank and fortune,  
 “ and has had the audacity to offer his  
 “ hand to my daughter.”

WARDMOTE. “ Ben was always an  
 “ odd dog.”

LADY JEKYLL. “ Disgraced ! — in-  
 “ sulted ! — Fellow, I will this instant have  
 “ him before a Justice of the Peace” —

WARDMOTE. “ For what, my Lady  
 “ Jekyll ? — It is only a prank of the lad’s,  
 “ I suppose. He wants to ape his betters,  
 “ and is too proud for his business — Ay,  
 “ ay ; I have heard of your pranks, Ben —  
 “ you must beg this lady’s pardon for in-  
 “ troducing yourself into her company,  
 “ and I will get you a commission in the  
 “ East-

“ East-India service — it will, to be sure,  
 “ break your poor mother and sister’s heart  
 “ —but it will be much better to do this  
 “ than to disgrace your parents, who live  
 “ creditably in the world, by going to jail,  
 “ and, perhaps, coming to a bad end.  
 “ Come, come; beg Lady Jekyll’s par-  
 “ don, and turn over a new leaf.”

LADY JEKYL. “I will have justice—  
 “ Fellow, you are an accomplice of your  
 “ son.—Such scum of the earth!”——  
*(Flirting her fan, and smelling at her la-  
 vender bottle.)*

WARDMOTE. “I would not insult your  
 “ ladyship—but I am no fellow, nor scum  
 “ of the earth neither—I am sorry for my  
 “ son’s imprudence; and what can I say  
 “ more? I will tell you a bit of my mind,  
 “ since you oblige me to it. I can give  
 “ Ben a tolerable round fortune, if I please  
 “ —and what can you say to that — Scum  
 “ of the earth! — Suppose I please to make  
 “ him a gentleman—that’s my business,  
 “ you know — and as for your ladyship,  
 “ you don’t know me, though I well know  
 “ you

“ you—You must not teach me as you  
 “ taught the young ladies at Hammer-  
 “ smith boarding school, before you be-  
 “ came the wife of Sir Thomas Jekyll,  
 “ whose father and my father were fellow  
 “ warehousemen in Crutched Friars—and  
 “ Sir Thomas himself was not half so good  
 “ a man when he set off in the world as I  
 “ can make Ben, if I please.—

[*He was now rising.*]

“ I am not come here to be insulted  
 “ neither.”

“ Let every body pay their debts, [*look-*  
 “ *ing at Mr. Cornwall and his sister*] and  
 “ not send to expose me here and my son.  
 “ I can otherwise, perhaps, expose them in  
 “ return.”

SIR SIMON HALES. “ Mr. Wardmote,  
 “ I expect you will keep your seat—there  
 “ is a misunderstanding which I could wish  
 “ to see cleared up.

“ Your son appears to have had a better  
 “ educa-

“ education than is consistant with the  
 “ plan of life which you wish him to  
 “ pursue.”

WARDMOTE. “ He has been brought  
 “ up at an academy at Kentish Town—  
 “ Cannot a man be a good scholar and a  
 “ good tradesman too ? ”

DOCTOR PHILPOT. “ The bane lies  
 “ in the state affixing too much common-  
 “ ality to the class of the merchant and  
 “ tradesman — — Make these professions  
 “ honourable, and suitable acquirement  
 “ by education will not seem disproportion-  
 “ ate.

“ What more honourable than those  
 “ professions, by which the empire derives  
 “ all its grandeur and prosperity ? The  
 “ citizen should not be degraded because  
 “ he acts a subordinate part in the drama  
 “ of government ; if so, in proportion to  
 “ the improved ideas which he has ac-  
 “ quired by education, so he will naturally  
 “ despise the line of life which he is brought  
 “ up to.

“ The

“ The importance of commerce to Great  
 “ Britain is more efficient than its territo-  
 “ rial or indigenious supplies—in such wise  
 “ it should be supported and exalted to  
 “ honour and high office.

“ I lament, therefore, whenever I see it  
 “ insulted or degraded — I have been  
 “ chafed with indignation in beholding  
 “ our playhouses turning into ridicule the  
 “ great emporium of our commerce \* —  
 “ The public prints in jest and meriment  
 “ exposing the great supporters of our  
 “ wealth and prosperity — Have they not  
 “ excited my indignation ?

“ Your son, Mr. Wardmote, would  
 “ never have assumed the character of Mr.

\* In the play of Richard the Third, it is usual for the theatres to caricature the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councilmen, when they present their address to the King. At the same time the Manager has been exposed to the critic's censure. What more absurd than to see the *costume* of the times so barbarously violated in dressing these respectable personages in long wigs ; when it is well known that wigs were not worn till the age of Charles the Second ?

“ Dalton,

“ Dalton, had he been taught to consider  
 “ the business of his father as holding an  
 “ honourable, and not a ridiculous rank in  
 “ the state.”

MR. CORNWALL. “ This is the true  
 “ levelling principle with a vengeance,  
 “ Doctor. Order, civil order, Sir — sub-  
 “ ordination—distinction”——

DOCTOR PHILPOT. “ Why not admit  
 “ the merchant, the tradesman, to an equa-  
 “ lity with the divine, the physical gentry,  
 “ lawyer, and foldier? There will be al-  
 “ ways distinction of rank still subsisting  
 “ in the state to preserve subordination;  
 “ and even among the professional classes  
 “ there will always be found degrees of  
 “ honour for the reward of merit and vir-  
 “ tuous enterprise \*.”

\* The town of Zurich, in Switzerland, respects  
 the class of citizens as highly honourable, and they  
 are admitted to the first posts in the Canton. All  
 the other inferior classes are grouped under the title  
 of the peasantry. What wisdom! and what an energy  
 does not this convey to its commercial establishment!

WARDMOTE. “ Your sentiments are  
 “ noble, Doctor Thingamee—and—and  
 “ —I wish you was one of our Common  
 “ Councilmen. We want such a man as  
 “ you among us to keep up the credit of  
 “ the city.

“ It was only on the other Lord Mayor’s  
 “ feast — (when I was invited) — I could  
 “ not help observing the sneers and shrugs  
 “ of your grandees when I sat at table \* —  
 “ But I often wish some of our topping  
 “ gentry would tell them as good a tale as  
 “ they bring at this here end of the town.  
 “ To be sure there is here and there a man  
 “ among us who gets up in the House of  
 “ Commons, and talks away very glibly as  
 “ somehow ; but they does not do it so well  
 “ neither as some of your courtiers ; it  
 “ does not go quite so well off ; and that  
 “ is one good reason why we are carried

\* The stale jest of the turtle feast should surely no longer pass muster — when it must be confessed, that the epicure and sensualist is not more common to this than the most exalted class in the state.

†

“ away

“ away by good horators. There is one  
 “ or two men come among us, and they  
 “ cram us with fine tales, which we swal-  
 “ low like spoonfulls of flummery — and  
 “ all this, I warrant you, because we have  
 “ not such good hopportunities to get  
 “ learning. The city likes horators and  
 “ good spokemen, and we all trys at it a  
 “ little in our meetings — but then we  
 “ never makes any thing out — we keeps  
 “ on talking till the wine makes us quite  
 “ turn the discourse another way, and  
 “ then we adsjurnes to another meeting.”

MR. CORNWALL [*afide*]. “ Vulgar  
 “ dog!”

LADY JEKYLL. “ I may then thank  
 “ you, Madam, [*To Miss Cornwall*] for  
 “ being thus expofed.”

MISS CORNWALL. “ I meant to do  
 “ your ladyship a signal piece of service.  
 “ I saw the great danger your family was  
 “ expofed to, and I was charitably in-  
 “ clined to open your eyes on the ap-  
 “ proaching evil.”



MR. WARDMOTE. “ This I now plainly  
“ sees—Sad dog ! Ben.”

SIR SIMON HAYES. “ You say you  
“ are willing to make a gentleman of him  
“ —perhaps, in this case, Lady Jekyll”—

LADY JEKYL. “ Insult !”

MR. WARDMOTR. “ Not so warm,  
“ Madam—Perhaps my son Ben, whom  
“ you take upon you so much to despise,  
“ may be as good as your daughter—I  
“ can get him a commission in the Artil-  
“ lery Company to-morrow, if you please ;  
“ and if your ladyship likes a smart cock-  
“ ade and regimentals for Miss, Ben can  
“ soon show off in this way.”

LADY JEKYL. “ Insufferable !”

LADY HALES. “ For heaven sake, Sir  
“ Simon, do not interfere.”

MR. WARDMOTE. “ I want nobody  
“ to fight my battles, and please your  
“ ladyship, though much thanks to the  
“ honourable

“ honourable Baronet. I thinks as how I  
 “ have been somewhat jill-treated in this  
 “ here company by two particular ladies.  
 “ ’Tis true Ben has made me angry in  
 “ being ashamed of his name ; but, upon  
 “ my word, I think he looks as much like  
 “ a gentleman as that there gentleman in  
 “ the corner,” (meaning Mr. Jekyll.)—  
 “ As for that lady, who has brought me  
 “ here to make us both look ridiculous, I  
 “ could make her look as ridiculous in re-  
 “ turn, if I please— For pray let me ask  
 “ you, is there more harm in my son Ben  
 “ transmogrifying himself all for love of a  
 “ young lady, and putting on another  
 “ character, than this here lady coming to  
 “ my shop for articles, and running up a  
 “ long bill, and keeping me three years  
 “ out of my money, because the goods  
 “ are going to a member of parliament  
 “ that can’t be found to pay it ?—More  
 “ fool me to trust, they may say — but she  
 “ comes in her coach, and it is the appear-  
 “ ance of such things which makes us pay  
 “ all due respect—as you all seem to have  
 “ done poor Ben there, before you found  
 “ out his father was an honest grocer in  
 “ Cheapside

“ Cheapside — I pays my scot and lot re-  
 “ gularly, or I should soon know the rea-  
 “ son why — I wish other folks would do  
 “ the same — and because, as they does not  
 “ do it, I have as good a right to think  
 “ myself as good as they, haven’t I, Mr.  
 “ Doctor, pray ? ”

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This colloquial kind of argument operated as a wonderful damper on the spirits of Mr. and Miss Cornwall.

Lady Hales seemed disconcerted — the true history of Lady Jekyll had not reached her ear before. There was a great share of family pride in my mother, and I believe this gave her friendship for Lady Jekyll a considerable shock.

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MISS CORNWALL. “ To be insulted  
 “ under your own roof, Sir Simon ! ”

MR. CORNWALL. “ I shall resent the  
 “ insult, my dear, depend upon it. I am  
 “ sorry an old acquaintance should be ever  
 “ dissolved, Sir Simon ; but my honour,  
 “ Sir, is suffered to be impeached by the  
 “ insolence of this low and illiterate ci-  
 “ tizen.”

MISS CORNWALL. “ Thank God we  
 “ have you pretty well in our power, Sir  
 “ Simon. Mr. Hales there, was I my bro-  
 “ ther, should answer for his cruelty in our  
 “ family—[*Here she pulled out a Cambrie*  
 “ *handkerchief to her eyes.*]

DOCTOR PHILPOT—to *Miss Cornwall*—  
 “ Madam, your insinuations and desire of  
 “ involving all your acquaintance within  
 “ the reach of your tongue and power, is  
 “ very apparent. As to the plan which  
 “ you combined against this family, to  
 “ draw Mr. Hales into a matrimonial en-  
 “ gagement with Miss Cornwall, is but too  
 “ apparent. You was the authorefs of the  
 “ letter for their meeting at Ranelagh—  
 “ your hand writing, Madam—I can  
 “ bring the most demonstrable proof of it.”

Mr.

Mr. and Miss Cornwall now rose—the rang the bell, and insisted on leaving the house immediately.

Lady Jekyll was taking herself off—the whole party broke up—the Baronet's house was in a temporary confusion—some crimination was heard by most of the parties.

Wardmote declared there was as much jangling and wrangling among people of quality as in his own family—and, with his son, they both disappeared—the father first approaching the Baronet, giving him a most hearty squeeze of the hand, and offering the same ceremony to Doctor Philpot.

EPISODICAL ANECDOTES OF THE HALESES,  
 THE JEKYLLS, AND THE CORNWALLS,  
 TO WORK THE PLOT UP TO THE EPI-  
 TASIS.

THE schism was now compleated with Miss Elizabeth Cornwall—she was inflamed to vengeance—the beautiful Amelia confined to her bed with a fever.

Tortured by her father and aunt, this amiable girl was exposed to the shaft of family rigour—the news of her bad health had reached my ear, and my distress increased in proportion as the time drew near for my departure from England.

Lady Hales was cooling in her friendship for Lady Jekyll, and the match with Sophy and young Jekyll much abated in its process. Miss Cornwall, the aunt, had  
 whispered

whispered in Lady Hales's ear, that Jekyll was lavishing his fortune on a celebrated actress; and as this young man had not made any overtures in person to Miss Hales, it seemed but too obvious that Lady Jekyll and Hales had proceeded in a negotiation of this delicate nature before the inclination of the young people had been consulted.

On the evening before I left England Sir Simon received the following letter from Mr. Cornwall :

“ The friendship which has for such  
 “ a length of years subsisted between us  
 “ should not be dissolved for a trifle—  
 “ The health of my daughter is much im-  
 “ paired—I will leave to your honour and  
 “ generosity the reflections necessary to be  
 “ made on this unhappy business. My  
 “ obligations to your family have been  
 “ great—they will be cancelled as soon as  
 “ my affairs can be put into form by my  
 “ attorney.

“ I am frank enough to confess, that I

“ had built on a baseless independance the  
 “ marriage of Amelia with your son—it  
 “ was the only plan I could adopt to reco-  
 “ ver those political principles from which  
 “ the loss of fortune has tempted me to  
 “ swerve.

“ ’Tis true I have been tempted—I say  
 “ it in confidence—and I have had re-  
 “ course to a species of sophistry to still the  
 “ conscientious feel in my heart.

“ Some offers have been made me to  
 “ come over — Detestable manoeuvre ! —  
 “ thus to practise on my distresses—I have  
 “ reason to believe the enormous expence  
 “ of my last election was skilfully designed  
 “ to operate the celebrated trick of Cardi-  
 “ nal Richlieu — the nobility and gentry  
 “ in his days were hired to court interest  
 “ by their dissipation and poverty.

“ Sad thing, my old friend, to veer  
 “ about at my time of life—the alternative  
 “ —I must creep into some dirty town on  
 “ the Continent till my bones are buried  
 “ on the ramparts, or eat my beef and  
 “ pudding



“ pudding in my own country with conti-  
 “ nual fits of indigestion.

“ Ah! had I taken your advice, and  
 “ retired to my country mansion on the  
 “ fine down of Dorsetshire—but the die is  
 “ now cast—a few days must determine  
 “ the limits of human fortitude.

“ Roman virtue is now out of fashion—  
 “ I could be otherwise tempted to turn my  
 “ back on corruption. Sad conflict! when  
 “ the soul is thus incumbered with worldly  
 “ affairs, it would gladly shake off their  
 “ dross, and recover its freedom.

“ Your still remaining friend.”

**SIR SIMON'S ANSWER.**

“ 'Tis true you are now obliged to give  
 “ up the cause—but the true champion of  
 “ civil liberty does not droop under these  
 “ imaginary evils. Your pride of family  
 “ is more hurt than your virtue shaken.  
 “ 'Tis but a fit of melancholic disgust—

“ three months retirement will turn your  
 “ political principles into their original  
 “ channel—and methinks, old friend, at  
 “ your time of life, there should be some  
 “ reserve for extraneous lucubrations.

“ My word for it, when you have given  
 “ up the battle the heart will recover its  
 “ natural tone, its natural dwelling place,  
 “ and you will experience more real hap-  
 “ piness in one of the stinking dirty towns  
 “ of our Gallic neighbour, than in this  
 “ luxurious and splendid *caput imperii*.

“ As to obligations!—there again your  
 “ haughty temper rebels against our an-  
 “ tient friendship. Let your pride be dis-  
 “ played when your brain is cooled by  
 “ reason, and the expulsion of your re-  
 “ sentment. Your whole life has been  
 “ marked with error, and you are now on  
 “ the eve of becoming callous against the  
 “ admonitions of experience.

“ I do not trouble my head with my  
 “ son’s affections—had I found his honour  
 “ broken in his advances to your daughter,  
 “ every

“ every reparation in my power should  
 “ have been made.

“ The delicacy of this much-admired  
 “ young lady would not allow her to fall  
 “ into the stratagem of her wily aunt,  
 “ whose anxiety for the connection has  
 “ hurried her into a measure which may,  
 “ in all probability, be the cause of much  
 “ misery in our families.

“ The justice due to our old friendship,  
 “ and to my own personal interest, has  
 “ drawn this frank confession of sentiment  
 “ from me—feel it, and improve by it—it  
 “ will be the only way of preserving  
 “ Your cordial friend.”

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The morning after the extraordinary party at our house, my father was closetted with my mother for a considerable time.

The discourse turned upon my engagement with Fanny. Sir Simon could find no argument to pacify her alarms, but the assurances of his fixed resolution not to

press the affair; as also not to circumvent his son in those matters where the affections were placed: in this he strenuously contended, especially as he had permitted her to use every influence of a parent in the direction of her daughter's happiness; but at the same time he assured her, that sending Fanny to France was the only means to remove her at a distance, and, in this case, of dissolving the connection by absence.

We have observed, that her disgust at a family connection with the Cornwalls had been conspicuously marked; and as the letter from Fanny bespoke her fixed resolve to break with me, so her alarms were, in a great measure, done away, and particularly so as my views were to set off on the grand tour in a direct route for Italy—at least so she had been made to believe.

In the midst of this connubial parley, wherein no great degree of friendly sincerity had been displayed on either side, Lady Dorothy Murray was announced:

I was seated in the anti-room reading a  
6 cursorv

curfory hint to travellers on the Continent, when my truly noble and dignified great aunt made her appearance.

“ Good morning to you, Mr. Hales—  
 “ (her ufual appellation EDWARD)—I  
 “ am in great grief, Sir, on your account  
 “ —but I haue done with the faamily—I  
 “ thought to haue been the true friend of  
 “ it, and of you in particular, Sir, on  
 “ whom all my hopes were fixed. Nau,  
 “ Sir ; it is au over—gau and be miserable  
 “ —grauel on in the mean and law nau-  
 “ tions which the au-fufficient and wife Sir  
 “ Simon has planned for your fuccels.

“ I think, Sir, at leaft, you might have  
 “ raifed your affections to a lefs palpable  
 “ degree of degeneracy—but I have daune  
 “ with you—I fhall lofe nau time to make  
 “ very confiderable alterations in my will ;  
 “ and as to my intereft, it fhall remain,  
 “ Sir, be perfuaded, in great compaufure  
 “ and peace. You can very well difpenfe  
 “ with a fuperior title to that of a Baronet.  
 “ Your nauitions, believe me, Sir, dau not  
 “ demand elevation and rank.

“ I thought my fortune, on my death,  
 “ with that of the Halefes, might be a  
 “ fuitable appendage for the rank which I  
 “ have been moving au the intereft in my  
 “ power to accomplifh — an earldom of  
 “ Great Britain, Sir, for your father—But  
 “ I have daune with you — I fhall turn au  
 “ my affections into the faamily of my huf-  
 “ band.

“ I fhall point au to the north, young  
 “ gentleman—It is now the common taupic  
 “ among au our acquaintance—You may  
 “ depend upon it, the bufy tongue of that  
 “ cenfaurious fifter of the beggarly member  
 “ will hauld au up to the ridicule of the  
 “ tauwn. Nau, Sir ; I fhall not ftay here to  
 “ confront it, you may affure yourfel—to  
 “ be drawn into the circle of ridicule, will  
 “ not fuit with my prefent rank and inde-  
 “ pendance.

“ The daughter of a farmer !

“ I am come to pay my morning vifit  
 “ to your father ; and if he is in the hoofe,  
 “ defire

“ desire my respects to him, and tell him I  
“ am pressed for time.”

Sir Simon and Lady Hales were now entering the room.

Lady Dorothy arose with the most profound gravity—her salutation as cold as the regions of her northern clan.

LADY DOROTHY. “ Sir Simon, if I  
“ did not know you to be one of the  
“ strangest men in the universe, I should  
“ have thought your unaccountable con-  
“ duct approached to insanity.

“ To countenance a low-born farmer’s  
“ daughter, to aspire to your only son and  
“ heir! You could not have invented a  
“ scheme so truly absurd to make us au the  
“ rible topic of our acquaintance. For  
“ God’s sake, nephew—think what you are  
“ about, man—I will not give my name  
“ any longer to the family.

“ It was yesterday mentioned at the  
“ drawing-room—Lady Dinwiddie, my  
“ old’

“ auld friend, frowned monstroufly, and  
 “ fiddled away — it will be spread au over  
 “ Scotland, and ruin my interest with my  
 “ countryfolks—Oot upon it, Sir Simon—  
 “ I have done with the faamily—I shall not  
 “ answer to the name any longer, and you  
 “ may depend upon it, this is the last visit  
 “ I shall pay my niece, unless I instantly  
 “ hear this shameful and filthy business is  
 “ given up.”

SIR SIMON. “ ’Tis premature, Madam  
 “ —you are, perhaps, misinformed.”

LADY DOROTHY. “ I say nau such  
 “ thing — my niece there says you have  
 “ given your sanction to it—I have done  
 “ with you, Sir Simon—your family is too  
 “ low for naubility — I have given up au  
 “ my time and politics for the making of  
 “ you — despicable return ! — Court at-  
 “ tendance, and au my connections, sacri-  
 “ ficed — An earldom, truly — Nau, nau,  
 “ Sir Simon ; your sentiments do not reach  
 “ above vulgarity, believe me.”

SIR SIMON. “ For God’s sake, Lady  
 “ Doro-



“ Dorothy, give up this old story about  
 “ naubility—drop this strum of Scotch va-  
 “ nity—my inclinations”——

LADY DOROTHY. Inclinations!—Nau,  
 “ I dare say they are too law for naubility  
 “ —but I assure you, Sir Simon, I have  
 “ done with you and your son, Edward—  
 “ as for Sophy, I may, perhaps — if she  
 “ preserves her mother’s decorum and faa-  
 “ mily respect,”—

SIR SIMON. “ My fortune, Lady Do-  
 “ rothy, will not expose me to your com-  
 “ passion. You should first be certain of  
 “ my inclinations before you pretend to  
 “ make me feel the denunciations of your  
 “ anger.”

LADY DOROTHY. “ Your sentiments  
 “ are staumped with vulgarity, Sir Simon.”

SIR SIMON. “ This freedom, Lady  
 “ Dorothy”——

LADY DOROTHY. “ Oh, niece, niece!  
 “ you are noo ruined indeed—’tis the last  
 “ vifi

“ visit — Freedom ! — Give me leave, Sir  
 “ Simon, to tell you, that you have taken  
 “ a great freedom with my faamily. The  
 “ Murrays are not to be thus degraded.”

SIR SIMON. “ I wish, Madam, you  
 “ would tell me of the favours I have re-  
 “ ceived ; I may then, perhaps, suffer  
 “ myself to be controled by your threats.”

LADY DOROTHY. “ Favours ! — the  
 “ high haunour of a matrimonial alliance  
 “ with us. A great favour, Sir Simon,  
 “ give me leave to tell you ; nor should  
 “ my niece have given you her hand, if  
 “ she had not looked up to a better title  
 “ than that of a vulgar Kentish Baronet—  
 “ it has been your strange and unaccount-  
 “ able law and mean notions of indepen-  
 “ dence which has kept her from an equal  
 “ rank to mysel.”

SIR SIMON. “ Shaw ! No more of this  
 “ fulsome parade of Scotch vanity. Is not  
 “ a private gentleman”——

LADY DOROTHY. “ Nau”——

SIR SIMON. "Of as much"——

LADY DOROTHY. "Nau, nau fuch  
" thing. Your strange nautions over  
" again."

SIR SIMON. "My happiness in private  
" life"——

LADY DOROTHY. "Despicable"——

SIR SIMON. "Take care, Madam"——

LADY DOROTHY. "My niece is  
" ruined—I shall not have another oppor-  
" tunity, Sir Simon, to intrude."

SIR SIMON. "Your family rank, Lady  
" Dorothy, is misapplied and confounded  
" in your extravagant notions of superior  
" birth."

LADY DOROTHY. "Insult!—My spirit  
" will not brook it—You have brought  
" disgrace and beggary on your faamily,  
" Sir Simon, by the public education you  
" have

“ have bestowed on your gozling. There  
 “ is nothing learnt at our public schools  
 “ but savage notions of good breeding. I  
 “ shall not stay any longer to have my  
 “ rank vilified — My condescensions have  
 “ been already too much lavished upon  
 “ you.”

*[The bell here rang for her carriage, and  
 she left the house with the most inflexible  
 irascibility.]*

*The*

*This paper was collected from the Doctor's note book, and which I thought not inept to be introduced in this place.*

DOCTOR PHILPOT'S APOLOGY FOR LEAVING HIS PARISH.

**W**HEN I was presented to the rectory of \* \* \* \* \*, I took possession of it with a firm intention of residing among my parishoners, and proving myself, by an exemplary conduct and an active philanthropy, their real friend and zealous minister.

I had considered a country life, perhaps, in a pastoral sense as too inoffensive and primitive in its manners. Rapt with the delightful contemplation of living in a society of harmless neighbours, I had painted my residence in the parsonage as a peaceful retreat for literature and calm resignation to  
the

the meek duties which my profession exacted. Here I concluded all the disorderly passions, which are perpetually warring among the higher orders of society, would be suppressed by industry and frugal temperance. The plough would correct the boisterous passions of the heart; and the day-labourer, on his hard fare, with spade and mattock, working off the gross impurities which surcharge the human soul, nursed in the lap of sloth, indolence, and pampered luxury. The spinning wheel at the door of the cottage, and the innocent maiden singing her blythe carrol to the linnets' note, in chorus with the tribe of nature's inoffensive children, would fill my heart with a delightful contemplation of native purity.

Old age pressing beneath the burden of years—unlettered comfort! No puzzling sophistry of schools to haunt its brain with syllogisms. No casuistical speculations on happiness. No parallels of sectaries—of Plato, Epicurus, or Socrates. No subtle reflections on the nature of soul—its material existence, its more sublime residence.

Religious

Religious controversies of modern times far from its quiet slumbers. His mind tutored in the doctrine of his forefathers, settled to an habitual rule of faith; and where his doubts might chance to flow to perplex his pensive moments, his delusions could be soon set right by the confidence he was taught to place in the long-accustomed rubric of his mother church.

Thus certain of my church being filled by the aged, I had no doubt but the younger class would flock to it by their example.

Frugality, temperance, and calm contentment, I thus conceived, would have crowned my parish with the palm of every sublunary virtue.

'Tis true, to the age of thirty, I had led the life of the fellow of a college—the world, in theory, I had contemplated—of a complection fond of books, I had taken most of my rules from them; and as this mind of a college life was to be exchanged for the road of church preferment, I had  
resolved

resolved on fulfilling with an unwearied and regular consistency the life of a parish priest, and which my conscience had suggested as the fairest claim to state patronage.

When I made the grand tour with Sir Simon Hales, brother student, and of the same age and standing, our remarks were those of young people, with minds heated with novelty—a tour of friendship, not of speculation, or the study of man.

We carried with us no *album* to mark down our sentiments of men, manners, and the countries we travelled through—the objects were too novel, and our minds too juvenile for sage reflection. Thus I carried with me, on my return to England, no great store of human penetration to serve me in my retirement.

Alas! why were my eyes opened—the delusion was intoxicating.

After a residence of one year in my rectory, my retirement was invaded by a dispute



pute on the old subject of tythes—to contest a point which my sober parishioners would involve me in tedious lawsuits—it would disturb my peace with my harmless neighbours—I gave up the contest, and I was then acknowledged to be a man of a harmless, easy, and inoffensive temper.

But far from mitigating the cause of complaint, and of establishing a general satisfaction among the farmers, this prescience of my submission was followed by repeated murmurs, which at last broke out to the same species of cavil, and I was again involved in dispute.

The collection of tythes was now considered by the parish as an intolerable burden; and though I attempted to persuade them that their lands were tenable, and decreased in purchase on the contribution of this portion of the clergy's maintenance, I had still the mortification to find my argument treated with contempt, and the sacred character which I maintained turned into arrogance and pride—to an extortioner

tioner and greedy devourer of their landed produce.

I was now obliged to refer the point to arbitration; but the arbiters were to be chosen by the farmers—Here again I was foiled; and at last, after having been exposed to insult, and kept out of my annual payments, I was obliged, with the most painful reluctance, to submit my case to the decision of the law.

I gained my cause—but the consequence—My church was thinned of its flock—and I was now considered as a litigious, sly, and rapacious divine—and a long catalogue of crimes posted up against me.

If a friend spent a cheerful evening in my company, I was fond of the bottle; and if I had a servant maid in the house with a clean cap and comely countenance, I was charged with breaking the commandment of St. Paul.

Marriage, doubtless, had its manifold attractions; and I had thoughts of suppressing

ing the rash censure of evil tongues in my parish—But the proper choice of a companion was the next point.

Unused to the habits of gallantry, I had forgotten, in the gloom of my study, those acceptable graces to make my courtship successful.

I was also naturally reserved ; and as I had never made the polite attentions to the sex any part of my creed, I always felt the great superiority of beauty and female grace ; so that, in short, I always adored the sex in silence, and had no command of gallant expression to give a colourable pretext for my advances : had the ladies made the first overtures, perhaps my single state would have been altered ; yet as this was not concomitant with their delicacy, I even resolved to wait a more favourable revolution in these kind of worldly matters.

Thus loaded with unmerited reproach, I began to scan the failings of those by whom I had been so repeatedly accused. A kind of self justification had impelled me — it

was built upon the precept of our great ethical teacher.

Rustic vices now revealed themselves; and those foibles, or natural frailties, which I had, in mild humanity and charitable forbearance, ascribed to undocumented innocence, were now tinged with low hypocrisy and collected design.

The village maid, in ruffet dress neat clad, could play the coquet with her swain as well as the town beauty of elegant pretension—she had the same art of captivating her swain, but unhappily with less prudence and decorum.

The swain, after a few months, was soon drummed out of the parish by a recruiting party, and the damsel, a short time afterwards, forced into an house of industry, where the offspring of rustic amours was provided for.

The alehouse, frequented by the sturdy champions to overcome the rector in his tythes, soon convinced me, that my op-

ponents were noisy drunkards and bad economists; and their general complaint of bad harvests, heavy taxes, and church extortions, were always enumerated over their pots of ale; but no reckoning kept of their idleness and extravagance.

From the repeated libations at the ale-house arose all my parochial dissensions.

In proportion as the ale was drawn, so increased their hatred against their rector, who was sure to be made the burden of their riotous conviviality.

This also engendered politicians, orators, projectors, and payers off of the national debt, who were as noisy in my parish as in the bosom of the capital. The papers were constantly read, and the exciseman, the usual oracle on these occasions, did not fail, as a true friend to government, to turn the minds of these constituents to his own party. But if, unhappily for his cause, there happened to dwell in the neighbourhood a family of the opposite side, whom the farmer supplied with the produce of his

land, his vote was certain to be secured against him.

In short, I was now, with reluctance, obliged to confess, that human corruption might be found in a village as well as in the capital.

To paint the little and degenerate vices of the peasantry would degrade the pen of any writer.

To my grief I found they could be only awed into sobriety and virtue by fear—and to palliate with their excesses, was only to draw on me the character of a simple and hypocritical pastor.

All this may, perhaps, not accord with the delightful visions of those scribblers of romance, who portray the manners of the lower orders of the people in the amiable features of unspotted innocence; but I have endeavoured to speak the truth, and to shew that a country rector will not find a security against calumny and reproach by the most peaceful and exemplary conduct.

Thus perplexed and irritated, I was rejoiced to seek the hospitable roof of Sir Simon as an interregnum of parochial care, and equally rejoiced to accompany his son on his travels, to recover a fresh spring of action against the vexatious trials of a country clergyman's life.

**H 3****T H E**

## T H E T O U R .

**B**EFORE our departure I found the report of young Jekyll's expence and gallantry was not exaggerated; and in this the officious tattle of Miss Elizabeth Cornwall did not serve a little to avert my mother's wishes from the alliance.

Nor as Sophy had expressed the least approbation of this overture, my mind was composed on the subject.

The lady, on whom he was lavishing a profusion of expence, had figured in the meridian of distinguished fashion. While in their zenith, her charms had led captive Dukes, Peers, and Commoners, in whose equipages she had variously wheeled. Some of our great heads of law had bartered their wisdom for her favours; and one of our



our noble Admirals had tarnished his naval uniform by his effeminate attachment to her person. It was surmised that his passion for this lady had superseded the glory of achieving fresh laurels in the services of his country; for the veteran anchor of naval honour had been moored in the haven of luxury, and on the coast of Cyprus during the greatest part of the war.

Her capricious extravagance had been too fatally signalised at the expence of her admirers. Their fortunes were not princely enough to withstand the shocks of her continual demands; and though her beauty might for a while convince them that the arms of a fine woman were to be coveted in preference to the treasures of an empire, a little time effaced the novelty, and she had the mortification to find that her gallants had retired before the wreck of their fortunes had been compleated.

The marks of levity and dissipation had now made their appearance on her features, and she was obliged to spread her lures for the young amateur, who might be caught

in the vanity of possessing a lady of her celebrity and fashion. Young Jekyll seemed the youth to be the easiest caught; and as she was soon persuaded his fortune and inexperience would be equal to her plans of extravagance and temporary attachment, so she had laid close siege to the youth, and soon made him surrender to her empire.

On this lady, Jekyll was squandering his fortune; nor was his vanity a little delighted with the thoughts of being pointed out as a youth of so much gallantry and unrivalled *ecloz*.

From the day on which the Cornwall party had dined with our family, not a syllable had transpired concerning their resolutions.

I had imposed on my heart a severe and scarce endurable law to depart the kingdom, without enquiring into the melancholly situation of the lovely Amelia; and it was with pain, indiscrivable I was forced to hear the Doctor's argument and philosophy.

sophy. My once-loved friend and inseparable companion, her brother, had not been near me since he left our house with an apparent resentment.

Thus, with a mind perplexed, and teeming with sorrow and anxiety, I left England. The object a change of scene, to operate a change of sentiment, to store my mind with fresh images, to unveil the mystery of my conduct with the daughter of Underwood, and to find whether my heart had the same fervour of prepossession in her favour.

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We had arrived at Chantilly. The post horses were every one demanded by the Prince de C——, to accommodate a party of nobles and gentry who had been amusing themselves at a *fête* in his palace, and who were about to leave it to their respective homes. We were in consequence detained several hours.

A set of horses had arrived, and we were preparing to leave the place, when we observed a carriage and four to enter the town with unusual celerity, in which were seated two ladies and, apparently, an attendant.

One of whom was somewhat advanced in years, and the other, apparently by her shape, very young: having gauze travelling veils over their faces, we could only discern a faint resemblance of their features; the youngest seemed handsome, and her person uncommonly graceful when she got out of the carriage.

They pressed much for post horses; and as the postmaster seemed to espouse their cause, we were prevailed on by his entreaties to yield our right of horses to them; and to this we freely gave our consent, for the sake of strolling to the palace, and viewing the environs of the town.

In the course of a few hours after their departure we had been informed, when we returned from our walk, that a gentleman had entered the town with the same compliment

pliment of horses with equal expedition ; and, from his eager enquiries after the ladies, to whom we had yielded our right of horses, we had reason to suppose must have been in pursuit of them. Our curiosity, therefore, was not a little excited.

Our absence from the posthouse had been a considerable time ; fresh horses had arrived ; and as the postmaster conjectured, from our readiness to oblige the ladies, who had solicited his preference, that we had no great concern to be forwarded with much haste, so he had suffered the gentleman to make use of the supply.

On our enquiries, and from the natural penetration of a French postmaster, we found the travellers to be in pursuit of each other, and our curiosity was not a little excited.

Having left Chantilly on our route to Paris, the situation of the travelling parties at this place did not a little engage our speculations, and we felt ourselves considerably interested in their fate.

On our arrival at Paris we immediately repaired to the house of Mrs. Gordon—but judge of our wonder and astonishment—the ladies had left Paris the day preceding.

Our enquiries were directed to an old woman, who was left in the house. The information we received was, that they had returned from the opera a few evenings before their departure in the greatest possible consternation. That in the course of the day following a gentleman had made his appearance at the house, and was received by Mrs. Gordon; seemed much to importune the ladies, and that Mrs. Gordon, who had some time before meditated a visit to England, resolved on leaving Paris earlier than she intended, to get out of the way of his troublesome visits.

What were our sentiments on this report may be readily collected from the travellers whom we saw at Chantilly. Could we have entertained any other conjecture but they were Fanny and Mrs. Gordon? And when, especially having been told that the  
intrusive

intrusive gentleman had made his appearance on the morning of their departure, we formed conclusions that he very readily would gain intelligence from the post-house; and as the police of Paris was so very rigid and exact, there could be no difficulty in finding out the route which they had taken, and that the gentleman whom we had so obligingly accommodated with our turn of post horses, could have been no other.

To divine the cause of their alarms, and to discover the person, our time would not admit of. The old woman said he was young and comely, and that she believed his impetuous pursuit was directed towards Fanny Underwood.

I knew Fitz Morris to have been on the Continent — his time, as well as that of the Viscount, his father, was divided equally between London and Paris; and with these reflections I had suffered the impression to have its full effect, concluding she had been accidentally discovered by the rash gallant admirer, and that, in all probability,

th

I urged the Doctor to send back to the posthouse for horses. He assented; but being not a little deranged by the fatigue of our journey, he would willingly have procrastinated my resolution. I urged him to remain at Paris. This proposition was refused, and, discovering every mark of anxiety for my situation, he insisted on bearing me company.

During our consultation at the house of Mrs. Gordon, a carriage of distinction drove up to the door. A young gentleman of the most polished figure was seated in it, who, hearing from the servant that Mrs. Gordon and her niece had the day before left Paris, (for it was by this appellation that Fanny was received in the circles of her acquaintance) his countenance discovered every emotion of distress.

Seeing us coming out of the house, he ordered his servant to open the carriage door; and, jumping out with the greatest confidence, he approached us with little or no ceremony.

“ *Apara-*



“ *Aparentement vous etes les compatriotes de Madame & Mademoiselle ;*” desirous of knowing whether we were English, which, doubtless, our appearance sufficiently indicated.

To this question I replied in the affirmative ; and, in tolerable French for an Englishman, who had never been out of his own country before, I as confidently and as peremptorily enquired of him the business he had with the ladies.

A spark of jealousy had that instant lighted up my soul.

“ Coquette !” I instantly ejaculated.

“ Ah !—hence your letter of denial,  
 “ Madam — hence all your haste to know  
 “ if my heart had retained its antient incli-  
 “ nations.—hence your inquisitive discov-  
 “ ery of my visits in the Cornwall fa-  
 “ mily.”

The splendid Parisian fired on my interrogatory.

The house of Mrs. Gordon, he warmly said, was no inquisition ; nor till he was obliged to appear before the tribunal of his country should he condescend to answer the insolence of an English stranger.

This language he accompanied with a glance at his equipage—to impose on me the superiority of his rank, perhaps.

Conflicting sentiments of love and indignation were now alternately rising— Thus besieged with this tempest in my bosom, I little regarded the effrontery of a pert *petit maitre*.

I replied, that being interested in the fate of the ladies, I should not regard the propriety of those questions which could lead to their discovery, and that the words of insolent English stranger could only be applied where they was merited ; and therefore, treating his anger with scorn, I desired he would not put himself to any farther trouble in altercating the affair.

In short, my spirits were vibrating on  
another

another object; and to dispute was only losing that time which I wished now to employ in a different cause.

Phillip, my servant, was dispatched for our travelling carriage and a set of post horses. We were to wait at the house their arrival.

This rival, (for my vivacious temper had so painted him,) with the firmness of *bouteur*, and a tone of French nobility, insisted on knowing my business in Paris, and threatened to have me conducted before the police to give an account of the departure of the ladies.

“*Elle est donc partie—Ciel!*” Impassioned transports now escaped him—he raved round the room.

Doctor Philpot finding the dispute likely to terminate in a fatal manner to one or other of us, insisted on being heard, and, approaching me, earnestly entreated me not to reply.

I was

I was not armed—my opponent was—  
but my spirit was prepared to hazard my  
breast to his naked weapon.

“ Sir,” Doctor Philpot addressing him,  
“ we are this instant arrived in Paris from  
“ England. The lady of the house, Mrs.  
“ Gordon, is my sister. We are interested  
“ in the fate of the ladies, and are now  
“ on the point of pursuing them. The  
“ cause of your interest in their favour be-  
“ comes you now to explain—suffer me,  
“ therefore, to enquire your name, and the  
“ reason why you have thus behaved to  
“ this English gentleman whom I accom-  
“ pany with unpardonable severity.”

“ I am the Count de Montauban. I  
“ adore Mademoiselle Gordon. I am of  
“ the first families in the kingdom—”

“ *Elle est ma maitresse.*”

At these words I flew on his throat—a  
scuffle ensued—I snatched his sword from  
the scabbard, and held it over him.

The

The noise brought in his attendants — Philpot, armed with a tolerable strong cane, threatened to lay about him with all the power he was able, should the least offers of violence be made.

The servants retired.

Montauban discovered in his countenance the impressions of the most tremendous rage—he was prepared to rush on my sword.

“ Stop, Sir,” I replied. “ I am no affain—give me your word, and we may then receive a reciprocal satisfaction.

“ I am prepared to meet you with any arms you propose.”

“ Who are you, Sir ?” he ejaculated with the most indignant climax.

At this instant my carriage drove up to the door—I told him my name—He knew I was a gentleman.

The

. The tear was in Philpot's eye. A blow in France must not be forgiven.

Montauban dropped cool—he was satisfied with my proposition — I gave him his sword.

He asked me if I was acquainted with Fitz-Morris. I answered in the affirmative.

'Twas him, he said, who was the cause of the ladies departure.

His execrations now followed upon him, and, he said, if he survived my sword, he would give him defiance.

“ *La belle Gordon,*” he again ejaculated, “ *charmante fille—vous etes donc arraché—*”  
“ *perdue à jamais.*”

Similar effusions from time to time escaped him ; and as often as the impassioned transport vibrated on my heart-strings, I could have sprung upon him with the Nemean lion's strength, and have  
torn

torn from his breast the cause of his impetuous anguish.

But that Fanny Underwood should have imparted a hope to the Count, excited fresh indignation against her. The sentiment fired the latent passion in my heart. The passive—the child of immaculate sentiment!—The sex are natural coquettes—Ambition too—the Count's figure—Ah! it was too obvious her heart had experienced a change—and Mrs. Gordon, perhaps, had encouraged her notions.

The Count said, Fitz-Morris had abruptly left the opera the night she was there—she had been pointed out by him.

His visits, he knew, had been received—perhaps he might have been too successful.

Again new passions were tormenting my breast—accursed moments!—Existence I no longer cherished—Death could never have approached with a welcome more truly sincere.

In my own country I had torn myself from the arms of ineffable female sweetness—Miss Cornwall was admired—'twas the natural consequence of absence from the object of early election—against the *belle passion* I had combated with heroic fortitude—I had triumphed—Was it to encourage the prepossession for my Fanny?—To wait the returning impulse—to suffer the generous sentiments of my soul to expand—soaring beyond the dull interested prejudices of life—to cherish every transcendant impulse which love engendered, and to foster that happiness which is allied to the first principles of existence?

In a moment this aspiring sentiment of love is dashed to the ground, a mental disorder takes possession of me—I am exposed to the storm in all its majesty of terror—'twas a noble rashness and existence seemed to move with the most oppressive burden.

As the Count grew more calm, the Doctor approached, and a conversation commenced, mitigating some of the past severity exchanged between us.

He



He was sorry for the hasty offence he had been surpris'd into, and he confessed, that my resentment was noble and becoming a gentleman.

He was now desirous we should exchange forgiveness, and earnestly requested Montauban to be reconcil'd. That could not be—a blow was not to be forgiven.

He gave me his address—my honour insisted on giving him a meeting—and he left us.

I gave orders for the carriage to return to the hotel; and the morning following, at an early hour, we were to meet in some grounds near *l'Ecole militaire*.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE OF HUMAN  
EVENTS.

**A**FTER our return to the hotel, we had learnt that Montauban was of the first families in the kingdom; and our host having his house frequented by persons of rank, we soon acquired the fullest information on the subject.

A report had prevailed for some time that the young Count had an intrigue with a young English lady of great beauty, much to the disapprobation of his family; but his visits having been repeated very often, and the young lady treated with all imaginable respect in the first public assemblies, it was considered that his views were honourable, and the marriage day at no great distance.

On this information the Doctor's conceptions on the conduct of his sister, and the discretion of Fanny, were taking a different channel, and we both soon entertained the most unfavourable suspicions of their integrity on the avowal of their motives concerning my betrothed promise.

The evening was now thickening upon us.

To see the son of his old-cherished friend thus exposed to the sanguinary resentment of a foreigner almost bowed him to the earth. Naturally generous and brave, he was inspired with the same sentiments which had operated on my resolutions.

He would not see me degraded in the estimation of a gallant mind, nor would he suffer me to be precipitated into any rash enterprise. Yet what account could he give his friend of the fate of an only son? Should he fall in the conflict—terrible sensations to a humane and generous mind!

My disappointment in not pursuing Fanny was increased in proportion as the

chance diminished of arriving at the true history of her connection with the Count de Montauban.

A rival—'tis true I was to consider him as such—but what conduct on her side—had I not every reason to consider this connection with the Count as a long-preconcerted plot?—Fanny Underwood the mistress of a high-flown Paris Count of the first blood!—followed in all public places—the conversation of the town—admitted on the honourable pretensions of matrimony. Strange reverse, and a singular retort on my wavering inclination—yet, considered as submissive to my resolution, I felt my pride alarmed—it was a competition which caused a momentary resentment, but which added dignity to passion—a value—a greater price fixed on female perfection.

The Doctor now palliated—affured me we were too impetuous in our conceptions—his thoughts were tinged with compunction. We had judged with too much precipitation, and it became us, he said,  
to

to wait with patience the end of Fitz-Morris's pursuit.

Every hope which a sound mind and inflexible virtue could produce in us should be encouraged, and it therefore became us to submit to providential interference.

But the thoughts of my duel with Montauban dispersed our philosophy and our mitigating argument.

The Doctor's eyes were fixed on the ground; he seemed enveloped in perplexity, and a mournful silence. Our souls were powerfully affected on this occasion—yet our resolutions were fixed.

'Tis true the affair might have been treated as rash, juvenile, and unwarrantable—many reflections might palliate—religion could not justify it—yet some events were arbitrary, and superseded all our maxims of caution. As for myself, my soul was too heavily engaged in a conflict of passion to regard any reason which the

noble spirit of the Doctor had to offer in the critical situation of our affairs.

A youth entering life would naturally draw upon him the notice of his equals, and his actions scrutinised in the circles of his acquaintance would soon receive the colour of evil report—unless in the trying scenes of his conduct his virtue, firmness, and magnanimity, were proof against the wanton attacks of malevolence—one efficient struggle, and the character would be marked—the conduct of youth must not be equivocal—What are all the pleasing appendages of life without respect? The contempt of society—my spirit rose indignant.

Similar thoughts influenced the mind of the Doctor—but this essay of courage and constancy he adjudged a terrible infliction; it bowed down his spirit.

“ Mr. Hales,” exclaimed he, raising his head from a stupor, “ I will accompany you. This cloth is not seemly for the enterprize, nor are my years on an equality  
“ with

“ with it : however, we must not be  
 “ daunted ; I will accompany you to the  
 “ field.

“ Montauban is a youth of figure—the  
 “ affair must not be trifled with—were he  
 “ to triumph over your relaxation of spirit,  
 “ the story would travel soon to our ac-  
 “ quaintance at home, and all the exag-  
 “ geration which falsity and malignity  
 “ could devise would be invented to sink  
 “ your name in obloquy.

“ Would Sir Simon suffer his son to  
 “ exist under this reproach ?

“ ’Tis education ! —These sentiments  
 “ are produced by the superior acquisition  
 “ of knowledge — Arbitrary law of civil  
 “ society ! — Religion disavows it — Alas !  
 “ it will not admit of argument — To avoid  
 “ these attacks of misfortune, unavoidable  
 “ in our transition through life — No pru-  
 “ dence, no foresight of human sagacity  
 “ can parry these encounters.”

Thus, with similar disjointed reflections,

we were seated opposite to each other in the hotel, when Philip entered to inform us, that two persons were in the house, who were making interrogatories concerning us.

A few minutes brought the host into our apartments, who, with an hesitating voice, and with respect considerably abated, told us the officers of police were in his house, and that we must prepare to follow them. He was very much mortified — *bien mortifié*, he said, to deliver these orders; but the safety of his own person would be hazarded if he did not see them obeyed.

Our astonishment raised, we desired to know what complaint was made against us. This he could not answer, but he would order the gentleman into our presence, when we might put our interrogatories ourselves; therefore, immediately leaving us, two men entering the room, told us we must prepare to follow them.

Resistance, we thought, would be rash and in vain; and well knowing the history of the police of Paris, we judged it more prudent



prudent to wait the issue of this business with suitable firmness. That Montauban was the instigator of this procedure, we had no doubt; and our alarms increased in proportion to the importance of his family and connections.

There was a mystery in the appearance of the two men; but we desired to know whither we were to be conducted. To this the most unsatisfactory answers were given.

Their power being disputed by the Doctor as a precaution against imposition, we were threatened with an immediate appeal to the power of the *marachouffé*. If we were not culpable in the eye of the police, in a short time, they assured us, we should be liberated; but that, in virtue of their office, they were bound to conduct us before a higher power.

After this address the Doctor and myself arose, and we left the hotel. Having traversed several streets, we were conducted to an obscure opening near the banks of

the Seine--Our guides now gave an alarm---  
 “*à nous,*” they cried, when two persons  
 rushed upon us with swords.

The Doctor received a thrust through his arm, and myself, having parried my adversary with a cane in my hand, I had the good fortune, after a second lunge, which I parried with my left hand, to run the point of my cane into his face. This caused the assassin to retreat several paces.

The Doctor finding himself considerably wounded, and without the possibility of defending himself, cried out repeatedly for help. The wound through his arm had been received in such a manner as caused the villain's sword to be somewhat entangled in his coat; and the precaution which he made use of was, to parry with his hat, through which he had received several thrusts, and a slight wound in his body.

In a few seconds he had the good fortune to find the point of this assassin's sword received by the weapon of a generous  
 stranger,

stranger, who, after a few passes, the villain cried out, "he was killed," and he staggered on the side of a wall. My shouts were now heard, and the stranger springing to my quarter, made up to my opponent, whose weapon I had hitherto parried with considerable firmness, and having received only a few trifling cuts on my hand. The fellow, seeing me thus seconded, fled with precipitation: we pursued with equal pace, and shouted for the assistance of passengers. In short, we soon overtook the fellow, who earnestly implored us to spare his life.

The generous stranger made him give up his sword, and, with each a hand on his collar, we conducted him to the spot where we had been first encountered. Several persons were now assembled — the Doctor we found surrounded.

The two men who had conducted us to the spot had fled on the first surprisal of the murderers.

Lights were soon produced — the  
I 6 wounded

wounded man sunk on the ground, and expired with a horrid groan.

The Doctor bled considerably—a surgeon was instantly sent for.

On the appearance of lights our friendly liberator ran up immediately to Doctor Philpot, leaving the prisoner to my care.

“ Dear Sir, you do not know me. I hope you are not dangerously hurt—  
“ what a meeting ! ”

The fellow whom we had secured taking the advantage of his situation, and, perhaps, of my astonishment in seeing a countryman, which he thought favourable for an escape, who was our defender on this very interesting occasion, broke from my hold, and fled with precipitation to a parapet wall on the side of the Seine, which, not being very high, he soon contrived to leap over it to a considerable depth, down on the strand of the river, whither it was not possible to pursue him without great hazard.

The Doctor exclaimed “ Samuel, “ Is it you?—Powerful heavens!—the boy “ has been our deliverer.”

To my great amazement, who should I now see before me but Samuel Underwood. Had the planets dropped from their spheres the surprize of man could not have made him stand more aghast—Samuel Underwood, my friend, in this horrid scene of villany!—How!—whence?—wonderful!

A considerable number of persons were now gathered round us. They saw we were strangers—and being unarmed, our misfortune was openly espoused—the dead man was removed to a particular quarter of the town where bodies are deposited to be owned. We gave them the address of our hotel; and, after having recited to them the history of the event, we made the best of our way from the ground.

The precaution we made use of with the Doctor, was to bind his arm above the wound to stop the effusion of blood; and in this condition we moved slowly on,

when we were soon overtaken by the surgeon, who, a dapper, spruce, little frumpy creature, skipped up to us with the bow of an opera dancer, and begging to know which of the *Monseurs* it was who had been run through the body.

The Doctor holding his hand upon the wound, on his side collapsed the lips of it in such a manner as admitted of his walking without any considerable effusion of blood; and as a *fiacre*, or hackney coach, was at no great distance, we got into it with the surgeon, and we were soon set down at the hotel.

Our anxiety to know the state of the Doctor's wound in his side made the little meagre surgeon rise in his importance, and, finding we were Englishmen, his assiduity was redoubled.

Having undergone the probe, with much significance, and his lank face drawn down, he requested the Doctor might be immediately put to bed, and, having laid on his  
first

first dressing, he gravely pronounced his case very critical ; but to this assertion the composed face of the Doctor gave a flat contradiction—barring the hurry and the loss of blood, which caused a little faintness, he had very few symptoms of approaching mortality about him.

**SCENE**

## SCENE IN THE HOTEL CONTINUED.

WE were now restored to a state of calmness. A most excellent supper was set before us to refresh upon from the fatigues of our journey, and the escape from the tragedy which had likely to have befallen us. My amazement in beholding young Underwood in the situation was still increased, and the desire of a solution most impatiently accompanied every word and ejaculation which I uttered.

The youth who was seated opposite to me, the wonderful deliverer from the hands of an assassin, impressed my mind with the most visionary conceptions. He was habited in all the fashion of modern French elegance—his manners corresponding with his appearance.

“How is this?” I emphatically exclaimed



claimed — “Satisfy me, Sir, with the cause  
“ of your appearance in this place at a mo-  
“ ment so peculiarly interesting.”

While I was making these interrogato-  
ries the Doctor seemed rapt in an extraor-  
dinary pleasure in beholding his person  
and graceful manners; and no less visible  
was delight and unutterable goodness of  
heart depicted in the countenance of my  
old acquaintance, Samuel.

“ Answer, Sir,” replied the Doctor, ad-  
dressing himself to him. “ You have now  
“ my leave to divulge the mystery.”

“ Then know, Mr. Hales, I am be-  
“ holden to the generosity and patronage  
“ of Doctor Philpot for my present ap-  
“ pearance.

“ For these several years I have been in  
“ a course of education at the university of  
“ Oxford, whither I was sent by my fa-  
“ ther on the advice of the Doctor  
“ who, finding I had a natural turn for  
“ study, has raised me beyond that of the  
“ humble

“ humble station which the moderate  
 “ views of my father had traced out”——

Here the Doctor interrupted him.

“ Mr. Hales, this young man had the  
 “ natural endowments of a gentleman—  
 “ my penetration soon discovered in him  
 “ the same capacity and delicacy of  
 “ thought as his twin sister, Frances—the  
 “ unequal allotment on her side would im-  
 “ pair the natural affection of brother and  
 “ sister—to render, therefore, their affort-  
 “ ments through life equal to each other,  
 “ I have made him heir to my own pa-  
 “ ternal fortune, and to that sum of money  
 “ which the superfluities of life have put  
 “ me in possession of—as the elder son  
 “ also to his father, his income will be  
 “ proportionate to the sentiments which I  
 “ have inculcated in him.

“ With your good father, Sir, I have a  
 “ similarity of sentiment not founded on  
 “ mere caprice, or a whimsical kind of  
 “ conceit, which superficial observers may  
 “ lay to both our charges, but from a ra-  
 “ tional

“ tional and digested system on the study  
 “ of human nature. Thus, Sir, I have  
 “ been engaged in the education and train-  
 “ ing of Mr. Underwood, and I now pre-  
 “ sent him to you in every sense worthy of  
 “ your confidence and friendship in the  
 “ character of a gentleman—the accom-  
 “ plished scholar—your own heart, Mr.  
 “ Hales — your own heart, Sir, I think,  
 “ will henceforward confer upon him, for  
 “ his fortunate and very singular services  
 “ of this night, an appellation of a more  
 “ noble and intimate nature”

“ My saviour,” I replied ; and at this  
 instant rising from my seat, I clasped the  
 accomplished youth to my breast.

The Doctor now desired him to continue.

“ I have been,” resumed Samuel,  
 “ these twelve months at Lisle, in Flan-  
 “ ders, applying myself to the study of a  
 “ military life. On my return to England  
 “ Doctor Philpot had promised to pur-  
 “ chase me a commission in one of the re-  
 “ giments of foot guards ; and to render  
 “ my

“ my entry pleasing to my own feelings,  
 “ and of equal respectability to the  
 “ corps, I have been promised, by his  
 “ interest, the countenance and patronage  
 “ of a great personage, under whose influ-  
 “ ence I am to be introduced.

“ It was at Lisle, Sir, under a skilful  
 “ master, I learnt the use of the sword,  
 “ which has been of such essential service  
 “ to me in the happy issue of the dreadful  
 “ business I have been engaged in this  
 “ night.

“ There I received a letter from the  
 “ Doctor, which announced your arrival  
 “ at Paris on this day, and which, speci-  
 “ fying the hotel you were to arrive at, I  
 “ was enjoined to meet you. Here, Sir,  
 “ the Doctor promised to initiate me into  
 “ an interesting secret of your family—  
 “ here, Sir, was to be divulged a circum-  
 “ stance which was to affect my happiness,  
 “ or misery, hereafter—here, Sir”——

But his swelling heart suppressed a farther recital.

In short, he had arrived at the hotel a few minutes after we had left it, in company with the treacherous confederates of the villains who were posted for our assassination; and a lay lacquay, or servant for hire—a class of people usually waiting at the hotels in Paris to offer their servitude to strangers—had pointed out to him the direction we had taken.

Remarkable coincidence of human affairs, and evidently marked by the superior interference of providential succour.

Doctor Philpot was now preparing to partake of some refreshment from our table, which our servant, Philip, was handing, when a tap at the door announced an apothecary, who had been dispatched by the surgeon, to visit his patient.

On enquiry we found this to be a Paris custom, and, doubtless, indispensable, as being rich Englishmen. The apothecary being permitted to feel the Doctor's pulse, he pronounced them full, and, in his present situation, dangerous; it was therefore  
adviseable

adviseable that he should enter on a regimen till such time as the suppuration of his wounds had taken place, lest inflammation might be brought on ; in this case he was absolutely forbid to taste of meat, and advised to proceed to enter on every necessary evacuation to lower his habit.

This prescription was, doubtless, adjudged a great severity in the state of a man in perfect health, and which brought on a kind of remonstrance between him and Doctor Philpot.

The apothecary, finding his physical sagacity somewhat doubted by him, absolutely refused to give him any farther attendance, unless the physician was sent for, which, he observed, was the regular routine of medicinal practice at Paris ; and surprised to find this had not been before thought of, left the room, muttering the impossibility of any farther attendance till the judgement of a physician should have been taken.

The Doctor being corpulent, and find-  
ing

ing by the surgeon's probe that his wounds were only fleshy, smiled at the interested assiduity of the Paris faculty, and jocosely partook of the supper. When entering into council for the operations of the ensuing morning, it was judged necessary that Samuel, myself, and Philip, should proceed, well armed with swords and pistols, to give Montauban the meeting.

This precaution was necessary, as the *rencontre* over night manifested a plot of villany on the side of the Count; and as a similar attack might be made, we had the power of defence in our hands.

To meet him on fair terms was not my intention—the treachery combined against us demanded first an explanation—an evidence for the interference of a French court of justice was wanting—the surviving assassin was fled—no confession—the affair must remain inexplicable.

The ground, preconcerted for our meeting, had been fixed upon at a small distance from the *Ecole militaire*; thither, on the

the ensuing morning, we rendezvoused, and, after waiting a short space of time, we observed the Count approaching with his second.

The Count moved his hat to me on his approach ; but the salutation was not returned on my side. Fired with this indignity, he instantly put his hand on his sword, and, advancing briskly, insisted on my drawing.

“ No, Sir,” I replied ; “ unless you can prove your claim to an honourable satisfaction, I shall regard you as unworthy any opposition on the side of my weapon.”

I then briefly recapitulated the event of the over-night, and shewed him the wounds on my hand, which rendered the use of my sword impossible. In truth, my hand had been so completely hacked and mangled, that the use of it was entirely lost.

This he regarded as an excuse to fight him ; and having loaded me with the most unjusti-



unjustifiable opprobrium, he seemed resolved to commit a desperate attack by approaching me with his sword.

But Samuel springing forward again my champion, insisted on his retiring. This brought forward Montauban's second, and we found ourselves on the eve of a desperate onset — when presenting a pistol, and ordering Philip to do the same, our adversaries were completely foiled. They retreated with alacrity, and the rancour of their epithets became instantaneously silent.

We now observed an elderly gentleman and his servant galloping up to us — “*Mon fils, mon fils,*” he shouted — “*arête,*” “*maudit garçon!*”

It was the father of Montauban.

He approached me — “Sir,” says he, “you have my protection—He is always engaged in some unfortunate dispute— I have heard of your disaster last night —the *scelerat*—the wretch who escaped that punishment which his unfortunate

“ comrade merited, has confessed the hor-  
 rid deed he was suborned to perpetrate—  
 “ My son is innocent of the plot against  
 “ your lives ; but his violent temper has  
 “ justly merited my indignation.”

In short, this respectable nobleman made me an ample atonement for the alarming attack which we had encountered. It seems his servants had overheard the dispute in the house of Mrs. Gordon ; and being alarmed for the safety of their master, had divulged the affair to a celebrated courtezane, on whom the young Count had lavished much splendor. This lady, resolved to prevent any disaster happening to her gallant in the field of honour, had devised the iniquitous means of cutting us off by the hands of two assassins, whom she had bribed for the purpose. The police having found a note in the pocket of the unhappy wretch who had fallen by Samuel's sword, led to a complete discovery, and of the detection of his comrade, who had made a confession of the business.

And such was the vigilance of the ac-  
 tive

tive police of Paris, that the whole was brought to light a few hours after the fray.

Under these circumstances the young Count de Montauban seemed uncommonly repentant for the unfair and dangerous situation which we had been exposed to on his account ; and was now desirous, through the mediation of his father, to terminate the difference perfectly to our satisfaction.

On our return to the hotel we were stricken with the sight of a physician, apothecary, and surgeon, attending their patient, Doctor Philpot, who was in the highest possible good humour, with unusual flow of spirits in beholding our return, and hearing in a few words how we had settled the affair which had taken place between me and Montauban.

The physician, who assured us with the importance of his profession, that he was of the Academy de Sciences, observed, that the Doctor's hilarity arose from a considerable degree of fever, and that it was absolutely necessary for his constitution to

be lowered, lest inflammation might ensue in the wounded parts.

It was now the apothecary's turn to direct his questions to the patient, who begged to know whether he had persevered in the regimen which had been prescribed to him over-night; and if he had drank of the *tisane*. To this Doctor Philpot replied, that, as an Englishman, a hot supper was irresistible, and that most assuredly he had drank his wine, and partaken of his ragout; and unless the Paris faculty had sufficient skill to operate his cure, without the trouble of obliging him to adhere to such a rigid regimen as they recommended, he must even trust to his fate.

For his own part, he found his wounds had no tendency to inflammation, and his body, from temperance, though not self-denial, being, in his opinion, every way conducive to his speedy restoration, he could not think of impairing it by a system of abstinence, which, in all likelihood, would

oblige him to keep his room much longer than was necessary.

That whenever his wounds gave any indication of a bad habit of body, he would very readily attend to their counsel; but that, in their present state, he begged he might be permitted to eat, drink, and laugh, at his leisure.

The faculty here began to assume a *tone*, and, and with their usual cant, observed, as he did not chuse to be governed by the knowledge of their profession, they would be under the necessity of taking their leave; for as in the case of persevering in his own system they could not be answerable for the consequences of their attendance, they must not therefore suffer the merit of their professional characters to be disputed.

To this the Doctor assented, and desiring they would all be pleased to accept of a remuneration for their trouble, opened his purse, and shewed them the door. This resolute conduct caused the physician to enter on an explanation, and, doubtless,

which would have soon produced a modification in their rigid form of practice—but which the Doctor not chusing to hear, he dismissed them all without any farther parly.

“ And now, dear Edward,” says he,  
 “ my reason is this:— These scoundrels  
 “ thrive most by the complaints of their  
 “ healthy patients. Unlike the integrity  
 “ of the faculty of eminence in our own  
 “ kingdom, they amuse them with hy-  
 “ pocritic and sophistical declamations  
 “ of their profession, and with the ex-  
 “ aggerated history of their disorders,  
 “ till such time as they are completely  
 “ thrown into some hypocondrical or ner-  
 “ vous affection; and to fix this very be-  
 “ neficial disorder, they never fail to re-  
 “ commend a total change from the ordi-  
 “ nary course of life of their patients—the  
 “ certain means of impairing their consti-  
 “ tution. Thus they increase their im-  
 “ portance in the opinion of the unhappy  
 “ wretches who have been weak enough to  
 “ be fascinated with their arguments, and  
 “ retire

“ retire from their presence, laughing at  
 “ their credulity, and hugging themselves  
 “ with the self applause of riding in their  
 “ chariots at their expence.

“ The surgeon, the apothecary, and  
 “ physician — at Paris this — the regular  
 “ routine of attendance — Ask the reason —  
 “ 'tis the custom ; and as a rich English-  
 “ man, for the honour of your country,  
 “ you must conform — but how is this mat-  
 “ ter contrived with the Parisians them-  
 “ selves? — you shall hear.”

Monfieur the hote was now ordered into our presence — the dilemma of the Doctor was explained.

“ *Eh quoi faire, Monsieur ?* ” — 'Tis the custom with strangers — “ *On ne visite pas*  
 “ *chez nous sans conte* ” — They must pay for their curiosity in vifing Paris.

“ I have paid for it,” fays Philpot,  
 “ with a thruft through my arm, and one  
 “ through my fide.”

This was a species of rhetoric which had its effect.

The sagacious Doctor observed, that his visits in France were not intended to dissect the character of the nation too minutely, and to be too œconomical of his purse—his fee to the gentleman whom he dismissed would aver this was not his cue — all he wanted was a speedy restoration.

“ Now, Mr. the Hote, suppose you was run through the body, who would you employ ? ”

“ *Allés,*” he ejaculated, “ *il faut se taire,*” with the assurance of strict silence.

In half an hour a shabby ill-looking dog of a surgeon made his appearance.

His coat was of a brown rough, and striped beaver cloth ; a red plush waistcoat ; a tie wig, with more powder and pomatum in it than hair ; and a coloured silk handkerchief round his neck.

His



His appearance, 'tis true, amounted to no great extent of practice; but his confidential frankness and decent civility soon fettled him in the Doctor's good opinion.

After having assured him that his experience in sword and gun-shot wounds were acquired against the English in the last German war, and almost a daily practice in the streets of Paris — from French soldiers, on the slightest difference, trying their skill in a fencing bout — young students of the law, who could seldom maintain an argument on jurisprudence, without the assistance of the sword — and an everlasting practice of the Paris *petit maitres* involved in quarrels concerning the superior excellence of opera singers and dancers, and the charms of their mistresses.

After this whimsical introduction of his merits, the Doctor suffered his wounds to be examined by him.

“ Sir,” says he, “ two more dressings  
“ will enable you to call out the scoun-

“ drel who invited Mr. l’Apothecaire and  
 “ Monsieur le Medecin.

“ *Manges bien, Monsieur, et goutes le meil-*  
 “ *leur vin de Paris.*”

The Doctor was convinced he spoke the truth.

“ And why are you so poor ?” was the question.

“ Because shaving and drawing of teeth  
 “ are now out of fashion among the fa-  
 “ culty. The wretched beggar has my  
 “ plasters for the love of God — and those  
 “ surgeons who live by making dupes of  
 “ rich strangers, and our fools of fashion,  
 “ who never scruple to pay well for great  
 “ fufs and great parade, are now too rich  
 “ to shew any humanity in their practice.”

The affair was soon settled, and we had all our anxiety removed on the score of the Doctor.

But judge of our astonishment — a tap  
 was

was heard at the door—and, on our leave of admittance, who should enter but the first furgeon whom we had employed.

“ *Ab, ah, maraud—c’est vous donc* (his first salutation) *peste!* ”

“ Monsieur Jacob, you had better retire before you oblige me to treat you with incivility,” replied our operator.

“ *Monseigneur Corneille, vous êtes un trompeur, et un ficheu charletan.* ”

Corneille at this indignity rushed upon the little prig of a furgeon, and, seising him by the collar and waistband of his breeches, held him up sprawling, kicking, and scratching in the air, and actually threw him down the stairs to the first landing place from our apartment.

The cries of Monsieur Jacob, who laid on the ground grinning and threatening Corneille with future vengeance, brought out a considerable numbers of lodgers,

while Corneille, standing over him, was threatening him with instant destruction for daring to enter the room, with an intent to interrupt him in his practice — for which offence, he said, notwithstanding his broken limbs and battered sides, he would move the law against him.

Corneille now accused him of every crime which he could possibly invent to render his triumph more compleat — And after having harangued the lookers on with a tolerable well-placed declamation on his villany in exaggerating the state of Doctor Philpot's wounds, and introducing apothecary and physician for the prick of a pin, which he stiled it, said, to back his assertions, he would shew the Doctor's wounds before all the faculty in Paris.

Jacob's practice, he averred, was only famous for cutting of *fistula in ano*; and he assured the by-standers, that he derived his only consequence from his attendance on a lady of rank for his secret operations of this nature, which gained him her protection,

tection, and which was the only safeguard, for his presumption.

Corneille was now entering into a most elaborate definition of the peculiarity of Jacob's merits in cutting for a fistula, which he recited with so much point and humour that wrath now made the prostrate surgeon recover the use of his limbs, and he was rushing on Corneille with redoubled vengeance. The consequence was, Corneille gave him a violent slap on his face, and, seizing him by the collar, once more was in the act of hoisting him over the balustrade—but my interposing hand rescued Jacob from his impending destruction.

Monfieur Jacob was now rejoiced to find himself liberated from his gripe; and having pronounced the most imposing denunciations of his vengeance, assured Corneille, that he would not fail to try his courage at the point of his sword.

“ At the point of your launcet,” says the other, who spit at him all the time he was descending the staircase.

Strang

Strange rancour of the professional ranks  
of Parisians ! It can only be reconciled by  
this remark :

Things in that country are so different  
to ours.

THE

THE

## THE PURSUIT MEDITATED.

**M**Y friend Samuel was now, equally with myself, intent on the pursuit of Mrs. Gordon and Fanny.

If they had fled to England, (a thing impossible, in our opinion, foreseeing the short distance which Fitz-Morris was from them) they would then, perhaps, be secure from any violent disaster on his side.

But if overtaken in France, we had every reason to dread an impending danger from the difference of its laws and customs—at all events, there were only two resolutions to be adopted—expedition, and a determined rescue. For the courage of Samuel, I could answer by the most striking and exemplary proof.

Philpot saw the necessity of our immediate

diate interference—himself also determined to set off, his wounds, by the assurance of the surgeon, Corneille, being of no consequence to impede him.

To lose no time, we dispatched intelligent and well-affected people to every *bureau* in Paris, where we could be informed of the arrival of Mrs. Gordon, Fanny, and Fitz-Morris.

Answers were soon brought us, that no such persons, from the description we had given, were arrived; and we had the strongest reason for believing they must have departed for England.

Under this suggestion, doubtless, we wanted no spur to set off immediately on our pursuit.

Our carriage was now at the door with that celerity which our impatience excited, and in a very short interval of time we found ourselves at the posthouse at Chantilly.

There



There we had an opportunity of describing to the postmaster the persons of the fugitives; and having received the most convincing proofs they had not returned that route, we made the best of our way after their track.

At Amiens we had the joyful news of a singular event which had retarded Fitz-Morris in his career, and which had, doubtless, effectually covered the escape of Mrs. Gordon and Fanny.

The ladies having arrived at this town, they had scarcely entered the house which they stopped at when they noted Fitz-Morris's arrival.

Being in a room which fronted the street, Mrs. Gordon observed two officers in the French service of her acquaintance, and made a signal for them to enter her apartment, where, reciting to them their alarming situation, they readily and gallantly resolved to be their protectors.

Having stole up unperceived by the people

ple of the house, Fitz-Morris rushed into the room ; but, to his surprize and mortification, he found himself instantly seized by the two officers, who contrived to bind him arms and legs till such time as the ladies had made good their retreat ; nor was he released till such times he was visited by the governor of the town, who, having approved of the officers' conduct, insisted on his giving his word and honour, under pain of imprisonment, to desist from his premeditated outrage.

Thus Mrs. Gordon and Fanny had, doubtless, secured their escape to England, while Fitz-Morris was not liberated till the ladies were judged perfectly safe from his pursuit, when it was conjectured he had departed from Amiens on his way to England.

This intelligence having, in a great degree, calmed our inquietude, we were resolved on sleeping the night in the town, especially as the Doctor complained of fatigue, and as our plan did not require  
the

the unremitting expedition we first set out upon.

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Having found a companion and fellow actor in this dramatic part of my life, and one whose generous nature had been so nobly and so unexpectedly established in my preservation against the desperate assassins in the streets of Paris—a youth of such a promising aspect—the twin-brother of Fanny—the companion of my infant days—now starting into action under such an extraordinary feature, naturally awakened my interest.

This remarkable incident demanded my scrutiny—it appeared mysterious—and when I attempted to confront my engagements with the peculiar history of this youth, enlisted under the whimsical banner of Philpot's protection, I confess I was totally at a loss to solve the apparent enigma.

There was a manlike firmness in the  
tone,

tone, the spirit, the sentiment of his conversation. The pliancy of raw inexperience was not his present complection. With natural genius for science and knowledge, he was observative, and critically discriminative; frank, yet docile and diffident; he would argue without arrogance, but settled and firm in his opinion, which he backed by good rhetoric and well-adjusted figure.

The more we were together, the more my astonishment increased, and I could behold this son of my father's tenant with the respectful eye of an equal and an intimate.

Pains, and great pains too, had been bestowed on his training—the friend could be only Doctor Philpot—a mysterious silence also prevailed in him whenever I touched on his sister—no comment—no replication—I was left my own counsellor.

And with Doctor Philpot the same—my own heart was my only monitor.

Painful

Painful reflections had taken possession of me, and racked my imagination with excruciating agony.

My curiosity was engaged on the history of Fanny's Parisian expedition.

The importance of rank in life I found had evidently circulated in my constitution ; it was engrafted in my nature.

I had considered this daughter of my father's tenant as subordinate to my caprice. I had evidently portrayed her in the character of a dependant—the victim of my sovereign will.

To be emancipated from her dependance was a thought which rebelled against my pride.

By a struggle of virtue, in renouncing her claims on my constancy, or first engagements, might claim my respect—but to play off the coquette—to adopt artifice in her amours—to violate every sacred and noble principle of the heart by a sophistical argumen-

argument on the versatility of my passion—to affect a greatness of soul only for the sake of covering her intrigues with more secrecy—roused in my soul a firm spirit of reproach, and I was determined to confront her perfidy, to be confirmed in my suspicions on the nature of her conduct.

But my heart displayed a wound of a more dangerous tendency—Revenge might heal, were no great impression had been made.

A formidable rival had now erected the native nymph of my choice to the Queen of beauty.

This goddess of the antients received an universal homage, only because her charms were indisputable.

Fanny had captives in her train.

My pride was heated, and I was resolved to conquer or perish.

The morning after our arrival at Amiens we entered our carriage in tolerable spirits, with the thoughts of surprizing our friends in England with our expeditious return ; and though in our pursuit there was a latent principle of worldly anxiety, we were travelling onward with some degree of cheerfulness

The odd, the strange coincidence of things which had jumbled together, and produced Samuel Underwood as our champion and defender — laying us under unpayable obligations to him — his wonderful transition from oblivion to notice—our narrow escape from the hands of murderers.

The escape of Fanny and Mrs. Gordon.

Philpot said we had cause for rejoicing—and our thankfulness to Providence could not be better manifested than by exhilarating our spirits with some test of conviviality.

The Doctor had composed the following song, which he had set to an old tune,  
and

and we were singing it when our carriage  
was entering Abbeville.

The gay Frenchman pert,  
And Englishman glum—  
A whimsical contrast for laughter—  
John sighs all for love,  
With face quite hum-drum,  
And ties himself up in a halter.

But see light Monsieur  
Court Mamselle coquette,  
Sing, caper, and bid her defiance ;  
The charms in her face,  
Will not make him fret,  
In beauty he'll place no reliance.

But John's honest heart  
Is broke with despair,  
When Susan or Moll are not willing ;  
A frown is enough  
To load him with care,  
And lay him as flat as a shilling.

Pleas'd



Pleased with the Doctor's cheerfulness, I had regained somewhat of my former state of mind, when I observed a passenger arrive on post horses.

He alighted at the house we were to stop at, and, at the instant as our carriage drove up, I recognised the face of George Cornwall.

Perhaps there may be a kind of sympathy in our nature, when the soul has been deeply affected with past images — May we not pre-conceive an approaching evil?

His figure awakened in me a sentiment of concern for the situation of his sister. The present business I was engaged upon having interested my mind to see the completion of it, I had discarded every other thought which might harrow up all extraneous reflection — but in the groupe the sympathising pang for the beautiful Amelia was not discarded, though for a time suppressed.

Her brother now presented her person to my mind — an abiding thought flashed across me — there was a reparation of wrong, perhaps, to be made — an atonement which, though coloured by the speciousness of worldly pretext, in my own heart carried with it no positive condemnation.

My eyes were fixed upon him — he recognised me in return.

His countenance changed — naturally florid, an horrid contrast instantly took place.

He approached.

“ Heavens, what an extraordinary  
 “ meeting! — I have left England to seek the  
 “ man whose ill-fated conduct has changed  
 “ his dearest friend to his direst enemy.  
 “ I have a sense of injury in my breast  
 “ which your perfidious conduct has ex-  
 “ cited. We cannot decide an affair of  
 “ this interesting nature in a better place  
 “ than this.”

In answer.

“ I am prepared—Alledge your charges  
 “ —Deny me not the privilege of self-  
 “ defence — if not in the power of inno-  
 “ cence and justice to avert the desperate  
 “ hand of my enemy, I will not screen  
 “ my body from his resentment.”

His reply.

“ A villain will attack innocence and  
 “ justice—the brave man punishes infamy.  
 “ I am no affassin, Sir — I will hear your  
 “ defence.”

We now retired — He resumed.

“ Mr. Hales, I have left the room of a  
 “ dying sister — She is an angel of meek-  
 “ nefs — resentment does not torment her  
 “ bosom with the scorpion pang of frater-  
 “ nal revenge—pure and submissive, like  
 “ a lamb at the altar, she prostrates herself  
 “ before the merciless hand which stabs  
 “ her to the heart. She dies, and forgives  
 “ —not so the spirit of her brother.

“ The natural softness of the sex will  
 “ render them tributary to ours, and that  
 “ passion, which can lift them to the very  
 “ summit of celestial bliss, will dash them  
 “ to the earth in all the torment of mental  
 “ agony.

“ Neglect is the canker worm of a deli-  
 “ cate soul. What reparation can that  
 “ man make to a wretched family, when  
 “ the child of its too-partial regard is  
 “ wrested from them by wanton seduc-  
 “ tion”——

“ Seduction !” I cried.

He continued.

“ I repeat the word *seduction* — Too  
 “ despicable discrimination ! — The mind  
 “ seduced, barter's no proportionate ma-  
 “ lady to corporeal injury. Sir, I will un-  
 “ load my swelling heart — Away with  
 “ your menacing looks ; they awe me not.  
 “ If you have truly a noble heart, bear  
 “ with my infirmity till our weapons meet,  
 “ and

“ and then vaunt your courage for the ex-  
 “ piation of the insult.

“ A dying sister repeats the name of  
 “ Edward Hales, and in the measure of  
 “ her affection — parental and fraternal  
 “ claims are vanished — She is lost, and her  
 “ perfidious betrayer goes abroad in the  
 “ world unpunished.”

To reply might argue the consciousness  
 of imputed injury.

Friendship had impelled me to the house  
 of my inmate and school-fellow — brother  
 student — I there beheld his lovely sister —  
 Insensible of the influence of the sex, my  
 heart was betrayed before I was conscious  
 of injustice — 'twas an incident of life  
 which could not be proved as an associate  
 with premeditated *injury*.

But what extenuation could avert his  
 spirit of revenge? 'Tis true I was culpa-  
 ble more by the sad influence of my bad  
 fortune, than by design. Drawn into the  
 flattering vortex of beauty and female soft-

ness, I felt a pride in the preference of Amelia—but I had no virtue to retire from the power of that magic which held me a passive slave to voluptuous conception—herein my transgression—I felt a crimination at the moment which would have stamped a falsity on all the rhetoric I was master of. Sternly did I fix my eye upon him.

“ You shall wreak your revenge, George;  
 “ I will not palliate my conduct with your  
 “ sister—I can only lament the singular  
 “ misfortune of my life which has involved  
 “ me in this terrible conflict.”

I now turned myself towards my friend Samuel—“ Will you have the goodness to  
 “ hear the proposition of that gentleman?”

But what my astonishment! Samuel hesitated—I well discerned a look of repugnance, marked with a mental scrutiny.

Doctor Philpot now came forward, and addressed Cornwall :

“ The

“ The resolute scheme, Sir, you are em-  
 “ barked upon will reflect no honour on  
 “ the generous impulse of youth. If you  
 “ well consider the motive of your heart,  
 “ you cannot so much accuse Mr. Hales  
 “ of injustice, as of being the innocent  
 “ cause of the distress which prevails in  
 “ your family. Are you acquainted, Sir,  
 “ with the force of that self condemnation  
 “ which has already agitated your once-  
 “ sworn bosom friend? Perhaps he has  
 “ made an expiation of a more exemplary  
 “ nature than that of pouring out his blood  
 “ to glut the revenge of his enemy.

“ Are you acquainted, Sir, with the  
 “ high sentiments of honour which have  
 “ been his accuser? — Death, Sir, is no  
 “ punishment to the mind of a virtuous  
 “ man. By whatever motive you are in-  
 “ fluenced to wring the heart of a gene-  
 “ rous youth with torture, know neither  
 “ your courage nor conduct can receive a  
 “ fair renown, by laying low at your feet  
 “ the man who, perhaps, is now receiving  
 “ the blessing and prayers of your amiable  
 “ sister. Is she acquainted, Sir, with the

“ vindictive spirit that animates your hand  
 “ to plunge the steel into his breast? Has  
 “ not his fate deprived him of making  
 “ reparation for these unfortunate evils?  
 “ Were you not acquainted with his early  
 “ attachment—the secret spring which go-  
 “ verned his propositions? Where rested  
 “ that vigilant and generous friendship  
 “ which should have snatched him from  
 “ the precipice? Where was your timely  
 “ counsel to your sister, to your friend?  
 “ Desist, Sir—return with the healing balm  
 “ of brotherly consolation—administer the  
 “ gentle office of patient mitigation, and  
 “ leave vengeance for him who is the  
 “ ablest judge of man’s iniquity.

“ What! will you fly to her with your  
 “ hands embrued in the blood of your  
 “ bosom friend, to receive her dying em-  
 “ braces? Will she rejoice in the sa-  
 “ crifice? or will the deed add consola-  
 “ tion to her departing spirit? Horror,  
 “ Sir, will afflict her sensible soul, and her  
 “ shade will revive perturbed from her  
 “ tomb. Has Mr. Hales been accessary  
 “ to the anguish of so fair a lady? Let Pro-  
 “ vidence



“ vidence punish when his awful retribu-  
 “ tion is best signalised.”

George Cornwall replied :

“ Sir, I respect this inward monitor—  
 “ ’Tis implanted here (fixing his hand  
 “ upon his heart) for purposes best known  
 “ to more superior wisdom.—Why this  
 “ pang, this sense of injury?—Why am I  
 “ thus so stubborn in my determined pur-  
 “ pose?—By heavens he shall answer for it  
 “ —Most abused Amelia—dear fainted  
 “ maid—he shall feel the power of my re-  
 “ venge. I had not patience to see the  
 “ last pure gasp of breath depart her body  
 “ —her murderer fled—I sealed the vow,  
 “ self-ratified in my heart—the appeal  
 “ most solemn—nothing can avert me—  
 “ I was resolved to follow him—I have  
 “ sworn it, Sir.”

“ Rash man,” resumed the Doctor.  
 “ This heat is frenzy. A mild rebuke it  
 “ merits not—it argues equal frenzy to  
 “ oppose so much intemperate resentment.

“ Mr. Hales is under my<sup>’</sup> protection—on  
 “ your peril, Sir”——

CORNWALLI. “ Your feeble trembling  
 “ priesthood I despise. Under that garb  
 “ of moderation lurks many ignoble pal-  
 “ liatives. Age has its sophistry to con-  
 “ found the timid inexperience of youth.  
 “ Well versed in declamation, it can dress  
 “ out syllogism to captivate, and hypocrisy  
 “ to ensnare—portray virtue with the hand  
 “ of vice, and convert the demon of  
 “ crimes into the semblance of angel fanc-  
 “ tity. Your favourite receives this grave  
 “ and venerable sanction — your enemy,  
 “ Sir, must expect your reproach. Stand  
 “ back, proud pastor.”

He now drew forth his pistols.

He presented one to me.

I took it from his hands.

He insisted on Philpot and Samuel mov-  
 ing from the line of our fire ; and directing  
 himself to me, pressed me to fire first.

This proposition I obstinately refused, and urged him as vehemently to take his revenge.

“ Coward,” he exclaimed; “ you are  
 “ afraid of my resentment—then take my  
 “ vengeance.”

At this instant he fired his pistol, and I staggered into the arms of Philpot.

Seeing I refused to return his fire, he rushed upon me with an intent to wrest the instrument from my hand; but he was prevented by Samuel, who got it from him, and discharged it on the ceiling.

Cornwall had now glutted his revenge—The ball had entered my breast slanting upwards a little below the clavicle. Philpot took me in his arms, and placed me gently in a chair. Assistance was soon at hand. The noise of fire arms brought guests into the room. My blood streamed on the floor, I had fainted once before the surgeon arrived. Cornwall was at intervals frantic—he had meditated his own death

on the destruction of his friend. The pistol was aimed at my heart, and it had nearly performed its office. His vengeance ample, remorse began to wring his soul with contrition. Never, no, never seemed death more grateful to a mortal involved in misery. I was submitting to my fate with calm acquiescence. On the arrival of the surgeon I was conducted to a bed, and laid upon it. Cornwall rushed into the room—the conflicting sentiments which had raged in his breast were now at once subsided.

“ Alas !” says he, “ my once noble and  
 “ generous friend — Edward, ere you de-  
 “ part, look forgiveness upon a wretch,  
 “ more tenfold miserable than words can  
 “ figure misery. This deed I had vowed  
 “ as the last obdurate action of my life—  
 “ myself to follow thee. Ah ! didst thou  
 “ know the fatal result of your intercourse  
 “ in our family. My father, Edward ! —  
 “ The curse of party urged this detested  
 “ deed. I lothe myself — lothe all the  
 “ world — He could not brook the downfal  
 “ of his independance — Why should I  
 “ live

“ live to bear the horror of remorse? —  
 “ My sister was made subservient to his  
 “ fatal necessities — He was flattered with  
 “ your partiality — Amelia was betrayed  
 “ into an unextinguished affection — You  
 “ admired ; and my aunt, waiting with an  
 “ ungovernable impatience the declaration  
 “ of your passion, thought the timidity of  
 “ youth wanted a fair opportunity which  
 “ my sister’s delicacy refused. Art has  
 “ confounded the honourable claims of  
 “ my father on the unfortunate impression  
 “ which you made on my sister. His  
 “ hopes were blasted, and misery and ruin  
 “ are now heaped on our heads. The  
 “ dying Amelia — O piteous spectacle ! —  
 “ a distracted father — the son nursed in  
 “ expectation — the fair prospect of ample  
 “ inheritance — the broad world to seek.

“ Despair seized on my brain — ’twas the  
 “ moment of frenzy? Edward Hales I  
 “ considered as the cause of all my misery.  
 “ — perhaps I have erred — contrition too  
 “ late may have sobered my heated fancy —  
 “ Your pardon, Edward ! — impute my  
 “ crime

“ crime to the fiend which stirred my soul  
 “ to this deed of horror.”

I stretched my hand to him—I could not speak—he retired with both his hands on his head—I moved to Philpot to follow him.

The surgeon, from the great effusion of blood, did not extract the ball before the ensuing morning. He then pronounced my wound not mortal. George Cornwall had remained in the house in the face of the most eminent danger of French police. He had declared that he would not leave me till he was certain of the state of my wound. If I died under it, he was resolved either to deliver himself up to the course of justice, or to expiate his crime by a violence committed on his own person.

Doctor Philpot’s argument to him had restored his mind to some calm, and his anxiety was now shewn, by every solicitous endeavour, to communicate all the assistance in his power for my recovery.

It

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It was a just saying of him who broached this truth to the world, that time can only be estimated by the rapidity of human events, and that the man lives longest who passes through the quickest succession of action in the less possible given time. It is thus with history, or any kind of written recital. But though this rapidity of motion may delight and flatter our love of vanity, we must at intervals, like the traveller, halt and recruit our spirits on the journey with some seasonable and wholesome abstract. The soul must be fed as well as delighted.

What are not the histories which cannot be abridged to chronicle report, and the reader stored with a multiplicity of events in a nut shell? This will satisfy the avidity of our nature for the rapid acquirement of fact; but we shall soon be desirous of obtaining the spring and motive of human actions. It is then on the abstract that we must pause, and upon which we must recruit our exhausted spirits, too much dilated on the continual pursuit of novelty.

## SELF EXAMINATION.

ON the third day my wound shewed the most flattering signs of a speedy cure. George Cornwall was elated—his heart expanded. He became the object of our greatest commiseration.

I had passed in review some of the past actions of my life. My mind, from the dangers I had escaped, had gained a repose which it had never before experienced, and which, perhaps, was increased by the reduced state of my body. The mazy scenes of youth had bewildered my fancy, and I found myself spurred on to action without knowing the boundary of my wishes. I now with tranquillity adverted to their spring, took counsel of my heart, and summoned up all the vigour of reason which my youth was capable of.

My



My conscience accused me of indulging a deceitful attachment to Amelia. I had proceeded too great lengths without the desire of scrutinizing that impulse which had led me to the admiration of her person. My self-accusation was redoubled with reflecting on the dangerous state of her health. I considered myself as the undoubted cause, nor could I arraign that hand with injustice which had laid me on this bed of sickness. The letter, which it was too visible the aunt had contrived to ascertain the honour of my motives in my sedulous endeavours to please her niece, conveyed to my mind a full conviction of the equity of her measure, though, perhaps, I reprobated the artifice of her conduct — nor was the anxious wishes of the father to hasten or to see the match completed, animadverted on with that hasty displeasure as I had at first considered.

To see his daughter well and richly connected was a natural and a prudent measure; and though his son George, my bosom friend, had been well acquainted with my juvenile, or, perhaps, more properly expressed,

expressed,

expressed, infant engagement with Fanny Underwood, he might with equal propriety have been flattered with my partial regard for his sister, and, from a matter of friendly delicacy, have forbore to animadvert on my change of affection. His natural vanity, too, might have inclined him to view the superior pretensions of his sister over a young woman unadorned with refined accomplishments, and thus have extenuated the culpability of my conduct in the preference I had given her.

A debate of another nature was now passing within me. I had directed another question to my heart.

What was the measure I was about to adopt respecting Fanny? I had traced her thus far in her flight—but in what was my interest placed? where my view? and what the prospect to be derived from it?

Great God of justice! I exclaimed; how the indiscretions, perhaps crimes, of some men may, by the shrewd eye of mental

tal

tal scrutiny, be proved to challenge their own punishment in this world !

Another reflection shot across me, to convince me of the penal judgement inflicted on the violation of our natural vows.

Did not my heart, impressed with the magic power of a fair face and pure innocence, proclaim the child of my foster nurse the elect of my desires ? Was not eternal attachment sworn by the sacred impulse of natural passion ? and should not the rupture of this solemn tie be chastised by its consequences ?

I bowed to the equity of this decision ; and my retrospecting discernment tracing, with unreserved rigour, the enchainment of my actions to their original source, heaped confusion and condemnation upon me.

Was not my pride alarmed in the contract with Fanny ? Did not the prejudices of the world avert this natural propensity ? Did not my admiration of Amelia originate from self-love, coveting the preference of

of this young lady to the attention of other young men of figure and fortune, who might have been, had their rival been removed, made happy by her sanction? She saw I admired — she flattered, nay, favoured my wishes—a reciprocal tenderness had passed, and before I had maturely weighed the awful consequence of engaging her affections, did I not find them riveted to my destiny?

Alas! was not Amelia Cornwall stretched on her death bed, and her murderer left to mourn in anguish the deed he had committed, without the power of atonement? Could I then question the divine justice which had raised the hand of her noble-spirited brother to avenge her injury, and to convict me with the awful condemnation of my own heart as the cause of his family calamity?

And were I to turn my thoughts on Fanny, what a pang of misery was prepared to harrow up despair! To shake off the hovering image of a neglected, betrayed lady, the mirror of beauty, of angel softness,

softness, what hope could illumine my dejected, desponding heart, that peace could ever be restored to it, sensible of the weight of its transgression? And where the strength of my constitution to dispel the surrounding gloom? Was there not calamity still watching over me with unremitting guard, to dress out another scene of tragedy? Would Fanny listen to renewed solicitation, to the renewal of a neglected vow, and find that renewal framed on a deed of this enormity? If the sentiments she had penned were the genial offspring of her fixed resolution — of unshaken virtue——

Where my consolation here? Could she not be shaken by my perseverance, by the soothing tongue of renewed addresses? The pliant heart of woman would, perhaps, turn again to its favourite object. The votary of true love would not be swayed by the adventitious evils which long absence might have naturally created. Here was my repose——

But what repose!——Were not my  
hopes

hopes reclined on a flander reed, which the slightest blast of fortune could snap afunder ?

Again the pang spread increasing gloom.

If Fanny could unbend, and her heart recover its former tenderness, would not her well-educated mind be still inflexible? Could that sentiment, which marked the polish of a virtuous woman, be apostate to her conduct?—Doubtful balance of my meditation !

If they were the genuine offspring of a refined and natural delicate soul, how must they be fortified when she found I had been the monster of fickle passion in the cause of the injured Amelia!—Distressing, piteous thought !

Wherever my fancy rolled, the scene darkened upon me. But her motives, swayed by caprice, perhaps, I could accuse her in return.

Ah ! — Montauban—Fitz-Morris—and  
under

under the tuition of Mrs. Gordon too—  
 Conjecture found its scope — conjecture  
 could raise up an hydra of conviction.  
 And were she detected! My proud soul  
 must crush the tender intercourse for ever.

Could I bring infidelity to the account—  
 Death sooner might be welcomed.

The sex for ever lost—accursed—the re-  
 taliation would only involve me in deeper  
 misery, and the shaft of revenge turn ulti-  
 mately on my own breast.

Scarce were these reflections subsided  
 when Philpot entered the room, and in-  
 formed me of the disappearance of Samuel  
 —he had ordered horses, and was by day-  
 break posting on his road to England.  
 This event caused me much anxiety. I  
 was apprehensive that the affair with Corn-  
 wall had given him cause for alarm, and  
 that before he could be undeceived in my  
 resolution to recover my forfeited claims  
 on his sister, he was, perhaps, retired with  
 disgust, and disposed to find her out for the  
 purpose

purpose of satisfying her mind in her repentment.

Philpot had, in his correspondence with him, assured him of my resolutions to marry his sister, and had in consequence trained him up to every suitable accomplishment to render him on an equality with the connection—he had thus received many rigid lessons of honour; and the epistolary correspondence of Philpot had repeatedly endeavoured to instil into him the firm principles of a manlike and liberal conduct. His natural good understanding had readily comprehended the precept, and I found, by his behaviour and conversation; that his knowledge of the world and gentleman-like ideas made him competent to scan and survey the rectitude of my conduct with his sister.

We had reason to entertain these sentiments from the sudden change I had marked in him when I wished him to be my second against George Cornwall. To my proposition he hesitated—his absence thus indicated a revolution in his thoughts,  
and



and confirmed us in a suspicion that he had meditated a desperate adventure.

The situation of Fanny at Paris was well known to him; he had corresponded with her, and was well acquainted with her peculiar situation — the recent good fortune which she had experienced from Mrs. Gordon — but every other incident which related to her resolutions on my account had been, from motives of delicacy, withheld from him; nor was he instructed in my partiality with Amelia Cornwall before the desperate and public method which her brother George had taken to make it known. Our fears were thus not a little heightened; and, considering the probability of his meeting with Fanny, who had, no doubt, notwithstanding my flight of passion, regard at the bottom of her heart, he might relate the melancholy situation in which he had left me at Amiens, and incite her feeling to a great degree of distress: and if the report was spread in the neighbourhood of the Cornwalls, Amelia, who might be still alive, would feel the

Shock, and her dissolution be inevitably hastened by it.

These anxious thoughts filled my breast with torture—the doubtful state of Fanny—the possibility of her being discovered by Fitz-Morris—and, to add to the measure of my distress, we had notice of Montauban having passed through the town in his route to England. He had changed horses at the posthouse; but as he did not get out of his carriage, he was not recognised—and it was only through curiosity of enquiry after his departure that his name was known.

What a stream of oppression did not my soul experience on the scene which I was reserved to see the conclusion of—to be kept prisoner under it—the impossibility of prosecuting my journey for several days—an age to a mind so stored with images playing before me in all the alarming colours of complicated evil without the power of redress. Affliction almost dried my brain to frenzy.

Doctor

Doctor Philpot had noted this agony ; and as in the dejected moments of our lives, we acquire more true comfort from the sympathising heart of a friend than from all the sophistry of elocution which can be uttered to chace away our griefs — I found Philpot had approached my bed, and, placing his hand on mine, he thus addressed me :

“ Edward,” says he, “ a considerable  
 “ portion of unhappiness seems to have  
 “ marked your outset in life — this affectionate attachment of the too-sensible  
 “ Amelia will oppress the natural tenderness of your nature. Your surprisal into  
 “ the engagement will cause you many  
 “ moments of sorrow. Your triumph has  
 “ been noble, but, I fear, will be followed  
 “ with affliction.

“ When we act fully up to the admonitions of conscience, all the rest must be  
 “ left to fate, and our manhood then must  
 “ support us in the conflict. Had you been  
 “ apprised of any irregular conduct by  
 “ your visits in that family, you might have

“ receded before the danger had been col-  
 “ lected against you. I have acquitted  
 “ you, in my own mind, of wilful miscon-  
 “ duct, and I would have you, therefore,  
 “ not lay the consequences too seriously to  
 “ your own heart. Amelia was, from her  
 “ nature, delicate, and extremely suscep-  
 “ tible. In these extremes of sensibility  
 “ the constitution must trespass beyond the  
 “ justifiable rules of female conduct, and  
 “ a young man may be made a martyr to  
 “ the troubles of his conscience before he  
 “ has time to consider of his offences.

“ More circumstances conspire to render  
 “ the Cornwall family true objects of our  
 “ sympathy. The father has a heart too  
 “ proud to accept of favours from the mi-  
 “ nister, and equally callous to the inter-  
 “ cessions of his son, George, to get him  
 “ an appointment under government. He  
 “ may justly be said to have ruined his fa-  
 “ mily by an over-heated zeal for parli-  
 “ amentary business — sacrificed all those  
 “ ties which are sanctioned by nature to  
 “ the idle shrine of public glory. This  
 “ section has reminded me of the poet,  
 “ though,

“ though, perhaps, the couplet had been  
 “ written to apply to another sense in moral  
 “ ethics :

“ Painful pre-eminence—thyself to view,  
 “ Above life’s weakness, and its comforts too.

“ Cornwall had strained all his genius  
 “ to proclaim his talents to the world as  
 “ orator and statesman. This visionary  
 “ pageant was supported at an enormous  
 “ expence. The patriot must be upheld  
 “ by independance, and he now finds it  
 “ was too late to chace the phantom, when  
 “ his fortune was inevitably ruined.

“ The poet’s couplet, I am afraid, must  
 “ now be altered thus to agree with the  
 “ present state of my ruined friend :

“ Painful *depression*—thyself to view,  
 “ Below life’s  *blessings*, and its comforts too.

“ I have said the pride of his heart will  
 “ not allow him to ask a favour from the  
 “ minister—but you should well under-  
 “ stand me, when I mean to apply this  
 “ kind of pride to the rectitude of his po-  
 “ pular

“ pular conduct in the senate. It would  
 “ surely look degrading and cowardly in  
 “ the extreme for a man, who had been  
 “ steering between the virulence of both  
 “ parties with manlike independance all  
 “ his life, to receive a benefaction from  
 “ that party which he had alternately ac-  
 “ cused and applauded. He is, in short,  
 “ my dear Edward, the melancholy ex-  
 “ ample of a man who has been led away  
 “ all his life by misguided zeal, and the  
 “ barren sound of popularity.”

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We had written to Paris from Amiens  
 to have our letters returned. The post  
 brought me one from my father.

I found that my mother had cooled in  
 her friendship for Lady Jekyll. The great  
 comet of extravagance, her son, was pointed  
 at by the finger of contempt. His phaeton  
 the highest—his pursuits the most expensive  
 of town folly—and the lady, on whom he  
 was offering all this incense of levity, had  
 found

found more occasions than one to mention his name with disgust to several of her former gallants. In this contemptible conduct of young Jekyll all my mother's hopes were lost in the favourite scheme she had proposed of her daughter's alliance in the family; and, with the defeat of these hopes, a great portion of her ambition had subsided. Lady Dorothy Murray, since my absence, had withdrawn her visits, and had contrived, by the propagation of her reports against Sir Simon, at once to shew her vanity and anger. The history of my connection with Fanny had been propagated in the circle of our acquaintance, and my mother had frequent occasions to assert her own dignity, and suppress her natural pride, by exerting her spirit to repel the intruding calumny.

When the mind is incited to revenge an affront, it will oftentimes sink its own displeasure in the measure of its resentment—and this seems to have been the case with Lady Hales. Her aunt, Lady Dorothy, had taken no inconsiderable pains to render my degrading attachment, as she called it,

6

public;

public ; and, from her own mortifying fallies, she had roused the indignation of my mother, who seemed disposed to confront the rumour of our acquaintance with her own personal sanction of the intercourse.

When an object is found out which creates pain, and which object is deemed reprehensible in the eyes of the world, sarcasm and a strained detraction is levelled against it to render the party more obstinate in the cause : for it is self-evident, that the most bitter of these pretended declaimers entertain, in reality, no serious abhorrence at the conduct of their neighbours, when the flightest revolution can efface from their minds.

In short, my father's letter seemed to announce that my mother had relaxed from her rigid disapprobation of my attachment to Fanny, especially as her views had been circumvented with the Jekylls.



**T H E**  
**M A I D**  
**O F**  
**K E N T.**



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**Le faux est toujours fade, ennuieux, languissant ;  
Mais la nature est vraie, et d'abord on la sent.**

**BOILEAU.**

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**V O L. III.**

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**L O N D O N :**

**Printed for T. HOOKHAM, New Bond Street.**

**M.DCC.XC.**

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHILOSOPHY DEPARTMENT

PHILOSOPHY 101

LECTURE NOTES

PROFESSOR [Name]

WINTER 2024

LECTURE 1

THE PHENOMENON OF CONSCIOUSNESS

1.1 THE HARD PROBLEM

1.2 THE EASY PROBLEM

1.3 THE MEASUREMENT PROBLEM

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THE  
MAID OF KENT.

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ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

SEVERAL days had elapsed at Amiens, and I was so far recovered as to think of my departure for England. Cornwall had remained by my side, and had suppressed his anxieties for the situation of his sister, by his apprehensions of my own danger. To paint the agony of his mind, words would be deficient of force. When he

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B

found

found I had been raised from my bed, and had received no very material injury from my wound, he prepared to take his leave. On the over-night before his departure, as we were engaged in a recapitulation of our past incidents,

“ My dear Edward,” says he, “ Doctor  
 “ Philpot has explained to me your situ-  
 “ ation. The conflict you are now strug-  
 “ gling with can only be equalled by the  
 “ affliction in my own breast. I have so-  
 “ lemnly acquitted you of any wanton  
 “ intrusion on the affections of my sister.  
 “ The firmness of your soul has triumphed  
 “ over the flattering incentive of youth,  
 “ and I am now taught to admire that  
 “ heart which has resigned an unsated em-  
 “ pire to the hazard of an equal posses-  
 “ sion. Your pursuit of the lovely Frances  
 “ may be ineffectual; and should you be  
 “ deceived in the object of your happi-  
 “ ness, the error I have been surprised  
 “ into must appear doubly odious in my  
 “ sight. I shall leave you with a sense of  
 “ injury which my earnest request of for-  
 “ giveness

“ giveness can only make a poor atone-  
 “ ment for. I shall leave you to lament  
 “ the rashness of a man, whose misfortune  
 “ can only be alleviated by a hope that  
 “ his pardon is sincere. But how shall I  
 “ retire to my home? — Terrible and ill-  
 “ fated moment to enter those doors, where  
 “ distress and real tragedy have been per-  
 “ petrated !

“ Amelia, perhaps, will be no more—  
 “ and, with the disordered mind of my  
 “ father on the downfall of his fortune, all  
 “ my happiness must vanish.

“ How must I return ! To contemplate  
 “ the agony of a deluded parent on the  
 “ happiness of his family ? To mourn over  
 “ the bier of a much-loved sister ?

“ But now let me be frank, Edward,  
 “ before I depart — before I leave you,  
 “ perhaps never, never to meet again—let  
 “ the confession be made in spite of the  
 “ pride of my soul. That friendship  
 “ which I had vowed of eternal duration,

“ I thought was degraded by your early  
 “ connection with Fanny. From my sister  
 “ I kept concealed the secret you en-  
 “ trusted me with; and as you persevered  
 “ in your attention to her person, so I was  
 “ flattered with hopes, that the passion  
 “ which you had conceived, when a boy,  
 “ might be dissipated by the attractions of  
 “ Amelia. I found my hopes daily ripen-  
 “ ing, and I was equally elated with my  
 “ father at the prospects of this flattering  
 “ union.

“ I had entered too deeply into the plot  
 “ not to be roused to a sense of disappoint-  
 “ ment on your change of resolution. My  
 “ friendship turned to revenge; nor could  
 “ my proud heart feel the shock which  
 “ that friendship had received till you had  
 “ felt the excess of my resentment. I  
 “ could then listen to the defence of your  
 “ cause.

“ Amelia, in the anger and disappoint-  
 “ ment of my father, has been falsely ac-  
 “ cused—She dies of a broken heart—her  
 “ natural

“ natural delicacy and excess of ten-  
 “ derness rendered her unable to with-  
 “ stand the stern accusation of my father,  
 “ and your attachment — for when she  
 “ found your engagement with Fanny,  
 “ from that instant she delivered herself up  
 “ to the melancholy which preyed upon  
 “ her. I left her resigned in the interval  
 “ of a dangerous fever, which had fixed  
 “ itself on her nerves, and which the phy-  
 “ sician pronounced incurable, though its  
 “ termination was uncertain.”

I replied, “ that my misfortunes were  
 “ early come upon me ; that it was impos-  
 “ sible for me to reflect on our long and  
 “ early friendship without feeling a marked  
 “ and deep affliction. That if my for-  
 “ giveness could relieve the anguish of his  
 “ mind, that forgiveness was unfeigned  
 “ and sincere. Perhaps my punishment  
 “ was merited — perhaps there was due to  
 “ the sufferings of his lamented sister the  
 “ expiation which his hand had inflicted.  
 “ As my griefs were mingled with his  
 “ griefs, I conjured him to preserve our

“ friendship inviolate; and that, on my  
 “ return to England, I had an earnest  
 “ prayer to offer for my respite, from  
 “ anxiety in seeing his sister restored to her  
 “ health, and his father prevailed on to  
 “ accept of some remuneration from the  
 “ minister.”

After a mutual embrace we retired to our separate apartments.

On the morning George Cornwall left Amiens for England; and, on the second day after his departure, we set off with the surgeon, who accompanied us the greatest part of the road by slow and easy posts.

Philpot was nearly cured, and I was in a fair state of having my wound perfectly healed in a few days.

My father had been previously prepared for our return; and, on our arrival at Dover, we beheld him in his carriage ready waiting to receive us.

His



His joy and anxiety were great, and he folded me in his arms with the most exquisite sense of parental tenderness.

He had prepared the house at Boxley for our reception, and his own surgeon had accompanied him to Dover. Lady Hales was left in the town house, and a plausible tale had been framed, lest her apprehensions might be excited.

No information was received of the destination of Mrs. Gordon and Frances. At Boulogne we found their route had been directed to Calais — perhaps they might have chose the latter port for the shortness of the passage, or to elude the pursuit of Fitz-Morris.

Our adventures had given my father the most pathetic concern, and his mind seemed much impressed with the resentment and the contrition of the unhappy Cornwall.

Having recruited ourselves from the fatigue of the journey, we judged it expedient,

dient, after our residence of a few days, to set off for town. Our anxious desires to discover Mrs. Gordon and Fanny were much increased; but our fears were much subsided on the certain knowledge of their arrival, and of the protection which our laws afforded against any violent intrusion on the side of Fitz-Morris. Herein we felt no alarm—but our natural conjectures of the possible versatility of the sex caused our minds to fluctuate from apprehension to apprehension.

The pretensions and eager pursuit of Fitz-Morris—the formidable rival, Montauban—her premature flight from Paris, at a time when she was apprised of our speedy arrival, and especially conclusions drawn from their knowledge of my intercourse with Amelia Cornwall, filled my breast with increasing anguish.

I had been nursed in a rigid school of virtue, early taught the value of that rectitude of principle which had led me often to take counsel of my own heart. I had

now

now every reason to make the strongest appeal—accusation followed, and, impressed with a glimpse of the charming figure of the neglected Fanny, my heart seemed to be re-illumed with its original impulse. Herein my pain—Like the transient glimpse of an angel of administering rebuke, I considered most deeply the fitting shadow of her person at Chantilly as a judgement to renew my former attachment.

To heap confusion and remorse on my insincerity—to recover from my delusion—to atone for the violence of this sacred, pure, and divine impulse of primeval love, was now my ardent hope—I had performed an expiation for the deception of my heart with Amelia—and the same expiation served to mitigate the severity of self conviction on the committed trespass of neglect with the maid of my heart.

To forbear my foreboding conviction of Fanny's transgressions on the appearance of her infidelity, required the firmness of the gravest philosopher. To entertain senti-

ments of her innocence, flattered my soul with the renovation of exquisite delight.

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We posted for town. On our arrival in Harley Street, rather late in the evening, we were struck with the appearance of a string of carriages in the street. Lady Hales held her route that evening. The usual phantasy of my mother, to flatter a natural and prevailing rage for company and *eclat*, made her select those evenings to see her friends, when Sir Simon was from home.

To do her ladyship justice, my father, though his humour flowed with as much milk of human kindness as ever entered the breast of a mortal, too often carried in his manner an appearance of caustic disapprobation at these kind of festivals.

This, to a woman of a natural desire to govern,

govern, had always circumvented the pleasure she derived in keeping much company; and it was by a kind of domestic compromise that my father, perhaps for the sake of greater harmony, thought well of being secluded from her parties.

In short, I had considered our return to the town house entirely unexpected, and which I found actually to be the case on our arrival. My mother was sent for from the party, and, after having undergone her surprise and alarms at my unexpected return, she desired we might make our appearance; which being seconded by Sir Simon, though much fatigued from a relaxed state of health and the journey, I consented.

On our entry into the room we saw Lady Dorothy Murray making up to us, and, with an unusual countenance of good humour, she welcomed me over to England again, which she hoped, she said, was for a better purpose than when I left it. She now proposed a party of cards, and begged

to introduce us to Lady Cathness and her daughter, who were just arrived from Scotland, and to whom she was desirous of shewing every courtesy in her power.

After having made my salutation to Lady Cathness, and preparing to advance to the daughter, I noted a visible confusion in the countenance of the latter, who, in taking her seat, was scarce able to recover it, from an agitation which she seemed to make the greatest struggles to suppress. This confusion I attributed to youth, and want of habit to public company.

Various thoughts at that instant seemed to take possession of me—the image of Fanny rushed at once into my mind, and the traits of this young lady did not a little serve to make the vision more real—a face more similar my eyes could never behold. It was this apparent similarity which still riveted my attention—I could have gazed with a fixed admiration if I had not been interrupted. The mother observed my rapt attention—she discoursed with me on  
some

some common-place observations of the day, and of the polite reception she had received from our family, particularly from Lady Dorothy, who knew most of her connections in the county of Angus.

When I retired from the ladies to join some young men of my acquaintance, who were waiting at a little distance to welcome my unexpected return, I suspected my heart was not so firm in its elections—The rigid discipline which I had recently imposed upon it seemed to relax at this instant—Every new face appeared to have its empire over me—Had not my affection for Fanny Underwood been finally chosen as the great drama of my youth, to see the final drop of the curtain, I should have suffered my heart to have wandered on the daughter of this Scottish lady—the fatal consequences too of my weakness for Amelia Cornwall, whose martyred image was still harrowing up my conscience—all conspired to turn my curious gazing eyes from the exalted charms of the Angus beauty.

I joined

namented with bracelets of rich workmanship—and her dress throughout contrived to give her the air of superior beauty, fortune, and pretensions.

Thus rapt in admiration, she received an eye of distinction, and the palm of beauty, dress, and elegance, was instantly given in her favour.

The surrounding attention of the men, old and young, who were disputing the pleasure of being attracted by her person, she received, with the most collected looks of unaffected grace, the polite assiduities which the surrounding croud seemed disposed to shew her.

Envy, I thought, was bursting from the hearts of her sex, while my own would have willingly thrown themselves at her feet to receive the severest mandate she could have proposed, as a proof of their willing admiration.

In short, this Scotch girl had so much  
interest



interest in my curiosity, that, approaching to my mother and Lady Dorothy, I was desirous of collecting more of her history.

Lady Dorothy met my solicitous enquiry, and, with equal avidity, gave me to understand, that Lady Cathness was one of the richest ladies in the county of Angus; that her suite and equipage were peculiarly noticed as the most splendid in town, and that she had, no doubt, taken up her residence in London as a proper place to make her pretensions to family and fortune better known among the nobility, to find a suitable match for her daughter.

“ Naw, my lad,” she continued in her native dialect, which was as immutably radicated in her nature as her great partiality to her dear Scotland itself, “ if you wull  
 “ but luck bonny and gude natured, her  
 “ laudyship wull, perhaps, dau us the  
 “ haunour of a faamily caunectioun. But  
 “ if yau have naw pride and glory in your  
 “ hert to spur you up the *burn* of hau-  
 “ nour, you had better ask naw mare  
 “ questions,

“ questions, but follow your auld law-  
 “ land knawtions of murring aul for love  
 “ of a pawr country *barn*.”

Sir Simon now approached us with the  
 Doctor——

“ Edward,” says he, “ I would not have  
 “ you stay long in the room — you look  
 “ fatigued, my boy, and not so well as I  
 “ could wish — retire, and get an early rest,  
 “ and we will discourse more of the pretty  
 “ girl of Angus to-morrow. Lady Doro-  
 “ thy here, in the interim, shall extol your  
 “ *gude* qualities, (imitating her dialect  
 “ with his usual pleasantry) and endea-  
 “ vour to see you at last made a convert  
 “ to a Scottish union.”

The truth was, I was really much agi-  
 tated in my spirits, and which, perhaps, the  
 reduced state of my body did not a little  
 increase.

I was glad to accept the proposition, and  
 was preparing to retire with the Doctor at  
 the

the instant Lady Cathness's carriage was announced. I was fascinated to remain in the room till the ladies rose from their party.

They traversed the room—I bowed as they passed—and they left the company with the admiration of every eye. The conversation was almost general on the well-bred ease and fine face of the young lady; and when I retired to my room, her form, with that of Fanny, were alternately occupying my thoughts till the appearance of broad daylight.

I fell into a slumber—what immeasurable; what indiscribable bliss!—what a paradise of rapture had winged itself over my roving fancies!—I awaked—the ecstasy was vanishing.—I could not part with it—I endeavoured to recall the pleasing images of sleep—to arrange the scattered and flitting objects which had hovered over my rapt soul—to embody the transe of such vast and unspeakable delight.

The fair form of the Angus maid had been portrayed to my vision as the seraph of my early first love. The little Fanny had assumed the empire of beauty, and had taken captive the hearts of all my family and friends — the abhorred prejudice of a disproportionate union had been vanquished by the general claim which she had laid to superior beauty, grace, and the other flattering decorations of female glory. The approbation of all my family, of all the world, the unrivalled beauty, terrestrial excellence of Fanny had assigned to me the privilege of a supreme high-favoured mortal in receiving her under this universal sanction. Thus the daughter of Lady Cathness was made the associate of my visionary rapture. Unspeakable delight! The nuptial ceremony, celebrated with the splendid pomp of my father's expansion of soul in his hospitable country mansion—there heightened to the most exquisite sense of angel ecstasy, I saw the nymph approach the altar like a descending spirit of consummating bliss. Now the flitting vision transported me to the crowded hall of festivity,

tivity, where every face, beaming with the chearful and applauding smiles of friendship and content, hailed me the most favoured, the most fortunate of men. The scene here shifted to a succession of more deeply impressed ecstasy—but I awoke, and the paradise was dissipating as the strength of returning reason dawned upon me—but, oh, how greatly disproportionate! I turned my head on the pillow, and invoked the god of sleep to recall his magic power—but, no; my waking senses had ushered other thoughts to my mind—The anxious troubles of my life were now arranging their gloomy contrast. The fate of Fanny, 'tis true, had taken possession of my heart; but, from the strong imbos which the dream had left upon me, I was more spurred on to see again the face of Miss Cathnes, than to trace the flight of the latter.

We heard of their arrival at Dover, where they had passed themselves as *marchands des modes*, and had taken a chaise for London; but as the distance of time had

had been somewhat considerable, more than a fortnight having passed without gaining any intelligence of their situation, it seemed difficult to undertake a discovery.

I rung the bell, and Peter entering the room, I desired him to enquire if Doctor Philpot was stirring, and to beg him to give me as early a meeting as possible to enquire after the objects of our pursuit.

He soon returned with the Doctor, who, approaching the side of my bed, and telling me, that having just parted with Samuel, he had heard some favourable account of Fanny and Mrs. Gordon, which he did not mean to impart till such time as he had communicated to me his plan of introduction to them.

It was resolved, therefore, that he should first see Fanny, and enter into a scrutiny of her conduct, which had caused our alarms on the Paris business. That if he found there was the least reason to suspect her levity, my honour could not allow of my renewing the solemn ties I had otherwise bound myself to.

The

The impression I had received from the daughter of Lady Cathnes being so intimately interwoven with the tender remembrance of Fanny, I could not enter into any compromise; and I petulantly insisted on the Doctor informing me of the spot they were to be found in.

“ No, Sir,” says he; “ I am resolved to  
 “ bethe guardian of your honour. The sacri-  
 “ fice which you have so nobly performed,  
 “ for the sake of this young woman, de-  
 “ mands, on her side, the most satisfactory  
 “ proofs of her own virtue. Have you  
 “ not torn yourself from the arms of a  
 “ most amiable lady, ready to bestow  
 “ upon you every return of human felicity—  
 “ and was not your partiality to her  
 “ the natural consequence of long absence  
 “ from the first object of your affection ?

“ Wherein your trespass ?—not in your  
 “ regard for the lovely Amelia”——

I here interrupted him—“ How is this  
 “ horrid scene terminated ?—Recall not  
 “ my

“ my tenderness—the remembrance is in-  
 “ supportable — I dread to know the state  
 “ of that family.”

“ Amelia is not dead,” he replied.  
 “ Her brother is returned, and has already  
 “ been to enquire after your health, He  
 “ must, doubtless, believe your engage-  
 “ ment is finally cancelled, unless a par-  
 “ tial fondness returned upon you to en-  
 “ courage you to renew your tenderness  
 “ for Amelia — if not, you have the  
 “ strongest and most honourable motives  
 “ to forget your connection in the Corn-  
 “ wall family.

“ No,” he continued. “ Fanny Un-  
 “ derwood must give the clearest testimony  
 “ of her unshaken regard—she must be al-  
 “ ready undeceived in your attachment to  
 “ Miss Cornwall; therefore your honour  
 “ must insist on the firmest proof of her  
 “ invariable affection.”

But a more formidable reason for a pre-  
 vious



vious visit to my sister and the young Frances presents itself.

“ Lady Cathness”——

“ Ah !” I exclaimed — “ and what of her ?

“ Her daughter”——

He now fixed his eyes upon mine, and, with a long pause, seemed to pervade the inmost recesses of my soul.

“ Your father, Edward, is waiting for you—it is far advanced in the day—  
“ Lady Dorothy is now at breakfast with them.

“ Lady Cathness has made enquiries  
“ after your health. Perhaps you may  
“ find your visits in that family not un-  
“ welcome ; so, at least, Lady Dorothy  
“ seems to insinuate. Should the conduct,  
“ then, of Fanny be arraigned in the af-  
“ fair of Fitz-Morris, or the son of the  
VOL. III. C “ Count

“ Count de Montauban, you have a fair  
 “ claim to enter upon a fresh engage-  
 “ ment.”

“ A fresh engagement !” I replied—  
 “ With whom, Doctor ?”

“ With the daughter of Lady Cathnes.  
 “ You have a strong advocate, I assure  
 “ you, in that quarter. Lady Dorothy  
 “ has taken her breakfast here this morning  
 “ to propose the overtures. Her insepa-  
 “ rable partiality to her dear nation, in-  
 “ clines her to negotiate this union with  
 “ the greatest vehemence.”

Sir Simon hearing of the arrival of this family in Harley Street, and finding these persons of rank and figure, had desired Lady Dorothy to visit them ; and as he had received such favourable reports of their family and pretensions, he had made a point of shewing them every distinction of civility in his power.

“ The active desire of Lady Dorothy,

“ to unite her family with her favourite  
 “ north-country *kaunnections*, you may be  
 “ sure, is a strong reason why she has con-  
 “ descended to enter into a conciliatory  
 “ plan with your family ; and especially  
 “ as your father was heard to pass many  
 “ encomiums on the beauty and accom-  
 “ plishments of the daughter. Lady  
 “ Hales also is much inclined to shew  
 “ them every courtesy in her power, hav-  
 “ ing this morning ordered her carriage,  
 “ in company with Lady Dorothy, to in-  
 “ troduce your sister, Sophy, as her com-  
 “ panion and friend.”

Since the disaffection of Lady Hales  
 with Lady Jekyll, my mother, I thought,  
 would naturally be inclined to cherish her  
 prevailing turn for company and splendid  
 appearance, and thus make some fresh ac-  
 quaintance ; therefore it was not unlikely  
 but that Lady Cathness and her daughter  
 would, as having engaged the public no-  
 tice, be doubly acceptable to her vanity.

The dream so recent in my mind, I felt

a conviction from the Doctor's argument. The name of Lady Cathnes and her beautiful daughter raised in me a sympathy which words are not powerful enough to convey a description of—it had taken possession of my soul ; and though I was tormented with various conflicts which human intelligence could not assert or digest into any rational order for my future government, I found a repose and inward satisfaction when they were mentioned.

To add to the strong interest which I had received on their account, the Doctor informed me that the ladies had received an invitation to a rout, which was to be given on the night following at Lady Champignon's, and that Sir Simon, Lady Hales, my sister Sophy, and Lady Dorothy, were to be there.

From the invitation and cards to be sent, it was expected to be one of the most fashionable and most brilliant which the town had experienced for several years. Every amusement was expected to be proposed

posed by her ladyship—cards, dancing, and an elegant collation.

At the idea of revisiting the fair spirit of my extatic dreams—to unite in the person of Miss Cathness all that my heart could hold dear and highly prized—the semblance of Fanny Underwood—the sanction of parents, friends, and all the world—whatever ambition or the most romantic fancy could suggest, all centered in this elysium object—How disproportionate my other former ties with the sex!—A pang of conscience might be uttered for the fate of Amelia Cornwall, but the present transport of my heart chided all other remonstrance—and, with Fanny Underwood, I could have banished the latent wishes I had cherished, if the Doctor had continued his rhetoric with the same efficacy.

---

I had dressed myself, and entered the breakfast room—there, to my utter astonishment,

nishment, I beheld, for once in my life, a perfect family picture of harmony—Old Lady Dorothy in high spirits—Lady Hales giving orders to her maid for the appearance of her mantua maker to alter a suit of clothes for the ensuing ball—Sir Simon delighted in seeing me so fresh, from my recent misfortune, and the event of the over-night.

“ Edward, your looks have acquired  
 “ fresh animation. It is reported the  
 “ daughter of Lady Cathness attracted  
 “ your notice all the time you staid in the  
 “ room. You will have no duels on her  
 “ account, my dear boy; for Lady Doro-  
 “ thy says, that her beauty and attraction  
 “ are more transcendant than any Venus of  
 “ delight you ever beheld; and if you are  
 “ so rash as to accompany us to Lady  
 “ Champignon’s, that another gaze will  
 “ remove at such a distance the haram of  
 “ your former gallantry, that your affec-  
 “ tions will become perfectly frigid at the  
 “ retrospect. No other woman upon earth  
 “ will be ever fit to light the torch of  
 “ hymeæ

“ hymen after the Angus luminary has dis-  
 “ appeared: therefore, Edward, if you  
 “ find yourself bold enough to forget your  
 “ former gallantries, and triumph in the  
 “ present moment, Lady Dorothy says she  
 “ will undertake to strew your way over  
 “ with flowers.

LADY DOROTHY. “ On my troth and  
 “ I wull, my dear child. But I am afraid  
 “ Edward is nae bauld enaugh to stand  
 “ firm when his hert is touched. If he  
 “ will promise me to have and to hauld  
 “ the fair lady of his hert's desire, without  
 “ shilly shallying from one bonny lass to  
 “ another; I will undertake, before we go  
 “ to Lady Champignon's ball, to engage  
 “ him the finest girl for his partner in au  
 “ North or South Britain.

“ Au the nabibility and first gentry wull  
 “ be invited, and I wull auncer for it,  
 “ there wull not be a person in the room  
 “ but wou'd wish themselves in his  
 “ brogues.”

This broad and rather coarse humour of her ladyship made no great impression on my resolution. I silently received their cheerfulness; and giving my bare assent to accompany them to Lady Champignon's ball, turned the discourse to the visit of young Cornwall.

The carriage was ready—The ladies now arose.

Sir Simon, reverting to George Cornwall, said, that he had endeavoured to make the fullest atonement for the desperate revenge he had made on your life.

Before he had received my letter on the unfortunate accident at Amiens, George Cornwall had reached Harley Street—had flung himself at my father's feet, whose generous soul, after he found the life of his son was out of danger, commiserated the desperate state of his mind.

When Mr. Cornwall had found I was set off for France—his daughter neglected—  
the



the ruined state of his fortune—the little efficacy of his political system, in which he had been unweariedly engaged for a series of years—all his projects circumvented—and being of a natural sanguinary temper, he had not mustered sufficient philosophy to contend with his afflictions. In the tempest of his mental agitation, he had loaded me with execration in the presence of his son; and certain animating expressions of resentment having escaped him, George had considered himself as the avenger of the conceived injury done to his sister.

In short, Sir Simon had resumed his former friendship with the family; and old Cornwall having acceded to certain measures proposed by him, there was a probability of his redeeming some mortgages, and securing his political independancy.

Amelia too had languished of a nervous fever, perhaps not so much occasioned by the disappointment she had received from

me, as from the unhappy contention and distress which had prevailed in the family. Her complaint was dangerous, but not expected to be immediate.

## THE BALL.

**T**HOUGH I entered the room rather early, Lady Hales, Lady Dorothy, my sister Sophia, and Sir Simon, had arrived before me. Lady Cathness and the paragon of perfection, were not come. Lady Dorothy had engaged me to dance a minuet in turn with her. It had been accepted by the young lady, and with the willing sanction of her mother. The swelling expectation in my heart increased with her tardy arrival. Every beautiful face which entered the room—every nodding plume—every announce on the door's opening, caused my breast to throb with unusual alarms.

Fair faces I had seen, and the habit of company must have silenced all the flutter-

ing feels of novelty — why therefore the daughter of Lady Cathness should cause the perturbation? — I began to suspect this was the first moment I ever experienced the genuine order of pure love—all other impressions from the sex seemed flat, and inanimate to the present. Fanny Underwood—a self-accusation for a moment suppressed the transcendence of this new object—but there was a dawning within my soul that the proof of her infidelity might be confirmed by Philpot. In this case there was no need to consult my heart farther—the partial choice would have been placed finally in favour of Miss Cathness.

Several officers of the guards now made their appearance, and in the groupe I noted young Jekyll—his face scarce recognizable—incafed in the raging red-hot fashion of the day, the well-known cape had eclipsed a great portion of his phiz — while the striped and party-coloured muslin cravat, extending two inches beyond the chin, seemed to conceal a monstrous craw under it. I was disposed to be censorious; but  
casting

casting my eyes upon his picked-toe shoe, it brought to my mind a similar dress in the time of one of our Edwards, when the beaux wore those to a more immoderate length, with chains which reached to the middle of the body. This retrospect rather reconciled me to his appearance, especially as my own dress was not many degrees under the extremity of his; and the youth seemed highly delighted with his person and toilet.

He made up to me—"D——d glad to see you returned, Hales — D——d good bet at Brooke's proposed—odds in your favour that you carry off the Scotch prize—D——d strong party made up to see Lady Cathness and her daughter *bravura* it to-night—d——d good stroke your coming over from France in such a hurry — d——d sensible old *quoz* of an aunt, Lady Dorothy, to put you on the scent — d——d fight of dispatches gone to Brighton—all the pinks will be after her in a few days—d——d good—no, he hasn't—yes, he had—certainly  
" not

“not—broach’d this—precluded that—  
 “dash’d here—dished’ him up there”—  
 and with a string of all the town phrases  
 of the young gigs in high life, he run on  
 with a volubility, which convinced me of  
 his being the insipid mimic of the foolish  
 boys who lounge away their lives in town  
 follies.

But his oaths, his stile of swearing, so  
 unlike his celebrated original, that his  
 energy soon convinced his hearers, that he  
 was one of those tame and easily-plucked  
 pigeons that would come with any lure—  
 and this I found to be the case; for, turn-  
 ing my hand to one of his gayly-dressed  
 companions, I found he had been just ad-  
 mitted to the club, in hopes of his soaring  
 genius taking a turn for a more noble and  
 conspicuous species of imitation. The  
 scheme had succeeded; for my old friend,  
 master Billy, instead of dishing others,  
 in the fair way of being dished up himself.

The door now opened—Lady Cath-  
 nels was announced—she entered—the fairy  
 princess

princess of my enraptured dream was realised.

Her figure similar to a painting of Henrietta, Charles's wife, by Vandyke — with more refined elegance — more fancy — her ringlets garnished with a coloured powder, with a loose simplicity falling on her neck — her robe of muslin, spangled with variegated foil — her cestus the same, but richly adorned with spotted gold. Thus attired, with steps as light as Gossamer, she advanced to the lady of the house.

To cull the most beautiful, the most graceful forms from nature, seems to have been a task reserved for the present age — how difficult the choice! — *le vrais n'est pas toujours le beau* — is an expression of the celebrated critic of Louis XIV. How strongly this applies to dress — *beauty is not always found in truth*. Though nature is truth, nature must not always be imitated. The ringlet floating on the neck of a lovely female, selected from the various forms of simple unadorned nature — the arrangement

ment of the drapery — the line of beauty ever preserved by the distinguishing eye of the connoisseur—herein is discoverable true taste, real elegance — herein is found the genius, the delicate sense of the sex—to know where to decorate—where to reveal—where to be exuberant in fancy—where to expose simplicity of nature—what form pleases—what representation is allowed—to watch with skilful discernment the caprice of the men — to unrobe, or to develop—where reason approves, where custom justifies—even gesture considered, though not seemingly studied, to impart delight.

There is a harmony in words, motion, look, and dress, of a sensible woman, when she wishes to impart pleasure; and where that exquisite talent is discovered, the harmony is always found so strictly corresponding with nature, of such an universal influence, that the men, though various in their modes of admiration, are never dubious in this—they give their full unlimited consent—the wreath of superior charms to the  
female



female who has discovered this arcana of delicious preference.

How careful, how sedulous then should beautiful females be in this so striking an essential to attract the admiration of the men? — Herein is centered every virtue which can be found inherent in their nature — To fix, to attach the men to their charms — this truly sublime and exalted character must be produced by refinement — education, the finest polish which can be imparted to the female mind — a polish, which, before it can shine with transcendent lustre, must expel the dross, the intrinsic alloy — The mind must be perfectly pure before it can receive this height of finishing. Virtue and native grace must be the basis of this work — on this all the outward perfections of the body are elevated. Virtue imparts a most exquisite delight to the gazing eye — all the actions — the movements of the body accord with this heavenly spring of the female sex — She who possesses this, knows the chaste difference between inanimate pudor and flippant forwardness.

wardness. Refined and well-polished, well-educated minds, impressed with the delicate sense of virtue, have discovered that superlative medium. They have taught the boisterous passions of the other sex, where the real center of true bliss is to be found. They can reveal, yet conceal—impart, yet restrain—attire with superior fashion, yet preserve their native grace—display their skill, talents, various accomplishments, yet never alienate by their unrivalled excellencies. It is not the retired, abashed countenance—the plaintive, effeminate, and inanimate form, waiting for approach—it is the open, yet modest lure—that look of virtue, yet revealed desire—that sense of natural right and moral trespass. It is that polish of true refinement which has fixed the limits of all mortal voluptuousness, and which has learned the art of its immutable laws. The companion, friend, effusions of fraternal affection, wedded love, all centered in the object of the choice. Where one small link is found impaired in the chain, there the female is forewarned of her danger. All is love—all falls to the ground.

In strict unison, the full completion of rapture is lost, when once the female is found deficient in these acquirements.

And what greater, more pre-eminent bliss, than to win the admiration of the men? Is not every virtue, in social life, forwarded, completed by the sex, when they are sensible of their power, when they have thus a sense of their own importance?

My fancy had portrayed the reality of this description; and I considered the original as Miss Cathness. The figure of my fairy dream appeared to be realised—I contemplated her form, her manner—our eyes encountered each other with a fascination, of mutual rapture.

The assiduity of Lady Hales and Lady Dorothy did not admit of my immediate approach, and I stood at a distance in a maze of admiration. My name I heard mentioned. Lady Champignon had proposed we should dance the third minuet.

I now

I now advanced, took my seat beside her, commenced some topic on the common occurrences of the day—her countenance I again observed to change. There was distress, an evident sign of confusion in her manner. My surprise increased—I considered her features—compared them with those of Fanny Underwood—the resemblance the most undisputed—yet a face more woman-like—more cast with dignity and grace. I had heard of strong similitudes which had deceived the most wary and collected minds; and I forebore any attempt to unravel my perplexity.

Philpot I expected soon to arrive, and the development I then considered at no great distance—but irresistible my curiosity—it seemed almost in vain for me to withhold my anxious desire to question her—I surveyed Lady Cathness—endeavoured to trace a likeness to Philpot—to think her Mrs. Gordon—but the contrivance of the plot staggered my conjecture, and I now dwelt upon the possibility of a perfect resemblance, with the necessity of identity.

Fanny

Fanny had blond hair, and a carnative not very deep. Miss Cathnes's hair of a brown tint; her colour more heightened; farde on an artificial heat, occasioned by company, might have caused this difference—yet the turn, the symmetry of the features, the voice, the same. But in others respects, even with the advantage of her Parisian education, which I had also thrown into the balance, there was the greatest disproportion in the manner. A form so superior, so perfectly accomplished, collected, and flexible in manner, announced the female, trained from her early youth in the constant habit of refined manners.

With these conceptions I directed my discourse on general topics, and suppressed my still-rising suspicions.

The unconcern of Lady Cathnes, her introduction, the assumption of her name, her personal acquaintance with several persons in the room, averted also my suspicions of a deceit. I also considered the imprudence of trusting herself in public,  
when

when there was an evident appearance of a violence meditated on the side of Fitz-Morris. All things considered, it was impossible that my ideas could be settled, so as to make out the possibility of a deception.

The minuets now began—the eyes of the room were fixed upon us—it had been given out we were to be partners. Our turn came—we stood up—she called a minuet; but when the music played, when she began the step, more real elegance and enchanting grace could never have been displayed. As we moved round the room, how easy to perceive the approbation of the croud! Her step had all the powers of a professed dancer, withheld by the ease of superior elegance; and it was now I began to increase in doubt. Where could Scotland find a master for this pupil? I had skill enough to discern that she had received lessons from a *ballet* master of the first skill. My admiration was uncommonly heightened, and I led her to her seat, perfectly convinced she was the most beautiful and accom-

accomplished girl I had ever seen in public company.

I had not been seated many minutes before I beheld Doctor Philpot enter the room, with a youth under his arm dressed in the height of fashion.

After having first presented him to Lady Champignon, they advanced to Sir Simon, who was at the other end of the room, and to whom he was introduced by the Doctor.

On the other side of Mrs. Gordon was seated Lady Dorothy; next to her, my mother, Lady Hales, and my sister Sophia. The young man was soon joined by several officers of the guards; and Jekyll, whom I saw in the set, coming up to me, desired a few words apart.

“Hales,” says he, “I’ll be d——d if  
 “Doctor Philpot has not brought upon  
 “the town an old acquaintance of ours.”

I was just rising to see Philpot, and to question

question him concerning the important business which had hurried my spirits to such an alarming suspense, when approaching the groupe of young beaux, who, to my still wondering eyes, should present himself but my old friend Samuel, and deliverer from the hands of the Paris ruffians. I immediately joined him, and, taking him by the hand, drew him aside—my father all this while keeping at a little distance from us. I now questioned him on his leaving me at Amiens so abruptly, and his apparent cold conduct when Cornwall had attacked me. To this he answered, “ the  
 “ time is not far distant when the mystery  
 “ shall be cleared up. I beseech you to  
 “ suppress your curiosity; perhaps much  
 “ interesting business may depend on the  
 “ prudence of the present moment.” He told me the Doctor had purchased him a commission in the guards, and that he had been favourably received by the corps.

Sir Simon now came up to Samuel, and, taking him by the arm, presented him to  
 Lady



Lady Hales first, then to Lady Dorothy, and afterwards to Lady and Miss Cathness.

" Sophia now discovered emotions of a marked suspense—her eyes inquisitely fixed on Samuel.

My mother had not the most distant remembrance of Samuel, nor could she, under his present unembarrassed and well-bred appearance, discover the least traits of the son of my old foster nurse.

He begged permission to engage my sister for a country dance, and which Lady Hales and Sophia acquiesced in ; he then retired towards the Doctor, and resumed his conversations with the officers—several of whom were of his corps.

The appearance of Samuel, and thus noticed by Sir Simon, could not fail to give me the clue for the development of this mystery. I now considered Miss Cathness as Fanny Underwood, and I was in doubt whether I should instantly approach her,

with a view to raise the mask, or to begin the attack first on Doctor Philpot—but to add still to my astonishment, who should enter the room that instant but the Count de Montauban, introduced by a nobleman of considerable rank and figure.

I had just left the part of the room where I had accosted Samuel, and was moving towards the seat I had left by the side of Miss Cathnes, when, observing the Doctor in chat with a stranger, who, to my still greater amazement, should I behold but Fitz-Morris, who had placed himself in my seat, and commenced an animated conversation, to the apparent terror and distress of this lady and her mother. Doctor Philpot being at no great distance, I immediately joined him, and, with energy, I questioned him concerning Miss Cathnes—infirming on his immediately declaring to me the situation of Fanny. He read strong suspicion in my countenance—he saw me ready to discover the plot.

“ Behold,”

“ Behold,” says he, “ the girl of your  
 “ early choice.

“ This contrivance has been carried on  
 “ to remove the prejudice of your mother  
 “ and Lady Dorothy Murray—how far we  
 “ have succeeded must be left to the issue  
 “ of this night. I see in the room Fitz-  
 “ Morris and Montauban. I confess my  
 “ alarms on their appearance; yet, in this  
 “ public company, I do not doubt but we  
 “ shall be able to shield ourselves from any  
 “ confusion which may arise from that  
 “ quarter. They could have had no no-  
 “ tice of my sister’s appearance here with  
 “ Frances, and I should rather suspect  
 “ that Fitz-Morris’s discovery of them  
 “ must have arisen from mere chance.

“ As to their being at the ball, it was  
 “ natural to suppose that every stranger of  
 “ rank would receive either an invitation,  
 “ or be introduced to a lady of such dis-  
 “ tinguished fashion as Lady Champig-  
 “ nion on a night of this public reception  
 “ of company. Besides, as they have

“ now been in England these three weeks,  
 “ it was natural to suppose Montauban had  
 “ been introduced to her ladyship; and as  
 “ to the other, he, doubtless, was ac-  
 “ quainted with her in the course of his  
 “ rank and connections.”

What impression this elucidation of the  
 scene made upon me, I must leave to the  
 nice dissectors of the human heart to di-  
 vine. Suffice it to say, that I had not the  
 power of passing one comment—of ex-  
 pressing either my satisfaction or pain—  
 I gazed with a look of confounded asto-  
 nishment on the Doctor; and I seemed  
 never to have been so much in want of a  
 friend to direct, or to govern my motions  
 as at this instant.

Philpot observed the confusion of my  
 ideas—the multiplicity of objects I was  
 engaged in—the embarrassed predicament  
 to which I was exposed.

“ To say, Edward, how we are to suc-  
 “ ceed, or to unite the apparent discordant

“ prejudices which are set up against us,  
 “ exceeds my foresight — we must trust all  
 “ to the fate of this evening.

“ I have noted the approach of Samuel  
 “ to your sister Sophia — you have, doubt-  
 “ less, already divined, that the same im-  
 “ pulse of genuine affection which inspired  
 “ you with that angelic object now in your  
 “ sight, had its influence over your sister’s  
 “ heart. This was perceived by Sir Simon  
 “ — You know the offers Sophia has re-  
 “ jected — The delicacy of the female  
 “ mind has made her suffer with patience,  
 “ but not unobserved by your vigilant and  
 “ skilful parent. Watch and perceive the  
 “ effect of natural passion — balance that  
 “ of Samuel and Sophia with your own for  
 “ his twin sister Frances. This passion,  
 “ like yours, was encouraged.

“ The greatest address possible has been  
 “ adopted by Sir Simon — But mark me,  
 “ Edward, this encouragement of natural  
 “ tie has been cherished for the establish-  
 “ ment of the perfect happiness of his  
 “ children.

“ children. A wise and deep-judging  
 “ parent has spurned at the abhorred sacri-  
 “ fices which have been made to worldly  
 “ convenience—to the caprice and affort-  
 “ ment of family pride. The success,  
 “ perhaps, difficult—perhaps impractica-  
 “ ble to achieve—but you see we are now  
 “ endeavouring to obtain it. We shall be  
 “ obliged to use the greatest delicacy to-  
 “ wards Lady Hales; for unless we ac-  
 “ quire the most perfect conformity on her  
 “ side, Sir Simon will experience nothing  
 “ but misery and perplexity hereafter.  
 “ The plan is novel, Edward; and you  
 “ must confess, that hitherto we have ad-  
 “ vanced our scheme almost to perfec-  
 “ tion.”

Fitz-Morris now rose, and I observed his  
 eyes traversing the room; at last they were  
 fixed on me and the Doctor—at this instant  
 he made towards us.

We had not exchanged a word since the  
 rupture between us, on his base attempt to  
 seduce Fanny.

“ Sir,”

“ Sir,” he thus addressed me, “ I have  
 “ been led into an affair which might have  
 “ terminated fatally on the side of one or  
 “ two persons, who are now in the room,  
 “ if my good fortune had not discovered  
 “ the truth of your honourable and firm  
 “ attachment to the most amiable young  
 “ lady (for so I must now call her) that  
 “ my eyes ever beheld. My time, Sir,  
 “ for these several years past, has been di-  
 “ vided between England and France,  
 “ On my last tour to Paris, to visit my fa-  
 “ ther, I was struck with great surprise in  
 “ being introduced at the Count de Mon-  
 “ tauban’s to a Mrs. Gordon and her  
 “ niece.

“ There was a marked disorder in the  
 “ young lady when my name was men-  
 “ tioned, and the greatest reluctance dis-  
 “ covered when I proposed to pay my re-  
 “ spects to the mother during my residence  
 “ in Paris, but which I, at the moment,  
 “ attributed to some peculiar cause of fe-  
 “ male delicacy.

“ The affiduities to please the niece,  
 “ on the side of the young Count de  
 “ Montauban, were not unobserved by  
 “ the family, as well as friends of the  
 “ Count; and as Mrs. Gordon had always  
 “ been received as a lady of rank, as well  
 “ as considerable fortune, he was not re-  
 “ strained from his gallantry.

“ In the morning following, being with  
 “ one of my most intimate acquaintance at  
 “ Paris, he called on me to accompany him  
 “ on a visit to Mrs. Gordon. This I ac-  
 “ cepted. His face being known by the  
 “ servant, we were immediately admitted  
 “ without sending in our names. Confu-  
 “ sion and terror were now discovered in  
 “ the niece. Her dishabille discovered to  
 “ me another person to what I had seen on  
 “ the over-night, equally beautiful, though  
 “ not so much disguised by fashion, or a  
 “ more sumptuous attire. The agitation  
 “ of Miss Gordon increased—I gazed on  
 “ her face—I recognised the lovely  
 “ daughter of your father’s tenant.

“ I con-



“ I contrived to reveal myself, and to  
 “ calm the still-increasing terror of the  
 “ charming object which you had pre-  
 “ served from the levity of my youth—  
 “ I increased my respect—Miss Under-  
 “ wood became more tranquil—I con-  
 “ cealed the event from Montauban—We  
 “ took our leave—The Count entertained  
 “ no suspicions she had been of my ac-  
 “ quaintance.

“ On my return to my hotel I called  
 “ for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote a  
 “ note to the following purpose : —

“ That I was undoubtedly much  
 “ amazed in meeting so unexpectedly a  
 “ young lady whom my former rashness  
 “ and misinformation had tempted to use  
 “ with so much unworthiness—that I had  
 “ now an opportunity of making an atone-  
 “ ment for the offered insult ; and if she  
 “ would admit of my visit, the most so-  
 “ lemn protestation should be given of my  
 “ honourable affection.”

“ In short, I had heard from Montau-  
 “ ban that her beauty and accomplish-  
 “ ments had engaged the admiration of  
 “ the first people of distinction ; and, cap-  
 “ tivated with her person and manners, I  
 “ was resolved to make a reparation for the  
 “ wrongs I had meditated.

“ To strengthen these views, I had heard  
 “ before I left England, that you was en-  
 “ gaged with Miss Cornwall.

“ To this address I received no answer.  
 “ On the day following I went to the house  
 “ of Mrs. Gordon—I found she was gone  
 “ —I had intelligence of the route they  
 “ had taken—I was determined to follow  
 “ them—to throw myself at the feet of the  
 “ woman, whom the levity of my youth  
 “ had tempted to offer an injury.

“ In this place then, Sir, have I found  
 “ them.

“ I am informed of the groundless re-  
 “ port

“ port of your engagement with Miss  
 “ Cornwall.

“ Montauban, I presume, is arrived on  
 “ the same commission as myself.

“ I have heard the truth—the reality of  
 “ your attachment from the lips of the  
 “ finest female my eyes ever beheld.  
 “ Your peace, Sir, cannot be invaded by  
 “ a man who has a sense of honour.—Be  
 “ happy then, Mr. Hales, in this ami-  
 “ able young woman. She is an orna-  
 “ ment to title and fortune—to the king-  
 “ dom which has given her birth.”

## THE BALL CONTINUED.

**T**O recover the maid of my early choice, under circumstances so remarkable and flattering, raised in me a kind of romantic delight. Had I been reading an Arabian tale, the impression could not have been more apparently marvellous.

But the moment of revealing myself was now big swelling in my heart. We were engaged to dance country dances. The fet was forming itself. My father I noted in conversation with Lady Oathness, now Mrs. Gordon. I flew to the lovely Frances—She had anticipated my intentions—her inquisitive eye had been fixed on me from the time Fitz-Morris had left her, who, doubtless, had declared his resolution of divulging her person.

As I approached, she thus addressed me :

“ I have no words to describe the confusion and alarm which oppresses me—  
 “ how shall I excuse this unworthy disguise ?”——

Sir Simon at this critical moment came to me, and finding the discovery had taken place, cried out, “ Edward, for God’s sake, have prudence—we shall all be ruined, if you do not counterfeit the greatest indifference.”

Mrs. Gordon now interrupted us, by expressing her fears on the appearance of Montauban. She openly declared, that she had but too favourably countenanced the assiduity of the Count to render himself acceptable to Frances. My apparent attachment to Miss Cornwall, and indifference to Frances, had made her conclude my affection had been lessened by absence. The Count’s extreme attention, his family and fortune, had inclined her to flatter him with hopes of success by a perseverance of addresses

addresses, and that she had, doubtless, used many arguments to persuade her lovely companion to accept of them. It only remained for an explanation to take place on her side with the Count, and she therefore made no doubt but he would be readily inclined to forego that perseverance which could have no grounds from the present appearance to flatter him with success.

By this time the Count had discovered Mrs. Gordon and Frances.

It was instantly judged prudent for Mrs. Gordon to rise and meet him. He heard a circumstantial relation of my engagement—but to this he did not give much attention, and considered it only as an excuse to cover her artifice in transferring her preference to me, and insisted on receiving his dismissal from the mouth of Fanny herself.

The appearance of the Count was peculiarly whimsical to attract the general notice of the room; and this did not add a little to our embarrassment.

He

He had been introduced to Lady Champignon by Lord Shelldrake, a nobleman of considerable fashion and figure, extremely whimsical in his conduct, and who had, to excite ridicule at the expence of Montauban, dressed him, under pretence of English fashion, in the most preposterous manner.

At Paris it was the prevailing fashion for the morning undress to consist of an English frock, striped waistcoat, round hat, leather breeches, boots, spurs, and a jemmy twitcher in the hand, which the French stiled *à la Jockai Anglois*.

His Lordship assured Montauban, that he could not display his knowledge of English fashion more to advantage than thus to appear *à la Jockai* at the ball of her Ladyship. This he readily gave into, from a thorough conviction that fashion, in his own country, reconciled the greatest contradiction, and that it was no unusual sight for many of his countrymen to be thus equipped

~~equipped~~ who had never mounted a horse  
~~in his life.~~

To this whim of the noble Lord, to render his friend highly ridiculous and singular, must be ascribed the general remarks of the company on his person. Whether this had been noticed by him, and which had chafed his temper, or whether the discourse of Mrs. Gordon had concurred to the same effect, he very abruptly shot from her, and instantly approached me.

Fanny had been instructed by Mrs. Gordon in the risque I had run, on her account, of losing my life, as well on the side of the Count as of Cornwall, from which latter affair I was scarcely recovered, now trembled, and expressed her alarms in the greatest agitation of mind and body.

He now addressed himself to Fanny—  
 “*Mademoiselle, vous êtes plus heureuse apan-*  
 “*ment auprès de Monsieur—Monsieur Hales*  
 “*est certainement cheri.*”

Mrs.



Mrs. Gordon had openly explained to him the real truth of my engagement; but his mind, his fancy, having been heated by his gallant admiration, and fancying, perhaps, that so long a journey, in pursuit of the heroine of his adventure, was not to be thrown away by an easy acquiescence to the above lady's remonstrance, he seemed inclined to dispute the privilege of intruding on the company of Frances all the night, or else of rendering himself extremely disagreeable to Mrs. Gordon, or to me. . . Added to this, he appeared to have taken very copious libations of his Lordship's good wines, and it might therefore prove a disproportionate contest to enter the lists against such a powerful adversary, by disputing victory under the banner of Venus and Bacchus. Wine in his head, and love in his heart, might render him desperate in the extreme, and, at all events, cause a rupture in our plan before the scene of the drama was completed.

Thus situated, I was determined on a stratagem—to request Mrs. Gordon and  
Fanny

Fanny to leave the room — on which I found no great difficulty, the Count understanding little or no English — therefore, engaging his conversation to myself, I had the pleasure to see Mrs. Gordon and Fanny rise, accompanied by Lady Hales, Lady Dorothy, and Sir Simon.

Montauban seemed inclined to rise to follow them; but very opportunely, Lord Shelldrake walked up to us, accompanied by Fitz-Morris.

“ *Par Dieu, Fitzmor,*” exclaimed the Count, “ *La belle Anglaise — Mon Ange du Ciel! la voilà!*”

Lord Shelldrake, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, had heard from Fitz-Morris the history of my engagement with Fanny; and I could easily perceive by his manner, that he was more inclined to amuse himself at the expence of the Count, than to encourage Montauban in a rupture; besides, his turbulent and debauched character was too well known by both of them,

them, to incline them to suppose that he could be serious in his views of a matrimonial alliance; and they in consequence would, perhaps from a similarity of complexion, dissuade him from a farther pursuit, or, at least, justify my pretensions openly to his face.

In this I was not mistaken, for I found that, apprehensive of his pushing the affair with too much violence, and knowing also that my own resolute temper would cause me to resist his measures, they persuaded him to retire, under pretence that his dress had given a considerable degree of offence.

Montauban now fired against his Lordship, who, protesting that he had only in jest proposed his appearing *à la jockai*, not considering he meant seriously to appear in that dress, contrived to get his consent for leaving the room; and especially as a proposition to a favourite party of play was made, he had no great hesitation—turning, therefore, to me, *moitié en plaisanterie, moitié esbauffé*——he declared I was the happiest

piest man in the universe, if my rival would give up his pretensions.

The three gentlemen now rose, and I had the satisfaction to find Mrs. Gordon and Fanny had actually that moment taken their leave of Sir Simon and Lady Hales, and, without waiting for the announce of their carriage, had made their retreat.

Fitz-Morris and the Count advanced towards the dancers, and the eyes of the latter seemed inquisitively peering round the room for the ladies, who had departed. Lord Shelldrake turned to me——

“ Sir,” say he, “ I have heard from  
 “ Captain Fitz-Morris your very interest-  
 “ ing engagement with that beautiful  
 “ young lady. He has also informed me  
 “ of the innocent device of her friend,  
 “ who calls herself Lady Cathness, to re-  
 “ move the North-British family *hauteur* of  
 “ my old acquaintance, Lady Dorothy  
 “ Murray, your aunt, to force her into a  
 “ concurrence of matrimony between you  
 “ and

“ and your pretty lover, who has certainly  
 “ riveted the general admiration of the  
 “ men. On my soul, Mr. Hales, I think  
 “ her by far the handsomest and most-ac-  
 “ complished girl in her person I ever be-  
 “ held, and I do not wonder that this fu-  
 “ rious French fellow is so much attracted  
 “ —but do not have any alarms on his ac-  
 “ count—I will take care to withdraw his  
 “ attention from the romantic and mad  
 “ scheme he seems to be embarked upon.  
 “ An introduction to the circles of gal-  
 “ lantry, where the favours of beautiful  
 “ women can be purchased at a cheaper  
 “ price than a wedding, will soon cure the  
 “ frenzy of this libertine. As to the secret  
 “ I am entrusted with from Mr. Fitz-  
 “ Morris, you may be persuaded, shall  
 “ not escape me ; and, in every other re-  
 “ spect, I shall endeavour to be a party  
 “ concerned in bringing about a union,  
 “ which reflects so much honour on your  
 “ excellent choice and inflexible attach-  
 “ ment.”

I returned his Lordship thanks for his  
 friendly

friendly and very polite expressions of service, and I left him to join my father and Philpot, who, I observed, were in a very earnest and close conversation.

The result of it was, the expediency of Mrs. Gordon and Fanny, still under the feigned names of Lady Cathnes and her daughter, should accept of an invitation to Boxley—to set off immediately for that place—and as the season was far advanced for leaving town, the plan would be two-fold more acceptable for the family to break up the town residence. Lady Dorothy was to be of the party; and the scheme to take place under cover of Miss Cathnes having received several unpleasant overtures from the Count of Montauban, who had been struck with her person in several public places, and who had made a point of paying his attendance wherever he could discover her.

It was also to be signified to Lady Hales and Lady Dorothy, that this might prove the means of forwarding a match which  
the

the whole family seemed so desirous of being completed.

Mrs. Gordon and Fanny had made good their retreat. Lady Hales and Lady Dorothy had the plan opened to them. It was approved, and the rest of the night seemed to pass with uncommon good humour on the side of our family.

Samuel had been dancing with Sophia—the young couple were seated by the side of each other. The spirit and vivacity of the latter was lighted up—she had long yielded herself to a mournful melancholy—the consequence of a delicate and sensible mind, affected by an early and natural tenderness for the absent object—that object was Samuel—no friend to impart the effect of a strong impression from the tender passion; it was reserved for the vigilant eye of a sagacious parent to discover the malady, and to administer the remedy, though novel, yet efficacious in its nature.

When the lovers first met, all was reserve,  
silence,

—silence, and the greatest surprise, on the side of Sophia. On the side of Samuel, respect, tinged with an ascendant manner of grace and fashion. He had received instructions from Philpot; and, under the sanction of Sir Simon, he at once found his inclinations gratified, and his ambition displayed.

There is an aspiring spirit naturally implanted in our sex, which operates, when rendered tributary to judgement and discretion, the most successful effects—it partakes of a more bold, a less daunted complection; and a man, even naturally of the most docile temper, will, on the trying events of life, rouse himself to the completion of the most exalted virtue.

Herein the character of Samuel seemed to be particularly defined. Philpot found his disposition naturally docile, but vigorous. He opened to him the favourable opinion which Sir Simon entertained of his affection for Sophia, but he convinced him of the little chance he had of succeeding  
to



to the summit of his wishes, unless he qualified himself with every necessary endowment to render his introduction into life, and this completion of his happiness with the young lady, whose affections he had been so fortunate to engage, commensurate with the accustomed forms and usages of life.

The ambition of Samuel wanted no stimulus—the prize was too considerable not to spur his resolution in the most eminent degree, and Philpot found him equally industrious to practise, as pliant to receive implicitly every counsel which he transmitted him. Thus he soon acquired a worldly polish and adequate sentiments of high notions of honour and virtue.

He had been informed of my engagement with his sister, and, with similar hopes of success, he found a stimulus to the most active principles of virtue which could possibly animate the breast of a young man. He had, before his residence at Douay to accomplish him in military knowledge,

been recommended by Philpot to the care of a celebrated professor in one of the colleges at Louvain, where he had passed three years in the strictest application to academical studies of a nature polite, varied, and not confined to any particular professional plan.

The sentiments of Philpot were rather inclining to a sense of equalization, more than an infallible conformity to the Divine right of superiority in station. The leveling principle of the Puritans he utterly rejected from his creed—it was not, he said, the depression of the externals of human grandeur he reprobated, but the internal pride of heart which induced one man to consider himself superior to another. Subordination to the higher powers he most scrupulously admitted as the bond of all civil society, but the pure, the unflinching sentiments of the heart, rendered every man naturally equal.

“ Act well yourt part”——

This

This he constantly asserted was the principle which rendered every man naturally and internally equal—and with this unerring power he asserted, the least might face the greatest, on the essential of natural right. It was the basis of his doctrine to Samuel in the system of his education, and his letters were always tingured with it.

From these sentiments, therefore, Samuel was influenced when he drew back reluctantly from my proposition of his being my second in the affair of George Cornwall. He had considered my attention to his sister under the most solemn of all human obligation — my engagement with Miss Cornwall, as derogating from the strictness of those moral principles of virtue which he had imbibed ; and though he had received from Philpot orders to depart instantly for England after his sister, and to prepare Sir Simon in private for their arrival, he was resolved in his mind to place an insurmountable barrier between my union with Frances, though at the same time he knew that I broke with Miss Cornwall for the

purpose of fulfilling my original engagement with her.

Other sentiments also had introduced themselves to a mind thus scrupulously educated. He had also resolved on withdrawing himself from the protection of Sir Simon and Philpot, and of disclaiming the tender intercourse with Sophia. The compact of my constant affection for his sister, Frances, he considered as a similar ratification of the one which his heart had made with Sophia, should she continue the same natural impression equally perfect or unimpaired—and his virtue in the contest would have effectually triumphed over his selfish and tender feelings.

He had strength of mind, or inflexible virtue, to return to the plough, or to arm himself with a musket for the service of his country—and Roman courage to plunge a dagger into the breast of his sister, if the natural weakness of her sex had made her flexible to the renewal of my importunities for an honourable union.

On the arrival of Philpot, the heroic sentiments of his pupil thus burst forth, to his pleasure and great surprise :

“ Sir,” says he, “ I am in doubt whether to bless or curse the hand which has raised me from humble ignorance to this discontented station in life. Am I to purchase an elevated rank by the union in the family of Sir Simon Hales, with the total loss of my conscience—the self approbation of my heart? Am I to clasp a man to my breast, however superior in rank, as my friend, whose conduct I reprobate, whose character deserves execration from every good man? No, Sir; in this instance the ease and affluence of life must be indebted to a base conformity to the vices of my friend and a paltry silence, when my own family injury cries loudly for my resentment. Has he not betrayed the affections of an amiable young lady? Has he not betrayed the pledge of eternal constancy to my sister, to the object

“ which his caprice again as wantonly fa-  
 “ crifices ?

“ With this ductility of mind, my alli-  
 “ ance with Miss Hales, if approved, if  
 “ sanctioned by reciprocal affection, will  
 “ be construed by all the family into the  
 “ most detestable of all sordid gratifica-  
 “ tions, convenience, pride.”

“ Her beauty, her amiable qualities,  
 “ could, perhaps, avert some portion of  
 “ this censure, but enough would fall to  
 “ serve me as an indelible curse. The  
 “ virtue of Mr. Hales, Doctor, would  
 “ have been the shield of my enemies;  
 “ and the same plaudit might have proved  
 “ my consolation in the hazardous moment  
 “ of my future happiness. No, Sir; I am  
 “ resolved. Mr. Hales is guilty, and I  
 “ must recover from the fatal delusion of  
 “ my ambitious views.”

The Doctor now embraced him, de-  
 lighted with the moral perceptions of his  
 pupil, and explained to him the arts which  
 had

had been used in the family of Mr Cornwall to seduce my affections from Fanny; and having demonstrated the natural consequence of long absence from a young and sanguine temperament, Samuel, from unshaken confidence in the Doctor, whom he was certain would not, on any consideration, advise him to a measure which might either threaten his future happiness, or the loss of his virtue, inclined him to change his sentiments.

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*Fragment of the Doctor's letter to Samuel on entering life; and Sir Simon's discovery of Samuel's attachment to his daughter.*

“ You will find, on your introduction  
 “ into life, a set of men who boast of a noble  
 “ descent, and with whom, in all probability,  
 “ you will rank as an associate. Among this class  
 “ of people you will note many who acquire a kind  
 “ of supreme command in society, by virtue of  
 “ their rank alone, unaccompanied with either  
 “ talents or virtue; and such is the prevalence  
 “ of custom in a mixed government,

“ ment, that they will take the lead of  
 “ those who, wanting the former, have  
 “ only the latter to pave their way to  
 “ success.

“ To this arbitrary law society is obliged  
 “ to submit—and men of equal merit must  
 “ patiently suffer the partial distributions  
 “ of rewards and patronage. Family and  
 “ connections will supersede talents and  
 “ virtue without them. But never fail to for-  
 “ get, that it is by these qualities alone you  
 “ can be admitted into that superior order  
 “ of the state. The gentleman is the man of  
 “ worth, of virtue, as well as of an accom-  
 “ plished education ; and while your cha-  
 “ racter is thus untainted with the vulgar  
 “ vices of the age, the awe of nobility  
 “ and birth should not influence your con-  
 “ duct. It is this, then, which will put  
 “ you on equality — render respect where  
 “ respect is due, but by no means suffer the  
 “ noble qualities of a virtuous, well-disci-  
 “ plined, and enlarged mind, to be con-  
 “ trolled by the imaginary superiority of  
 “ birth without those qualities.

“ When



“ When you mix with your superiors,  
 “ never fail to shew your conformity to  
 “ that positive good which society has esta-  
 “ blished ; but at the same time preserve  
 “ your open, manlike, and independant  
 “ sentiments, free from any slavish re-  
 “ straint. Let your arguments be always  
 “ conducted with spirit, but not with a  
 “ vain display of the favourite talents  
 “ which you cultivate—if well informed,  
 “ and you are called upon to assert your  
 “ privilege in social converse, let no im-  
 “ pressions of superior rank avert the free-  
 “ dom and integrity of your argument—  
 “ Argue to be convinced, but not with a  
 “ spirit of self-importance to triumph in  
 “ the defeat of your opponent by sophistry  
 “ and vain conceit of superior abilities.”

*Peritum orno, imperitum dedecoro.*

---

In short, Samuel had returned to Eng-  
 land well informed by the Doctor in the  
 rule of his conduct, and hitherto he had  
 engaged the affections of every person with  
 whom he had conversed.

The progress of his attachment to Sophia was mutual from the time of their meeting in the temple, in the rose-tree grove ; and when my pursuit and rescue of his sister had reached the ear of the latter, she had, on the same premises of my resolute intentions to marry Frances, flattered her own natural inclination with similar hopes.

The early friendship of children had evidently matured itself to a more serious and tender passion ; and while Samuel was sedulous only in shewing that regard which his friendship for me induced him to make to Sophia in my absence, the young people found themselves disposed to entertain a more intimate and personal impulse.

In consequence of her having been discovered in the temple with Samuel, she had received many lectures from Lady Hales, which, though highly decorous and justly framed with an eye to her future interest, had not the desired end of obliterating the  
early

early impresson which she had received. But what time, and a variety of objects in the fashionable theatre of life, might have affected, an accident presented itself which caused Sophia to decide on the object on whom her lasting affections were to be placed.

On the first summer of my residence at Cambridge, young Jekyll, on a visit at Boxley, had every opportunity of paying his addresses to Sophia — it was a scheme of my mother's contrivance to bring about a plan, on which she had for a considerable time bestowed many anxious thoughts. Their personal interviews were encouraged, and every opportunity thrown in their way to accelerate the desired plan of Lady Hales.

The temple in the rose-tree grove had often attracted the steps of Sophia—a walk in the grounds had been proposed, and it was to this spot she had invited Mr. Jekyll.

Samuel had, perhaps, from the same sympathy of feeling, stole where once his heart had experienced the pure charms of early friendship. The object removed, a mournful tenderness had invited him from time to time to visit the spot, and ruminate on those scenes which his remembrance had fondly traced.

Sir Simon Hales had there frequently discovered him in his walks, and, far from discouraging his visits to the temple, had taken that opportunity of entering into a discourse with him; finding him a youth of an amiable temper, of a genius more delicate and improved than rustics in his situation, had spoken to Doctor Philpot to persuade his father to bestow a more enlarged education upon him—and to which Underwood had, with great difficulty, complied, by providing him with the advantage of a school, kept at a small distance from Oldthorpe by a parish clerk, where Samuel had acquired the rudiments of that knowledge which the care of Philpot had,

in

in the course of a few years, ripened to so much advantage.

It happened on the same summer afternoon that Samuel had strolled to the favourite grove, to offer an incense to a hopeless passion, when he perceived Jekyll and Sophia making a turn into the curve of the walk which led to the temple—His approach was not perceived when they entered it—his heart, for the first time in his life, now experienced a pang which raised up in him a resentment against the object, who appeared to receive that preference of favour which he would have given an empire to possess.

Curiosity, perhaps jealousy, which the remembrance of the delicious moments of childish rapture had for the moment excited, caused him to steal gently to the back part of the temple—there he placed himself to hear a conversation which, in all probability, would cause the most keen impression of distress—to hear a reciprocal exchange of the tender passion. To aspire  
to

to the fair object of his wishes, was a distant, far distant thought from his mind ; but the heart could not so soon deface its early impression ; and though he might, perhaps, conceive the greatest agony, in hearing the mutual intercourse of the lovers, still he felt an increase of rapture in being near the object of his desires, and listening to her conversation.

Jekyll had now begun his overtures——

“ Miss Hales, shall we be married soon ?  
 “ I am very desirous to have the ceremony over ; and, you know, when we  
 “ have both pleased our mama’s, we may  
 “ then please ourselves.”

Sophia replied, that she did not consider the courtship as begun ; and to talk of matrimony before the parties had given their consent, was taking a liberty that he was not entitled to. She now began to turn the discourse to another object ; but Jekyll, in reply, observed, that if the courtship was not begun, it should not be his fault—and  
 he

he immediately proceeded to put his hands round her neck to kiss her. She desired him to desist from his rudeness; but he conceiving, perhaps, that the rules of gallantry would not admit of such an easy defect, continued to press, while she as obstinately repelling his offers, at last was obliged to call out for help—when Samuel, bursting from behind the temple, presented himself before them.

Jekyll immediately sprung up, and threatened to lay a stick over his shoulders, which he had in his hand. Samuel, turning to Miss Hales, begged to know if she wished him to stay by her; if not, her commands should be obeyed, and he would immediately retire.

By all means, she replied, and declared that Mr. Jekyll's conduct was so unjustifiable that she would not walk back again with him to the house. Jekyll's anger was now most violently chafed, and he put himself in a posture to drive Samuel out of the summer house, who thus replied :

“ If

“ If you strike me, Mr. Jekyll, I will defend myself, you may be assured.”

Jekyll, not accustomed to control, and to hear a similar language from an inferior, raised his stick, which the former wrenched out of his hand, declaring, that he should now take upon him to convey Miss Hales home; and that if he attempted to insult her, or him, he would be her defender to the last drop of his blood.

Jekyll, in a violent gust of passion, dropped many threats that he would acquaint Lady Hales with her conduct, and at the same time made use of several insulting expressions that Samuel was more acceptable than himself, and that he should not scruple to alledge, that she was accessory to their being surpris'd. He still made several attempts to drive Samuel off, but whose resolute demeanor made Jekyll think it the wisest plan to leave Sophia in his possession, and to follow them at a distance to the house.

When



When she arrived, she went immediately into her room, and Lady Hales very soon afterwards observing her confused state of mind, questioned her as to the cause. Her answers were unreserved, and she boldly declared the nature of Jekyll's insult and Samuel's interference.

Her Ladyship's violence, on this declaration, knew no bounds, and she immediately charged her with entertaining a low and mean partiality for this young man—to the disgrace of her family, and her own shameful dishonour.

Sir Simon was now applied to, and the affair, perhaps, not a little exaggerated—however, he appeared to enter entirely into the views of Lady Hales—but secretly rejoiced to find his daughter had repulsed Jekyll, and that he had such favourable hopes for the fracture of an alliance in that family, which of all things was what he had always detested.

The generous and truly philosophic spirit

rit of the Baronet led him to apprehend a secret intercourse had been carried on between Sophia and Samuel; and, to forward a similar scheme to that of his son Edward, he prevailed on Sophia to open her heart to him. The result was, that Philpot had been engaged to persuade Underwood to resign his son to his care, and to adopt the plan which the Baronet had concerted for the happiness of his children.

But the resentment of Lady Hales increased, and she insisted that Samuel, as being instrumental to the disgust which Mr. Jekyll had taken, and to the gaining of her daughter's affection, should be dispatched out of the country. The father, therefore, was to be applied to; but by the sagacity of Philpot the affair was settled to the entire satisfaction of her Ladyship, and to the forwarding of the plot of Sir Simon. Lady Hales was taught to believe that he had enlisted for a soldier, and was actually departed for America—her fears therefore became, in a very short time, tranquilised.

THE INTERVIEW OF MR. HALES AND  
FANNY.

*Mr. Hales is mentioned in the third person—  
perhaps from the Doctor's notes.*

LADY Hales was delighted with the new acquaintance she had formed with Lady and Miss Cathnes; and Lady Dorothy as much rejoiced at the thoughts of her nephew having conceived so great a partiality for her favourite Scotch nation. Her fortune and interest she had promised to bestow on Edward, and every gratuity in her power to render the *kaunnection* delightful and magnificent.

Samuel had been introduced under such a dissimilar feature of original character,  
that

that Lady Hales had not the least recollection of his person ; and Jekyll, who could undertake to undeceive her, had, for a considerable time, dropped his visits at her house — But to put this matter out of all doubt, it was determined that Edward should enjoin him to secrecy, which could be very easily effected from the awe which he was under to him, doubtless not forgetting the chastisement he had once received from his hands on a former occasion.

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#### MEETING OF THE LOVERS.

The morning after the ball Mr. Hales paid his visit to Mrs. Gordon and Fanny.

The meeting of two absent lovers recall those melting moments of exquisite fondness which human nature is susceptible of in its most favoured situations. He now beheld

Beheld the girl whom his desires, and even difficult ambition, had at those intervals suggested when the first-chosen object of the heart is removed from sight, and the passions laid open to the assails of caprice and criminal disorder. In her he now found were united the qualities of tender and reflected love—her mind enlightened to convey instruction. Manners equally polished to shine in the croud of fashion, or in the domestic duties of retirement—or the calm stations of life, where the charms of a family transcend the noise, the pomp of town pleasure—Nature had organised her soul to the reception of truth in every condition where she was placed—Nature had supremely favoured her with this discernment, and which a refined and delicate instruction, in the prevailing accomplishments of life, had heightened to an uncommon degree.

Mr. Hales had thus an opportunity to converse with her, and the greatest part of the morning had been passed in his desire to investigate her true character—to make  
choice

choice of a partner, with whom he was to pass the remainder of his days.

At a period so early to embark on this precarious voyage, demanded an impartial scrutiny.

In the ornamental qualifications of *life*, he found her enlightened very far beyond his expectations.

Music and drawing were the favourite studies she had cultivated during her *four* years residence in Paris. In the former science she exhibited a critical knowledge of the best masters. She could discourse on the grandeur and exalted harmony of Handel, and applaud the beautiful *simplicity and natural composition* of Gluck. The tender beauties of Giardini she could imitate in her own compositions, while those of the more scientific and correct Correlli she performed with execution and *taste*. Her instruments were the harp and the harpsichord. The best of masters had given her instructions. The *politest* concerts

arts in Paris had enriched her judgement, and strengthened her ear. She had thus every talent to gain her applause in the crowd of public life, but had a mind framed to prefer the more retired and calm pleasures to the most distinguished applause.

Her manners were tinctured more with foreign breeding, than of the best company in her own country; and the pronunciation of her words had partaken of a foreign accent. Perhaps this might serve to give her the better colour for assuming a feigned character.

In short, Mr. Hales was convinced that his heart could not have made a better election; and he congratulated himself on the success of his plan in thus training to perfection an object which natural passion had rendered so dear to him. The sacrifices which he had made to an honourable first attachment, and the ordeal which he had suffered to prove his constancy, he now  
believed

believed to be amply balanced by the possession of so rich a prize.

The tender testimony of Mrs. Gordon did not a little serve to increase his ardour; and as an indubitable proof of her love for the blooming Frances, she had made her will in her favour, which, on her death, would amount to twenty thousand pounds.

But Mr. Hales, when he entered the room, found Fanny in tears—they were wiped away to receive him; and their conversation had turned aside the cause which he now earnestly solicited to be instructed in.

She had received a letter from her father, who, expecting the arrival of his son and daughter, had written to them to hasten their journey to Oldthorpe.

It was drawn from her bosom, and, with a tear swelling in her eye, she put it into his hand.



## UNDERWOOD'S LETTER.

“ Dear daughter,

“ We have heard of both your arrivals, with thanks to the Almighty for your preservation.

“ But we have had a sad time of it since you and Samuel have left us. To be poor and happy, my dear, is the chief blessing of life. Poverty never draws upon it the envy of superiors and equals —but we, to our misfortune, have acquired the hatred and contempt of all the neighbourhood — and the poor thatch has not experienced one happy moment since you have been gone.

“ Reports have been spread to try our patience, and to raise our indignation.

“ Whenever I go to market I am sure  
 “ to see, as I pass, the most uncivil sneers;  
 “ and men, who were once afraid to look  
 “ me in the face, do not scruple now to  
 “ affront me with their bold and fancy  
 “ sayings—Ay, says one, no wonder his  
 “ bags are so full, and his barn so well  
 “ stocked, when he has so well sold his  
 “ daughter to the old Baronet’s son — And  
 “ then another talks of Samuel being sent  
 “ out of the way, because the young lady  
 “ of the manor house fell in love with  
 “ him. At church, if your mother puts  
 “ on a clean cap, she is sure to be scoffed  
 “ for her pride in striving to be thought a  
 “ fine lady. So that what with one thing  
 “ and another we are doomed to live by  
 “ ourselves, as all our acquaintance shun  
 “ and despise us.

“ When first you left us, it was re-  
 “ ported that Master Edward had made  
 “ you a naughty woman — but these re-  
 “ ports your poor mother disregarded till  
 “ we heard of your having been slighted  
 “ by him, and he was going to marry  
 “ another

“ another young lady. This threw your  
 “ poor mother into a sad fit of melan-  
 “ choly, which has not yet left her—but  
 “ the thoughts of your soon coming to  
 “ see us begins to cheer up her spirits.

“ Oh, Fanny, Fanny! I never approved  
 “ of these kind of unnatural couplings.  
 “ Your letters shew you to be a girl of a  
 “ good heart—and I should not have ex-  
 “ plained the particulars of our distress, if  
 “ you could not feel for the unhappiness  
 “ which your absence has occasioned.

“ Sir Simon has done every thing in his  
 “ power to keep up our spirits—but Lady  
 “ Hales, I find, since the discovery of  
 “ Miss Sophia’s regard for Samuel, has  
 “ taken a dislike to Boxley—but now I  
 “ understand there is to be great doings  
 “ there.

“ We have heard this from the house  
 “ steward—and the rumour is, that Mr.  
 “ Hales is to be married to a young lady

“ of great beauty, title, and great fortune,  
 “ who is to come down there.

“ Your poor mother is broken-hearted  
 “ at this news; nor can the goodness of  
 “ the good Doctor’s sister, Mrs. Gordon,  
 “ who intends making you her heir, recon-  
 “ cile her to Mr. Hales’s broken vow.  
 “ Her heart is ready to burst, for the  
 “ steward has positively declared the truth  
 “ of it. You know I never could believe  
 “ that Mr. Hales, when he grew up to  
 “ man’s estate, would remember his old  
 “ attachment.

“ As for Samuel’s fine profession, God  
 “ prosper it — Sir Simon and the Doctor  
 “ may both have meant it well — but it  
 “ can be no recompence to me for the loss  
 “ of my dear children — What does all  
 “ this finery signify when they are taken  
 “ from me — when I no longer behold  
 “ them seated round my fire side? I want  
 “ no grandeur and proud doings — I only  
 “ want to see my children humble, happy,  
 “ and in my arms. Your dear mother  
 “ thinks

“ thinks beyond this—she has more of a  
 “ worldly heart—but the tenderness of her  
 “ nature makes amends for this deficiency.

“ If then your heart is really as tender  
 “ as your repeated letters seem to shew it,  
 “ come then as expeditiously as you can  
 “ to Oldthorpe, and do not sacrifice the  
 “ peace and happiness of your parents for  
 “ the fine things which the world has been  
 “ tempting you with.”

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The parental love of Underwood could not be more manifested than the duty and filial tenderness of Frances. She now proposed to Mr. Hales the expediency of immediately setting off for Oldthorpe with Samuel; and Mrs. Gordon, who equally partook of the amiable intentions of her adopted niece in France, and daughter in England, resolved on accompanying them.

Their intentions having been communicated to Sir Simon Hales, who approved of their visit, and from whence they were to be summoned, to accomplish the plan which Sir Simon and Philpot had laid out.

In a few days Samuel and Frances were equipped for their journey to Oldthorpe. Fanny was to be dressed in an attire which partook of rural simplicity, and Samuel in an old uniform of a private in a marching regiment, to confirm the belief which Lady Hales had entertained, of his being enlisted as a soldier to serve in a regiment in America.

Thus adjusted, the parties set off, while every measure was contriving in town by Sir Simon Hales and Philpot to ripen the plot which they had contrived to deceive Lady Hales and her aunt, Lady Dorothy.

## PREPARATORIES TO SIR SIMON'S PLAN:

**BY** the negotiation of Sir Simon, Lord Shelldrake sent dinner cards of invitation to the Haleses, and also to Lady Dorothy Murray. The entertainment was to be splendid, and the most distinguished persons of fashion were expected. This dinner party took place on the day before Samuel left town for Oldthorpe, who had been also invited as a young gentleman of Sir Simon's particular acquaintance, and who had conceived an attachment for Miss Hales. Lady Hales and Lady Dorothy had noted his partiality for Sophia at the ball; and being reported the son of a gentleman of large estate, who resided in Devonshire, Lady Hales found no difficulty in admitting his visits, which had for several

days been repeated after their meeting on Lady Champignon's night.

But at Lord Shelldrake's his person more attracted the attention of her Ladyship—he was equipped in his full-dressed uniform, and introduced by his Lordship—Under colour of his not being an acquaintance, every mark of cordiality was shewn to him on the side of her Ladyship, and Samuel, who might, perhaps, stand self-accused for appearing, in some respects, as a deceptive character, yet carried off the part he had to perform with uncommon ease and confidence.

Lady Hales finding her favourite plan with the Jekylls, in every respect, frustrated, as well on the side of the young man, whose character was now branded with ridicule and the most absurd of modern prodigality, as on the side of Lady Jekyll herself, who was on the eve of being married to a tobacco merchant—an old friend of Mr. Wardmote, who had consented to leave off trade on the marriage being



being concluded. — Wardmote to forward the marriage of his son with Miss Jekyll, had also entered into a compromise with Lady Jekyll to leave off business himself, commence gentleman, and entitle his son, if possible, by a splendid appearance, to that rank which he had been refused at Sir Simon Hales's, where Miss Elizabeth Cornwall had exposed him as an adventurer under the feigned name of Mr. Dalton.

Thus the sentiments of Lady Hales, still influenced by an uncommon share of worldly vanity, and worldly propriety of family connections, seemed to turn her mind seriously towards a matrimonial alliance for her daughter; and this intention the assiduities of Samuel to Miss Hales did not a little strengthen.

The Count of Montauban had been averted from his desperate plan of disputing the rich prize of the Kentish maid with Mr. Hales; and after the ladies had retired from the table, a friendly glass had been

exchanged by him, Fitz-Morris, (one of the party,) and the latter, by the mediation of this confederate and polite nobleman.

Thus Sir Simon found hitherto his plan of deception with his wife and Lady Dorothy had succeeded to his most perfect wishes; but the *dénouement*, the discovery of the characters in the drama, now caused his principal concern. What would be the sentiments of Lady Hales? How would the Scotch pride of Lady Dorothy reconcile this artful disguise? What would be the measure of their resentment?

Lady Hales had, 'tis true, lived in a continued state of family dissention with her husband, as far as regard peculiar opinions of their children's happiness; nor could her Ladyship be acquitted of using much deception in her conduct towards the alliance of her daughter with Mr. Jekyll. Plots and cabals were eternally fomented between her and Lady Dorothy against his inclinations; which, in other respects of  
the

the marriage plans of his children, were always certain to be opposed with great virulency.

Parade and the levity of fashion engaged much of the attention of Lady Hales, while Sir Simon, equally delighted with a constant portion of society, was desirous of spending a few months in town, to lay in a stock of summer conversation for his hospitable roof at Boxley — but this was exceeded by her Ladyship, who was never satisfied, unless glitter, extravagance, and a continual round of company, filled up most of her time.

Remonstrances on the side of Sir Simon had no effect to reclaim her Ladyship, and to turn her mind into the calm state of social and domestic duties; and it seemed to be too late in life for him to use power and restraint, when unbounded tenderness and indulgence had marked his conduct from the first day of his marriage.

Had Sir Simon even selected from the

circle of their town acquaintance an admirer for his daughter, or a lady of equal rank for his son, as not being the election of her Ladyship, he knew well that his inclinations would have been opposed — Hence to endeavour to please, was sure to draw upon him her opposition.

Tired, therefore, from a course of years, by a restive and ungovernable spirit, he was desirous of gratifying his own peculiar sentiments of matrimonial happiness.

His marriage with Lady Hales had been negotiated by his father and Lady Dorothy to satisfy pecuniary convenience on one side, and a natural ostentation on the side of his deceased parent. Lady Dorothy had promised her interest to procure his father an Irish Earldom—but death robbing him of the completion of his grandeur, it was only left him to enjoin his son to accept of Lady Dorothy's Scotch interest to raise him to this state of nobility—but which Sir Simon always thought proper to  
relinquish,

relinquish, to the no little displeasure of the aunt and niece.

His own marriage thus having been effected by interested motives, and not by the natural ties of the heart, he was determined to see that accomplished in his son which he himself had been refused.

To Lady Hales he had ever behaved with the tenderness of an indulging husband, wilfully blind to her caprices and follies. He had, 'tis true, endeavoured repeatedly to wean her from her extravagancies; but his laudable views only served to inflame her obstinacy, and to lay the basis of family contention.

His affection had thus by degrees degenerated into cold respect, nor was it till his son Edward and Sophia were rising to maturity that he began to consider of his comfortless and wretched alliance.

Determined, therefore, to be vigilant over the happiness of his children, he cherished

rished in them a natural affection in preference to a groveling interest, or a fordid passion.

Well did he foresee the development of his plot would cause a much greater consternation than ever had transpired between him and his wife ; but having long had but too powerful reasons to arraign her follies, he was now finally resolved, in his mind, that the disproportioned marriage of his children should prove a retaliation for her disobedience and final expiation, should she hereafter return to her wedded duties.

LADY

LADY Dorothy Murray, so fully prepossessed in favour of Lady Cathness, had taken every opportunity of ingratiating herself in her good opinion.

Mrs. Gordon having married into the celebrated Scotch family of that name, was acquainted with the history of several persons of distinction in that country, and had it therefore in her power to play into the foible of this lady with uncommon success. Her unhappy husband, Colonel Gordon, who had fallen a sacrifice to the Stuart cause, resided chiefly in that country, and where Mrs. Gordon had for several years been habituated to their customs, and had formed several connections.

This intimacy, which the advances of Lady Dorothy had, within the space of three weeks or a month, matured almost to friendship, had drawn from her the most unreserved intelligence of the Haleses, into which family her niece had married; and Mrs. Gordon, availing herself of this freedom of communication, soon saw the  
point

point which she had to secure. Wherefore, having feigned to open her heart in confidence to Lady Dorothy, she frankly declared that her visit to London was merely to provide a suitable match for her daughter.

This confession exciting the pride of her Ladyship, she could not, as might naturally be supposed, be deficient in the scheme of proposing her nephew, Mr. Hales, as a young man of great inheritance, as well from the side of his father, as from herself, at her death; and therefore commenced the family treaty of marriage—which, to her great satisfaction, she soon found was approved by the assumed Lady Cathness.

Thus, with the consent of Mrs. Gordon, the feigned mother of Frances, Lady Dorothy, highly elated with the success of her negotiation, imparted the same to Lady Hales; and as Mr. Hales had signified his approbation, having informed them of his visit to Lady Cathness, which  
 he



he coloured with the pretext of soliciting her daughter's hand, a proposal of marriage was immediately signified to the parties.

**A SHORT**

## A SHORT EPISODE OF THE CORNWALLS.

**O**N the arrival of George Cornwall in England he found his sister by no means in such a dangerous state as he had been led to apprehend.

Base arts of an unfeeling and interested family to work on the passions and generous sentiments of unexperienced youth! 'Tis true Amelia Cornwall had been disordered — her extreme delicacy of health could not withstand the complicated shocks of parental influence; which, united with the constant dialogue of human prudence on the side of her aunt, she had been attacked with a slow nervous fever, and which the latter had contrived to answer as a spur to incite her nephew to revenge the  
 insult

insult which the Haleses had shewn her family.

This lady, of a masculine literary turn of mind, had received impressions of a nice sense of honour from the perusal of authors; and this, joined with the disappointment in the success of a marriage alliance in the family of the Haleses, had given her sentiments too free scope in the presence of George Cornwall, who, having already taken fire on the declaration of Hales's sentiment against the match with his sister, when he suddenly left the house of the Baronet, was resolved to call his old friend Edward to an account.

Heated with a spirit of romantic gallantry, young minds are too apt to rush precipitately into schemes of resentment. But when the father and aunt had heard of his violence, and the narrow escape of Mr. Hales, their animosity was instantly abated, and they then turned their thoughts to the forwarding of a prior offer which had been made to Amelia by a young gentleman of  
 famil

family and fortune, though not, in the latter respect, of comparative magnitude to Mr. Hales.

This young gentleman, of the name of Beauclerc, had resumed his solicitation on hearing of Mr. Hales's defection; and being accepted into the favour of Mr. Cornwall, Amelia was prevailed on to receive the renewal of his addresses. Thus, as the hurry on the mind of this young lady became more calm, she gradually recovered in proportion as the remonstrance of the father and aunt had abated.

Mr. Beauclerc was the youth on whom she had first placed her affections; but the antient friendship of her father with Sir Simon Hales having caused the repeated visits of Mr. Hales in the family, interest and a shattered fortune had prevailed on him to enter into a horrid traffic with his beautiful daughter — and, to the success of which, the natural firm and engaging manners of Mr. Hales did not a little serve to contribute.

But

But strict justice here should rescue the independant British senator from an imputation of guilt. This tarnish on his character was evidently caused by the artful interference of his sister and cabinet counsellor, Miss Elizabeth Cornwall, who, finding all her projects circumvented, and her brother not a little offended at the fatal consequences which had very nearly resulted from her plot, had set off for Italy to draw up the history of her tour for publication, having previously engaged with her bookseller to accept of the work.

Plot, tattle, and the most consummate hypocrisy, had rendered this lady completely odious among her acquaintance; and she had thus devised a plan to force herself into celebrity, and to introduce herself afresh [into the world] under the contemptible character of a *travel-monger*.

The retailer of fiction, under the mask of veracity—the babler of anecdotes of those persons whose hospitality had received her at their tables—the reciter of marvellous adven-

adventures to decorate her pages with novelty, and the new furbisher of old tales, turned into modern phraseology — the traveller finding food for popularity on her return to her native country, and sinking all the charms of real mental improvement into the ostentation of self importance and self applause — magnifying the foibles of those characters who came within the scope of her observation, to raise the value of her own abilities, and applauding those from whom her own consequence was derived.

On the departure of this lady, poetess, prose writer, chronicle of all town news, and family tormentor, the Cornwall family had recovered their former peace of mind. Miss Cornwall was satisfied with the honourable conduct of Mr. Hales — gradually recovering from her bad state of health, and re-instated into her original partiality for Mr. Beauclerc.

Mr. Cornwall had resumed his former friendship with Sir Simon Hales, while his  
son

For George only waited for an opportunity to expiate his rash and impetuous resentment against his bosom friend.

THE

## THE VISIT AT OLDTHORPE.

**L**ADY Cathnes had proposed to Lady Hales and Lady Dorothy to wave their intended visit to Boxley; but first to set off for Scotland previous to the marriage of her daughter.

Under cover of this journey Fanny had flattered herself with the tender hopes of pouring out her streams of filial duty in the bosom of a doating mother — to remain at Oldthorpe till the nuptials were prepared. But herein the plot of Sir Simon seemed to gather in difficulty — Family writings and previous arrangements on the pretended dowry of Miss Cathnes evidenced the propriety of their departure for Scotland, and Lady Hales and Lady Dorothy were both elated on the forwardness and



and energy with which the approaching nuptials were conducted.

This scheme seemed to promise a great share of success; but the arrival of Fanny at Oldthorpe could not fail of reaching the ears of Lady Hales, which might, perhaps, raise her suspicion of the plot. It was also natural for her Ladyship to entertain suspicions of Edward's having renewed his affection for her.

Should the grounds be discovered by her Ladyship, to remove these suspicions, Sir Simon had recourse to the spirited letter which Fanny Underwood had written to him, to emancipate herself from her obligations to his family, and from her pledge of affection to Edward. This would serve to prepare her for her return to her family—but to still more effectually her suspicions on Edward's fidelity to Fanny, he had artfully insinuated that Edward had detected her in an affair of gallantry in Paris, and which was corroborated by Doctor Philpot, with assertions that his sister had machi-

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nated this intrigue on the premises of Edward's neglect, which seemed only to have been a stratagem to favour Mrs. Gordon's predilection in favour of a match of her own promoting.

To assertions so specious Lady Hales had listened with great confidence; and as the most splendid preparations were making at Boxley, her Ladyship seemed to be absorbed totally in this gratification of her heart.

She had now an opportunity of indulging her taste, her pretensions to elegance and expence — in this she was not a little seconded by the pretended Lady Cathnes, who had actually, in testimony of her hearty approbation of a magnificent nuptial festival, deposited a thousand pounds as a share of her expence.

Under these arrangements Fanny and Mrs. Gordon set off for Oldthorpe.

Mrs. Gordon took an apartment at  
Maidstone,

Maldstone, where, at no great distance from Oldthorpe, she could from time to time, by a private interview, discourse with her lovely *élève*.

Edward Hales, already inspired with the most ardent affection for the lovely Frances, had resolved on setting off for Boxley with his family, and where he had invited Samuel to persevere in his addresses to his sister.

This invitation had been accepted with the full approbation of Lady Hales, who had received the most favourable prepossessions of him, and which were not a little heightened by the contrivance of Philpot to engage the good report of Lord Shelldrake, to whom he had imparted the plan of Sir Simon, and on whom he could repose the most unshaken confidence.

Lord Shelldrake had asserted his acquaintance with Samuel's family, and which seemed to be fully confirmed by the invi-

tation which he had given him to his table.

When Fanny and Mrs. Gordon arrived at Oldthorpe, it was in the evening — the chaise driving up to the farm house, old Underwood received them with the strongest marks of parental affection—but her poor tender mother was not at the door to give her welcome. Whether excess of joy, or the continued insults and upbraidings she had received from her neighbours, or the dissatisfied temper of her husband, had conspired to injure her health, Mrs. Underwood had been attacked on the overnight with a fever, the symptoms of which began to shew themselves with considerable violence.

Sad welcome to the delicate heart of her filial daughter ! She flew to her room—approached the bed of her sick mother—Mrs. Underwood had been continually asking for her—and hearing the noise of the chaise, her impatience could not be tranquilised—it was therefore judged, however

ever the great joy of meeting on the side of mother might, perhaps, affect her, the more prudent measure for the same to take place—She approached her bed—What ecstacy in the natural emotions of a parent and child, in those situations of life which are not influenced by luxurious refinement, or these vicious pleasures which never fail to render the heart calous and inaccessible!—Tears of parental joy on one side—tears of filial love and duty on the other. Fanny's clasping her parent to her breast, and unloading her heart on her agonising bosom—in this situation Mrs. Gordon had stolen up gently into the room, with apprehensions that the meeting would be too affecting for her health, unless she could contrive to moderate her feelings.

Having, therefore, made use of every expedient by a gentle and persuasive train of argument, she contrived to restore her to some calmness.

Fanny was now made acquainted with the misery her mother had endured since her absence — with the sacrifice she had made to cherish the natural desire of seeing her happy — She heard the repeated attacks she had received from her father, who, repenting of the consent which he had given to her alliance with Mr. Hales, had heaped the most heart-rending accusations on his wife — Most of his old friends had forsaken him — detraction had ruined his peace of mind — his once joyful cottage had been changed to a continual scene of discontent and bickering — the most dreadful consequences were apprehended — Underwood was mournful and wretched ; and with Samuel's plan of prosperity, he was equally dissatisfied, and unwilling to see accomplished.

Mrs. Underwood could not conform to his harsh injunctions — she had placed all her happiness on seeing her daughter united to the man who had received his infant fostering from the same breast ; and in her struggles with the stern discontent of her husband.

husband, she had to support the most harsh reproofs which almost bowed her to the earth. He had rebuked her for intemperate ideas—of soaring to a station beyond her ability—and with great colour of reason had painted the situation of both his children as inimical to their as well as his own happiness—observing, that were their wishes to be completed, as far as might concern their union with Sir Simon Hales's family, or had dispersed the prejudice of birth and fortune, a circumstance not very probable; that they still might preserve their filial affection unimpaired by the splendour of their station, and that they could even descend to receive their parents to their bosom in the face of all this disparity—still the order of society must even withhold the teeming heart of the parent from assimilating with generous fervour in the participation of their proffered love.

Underwood had strength of mind to conceive, that a disparity of station must be attended with a disparity of sentiment; and that though his children might, on

principles of moral virtue, retain the greatest possible sense of filial duty, that duty could not be of a similar nature to that which would arise from a more equal condition. The simple unadorned harmony of natural family attachment, the love of parent and child, must receive different impressions. The cottage fire side could impart no delight to the mind tutored with modern refinement — it might affect to receive pleasure — might bear with it — but this impression must arise from condescension — not the gratulating conviction of a full relish of rustic pleasure which the less-cultivated mind could indulge in.

He had also asserted, that the natural pride of his heart restrained him from giving his full sanction to the proposal of Sir Simon — he could not endure to reflect on the superior advantages of his children over himself — the natural authority and rule of the parent revolted at the unequal assortment. Perhaps there might be parents who would gladly resign their natural  
privi-



privileges to their children; but his own breast repelled such reflections.

'Tis true, he said, he had given his sanction to the views of Sir Simon; but in this he had for ever taken leave of his future happiness — The world too he had to combat with — the malignant voice of his neighbours — the false report propagated to invade his peace — envy of equals raised to the height of enmity and oblique reproach.

Excluded thus from his former friends, he had recourse to his own roof, and there the moment of repentance, for having fallen into the unequal assortment of his children, added gall to his discontented soul, and the mild and tender companion of his breast received the bitter accusation. — Thus with the discontent of her husband the anxieties which she experienced for the absence of her children — the uncertainty of the plan succeeding — and the certain misery attending the failure of it — heaped upon her a continual succession of sorrow — a

ferrow which had internally preyed upon her spirits, and extended her on the bed of sickness.

Thus Underwood, naturally of a stern and far-judging mind—a mind framed more for a cautious survey of future misery than for the enjoyment of actual present happiness—had always considered the unequal connection of his children pregnant with great misery; this, the reports of Mr. Hales's attachment to Miss Cornwall, had not a little served to increase.

Lady Hales also had, by an unwearied plan of sedulous industry, propagated reports against his reputation; or, at least; she had always given her sanction to every invective which circulated in the neighbourhood to the prejudice of the farm. Her unceasing rancour and personally-marked hatred had been shewn on various occasions.

Every circumstance thus conspired to render Underwood dissatisfied with the fortune

tune

ture of his children, and to persuade him that the fullest completion of Sir Simon's plan, which Mrs. Gordon had opened to him concerning the approaching wedding at the mansion, could not balance the misery he had experienced.

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The ebullition of genuine affection between parent and child agitated the spirits of Mrs. Underwood, and the most alarming symptoms of her disorder ensued. Mrs. Gordon was now obliged to use her authority; and to still her mind, she enforced the most persuasive argument to invite her to repose.

But what were the transports of grief that Fanny experienced! To see her mother reduced to an alarming state of health by affliction—by anxiety on her account—to contemplate the scenes of unhappiness which Oldthorpe had experienced since her

absence—her heart condemned her as the cause of this misery—her sensibility accused her of having indulged an aspiring view of ambition at the expence of the more natural and delicious feels of filial duty. She had anticipated the utmost reach of her hopes with Mr. Hales—these hopes she found could be soon disappointed by the least change of condition with her parents. At the thoughts of losing her mother—a mother whose maternal tenderness had been so endearing—and were she to rise to that state, which the innocent wish of the parent, in seeing her child prosperous, had so long flattered her, could not be balanced by the misery of so great a loss. To this dear object then were all her thoughts directed—to divine the source of her malady—to administer comfort—to watch with unwearied tenderness over the bed of her sick parent—engrossed her reflections.

Her father was waiting to receive her below—she flew to his arms. Mrs. Gordon remained with her mother. Her heart big swelling in her bosom, she had no words to utter.

utter. Underwood was altered in his countenance—the lines of care and grief were marked upon it—He cast his eyes upon her with a riveting attention—he saw her dress simple—she was attired in a plain linen gown—the powder combed out of her hair—a close cap—in short, she had studiously avoided the least show in her appearance to excite any reproving thoughts in her family. Her return was not the return of vain display of superior station—it was the return of native goodness—native pure affection—to throw off the false glare of worldly polish—to repose on the bosom of her long absent parents.

Underwood in raptures, and with astonishment, thus saw no artificial alteration in the appearance of his daughter—he drew his chair nearer to her side—took hold of her hand—pressed it to his lips—bathed it with a tear. Still they were both silent. But what a silence!—a silence more expressive of cordial happiness than all the painted expressions of feigned delight. The natural strength of his mind caused him to  
discr

discriminate the conduct of his lovely child. He had been informed by Mrs. Gordon of her appearance at the ball, and the process of the Baronet's scheme—he had heard of that exquisite polish she had received—he must therefore have considered the appearance of Fanny as concerted through motives of prudence and good sense—her judgement he admired—but the greatest influence which her unadorned appearance had over him was, the bringing to his mind the completion of those hopes which he had, moderately, yet pleasingly, indulged in. He saw before him the neat and rational picture of happiness which his modest and contented mind had traced at an early period of his life—his child grown up—the handmaid of the farm—the simple companion of his cares, of his domestic happiness—un aspiring modesty—un aspiring rustic simplicity.

Herein was Underwood's delight, and departing from these thoughts, his happiness decreased in proportion.

Thus

Thus influenced by the unassuming appearance and manner of the lovely Frances, the father thus addressed his child :

“ Methinks, daughter, your home has  
 “ still preserved some share of your regard.  
 “ You are glad to see your parents ; but,  
 “ my dear, our hearts are rent in twain  
 “ with grief. I now see before me only  
 “ vexation and sorrow in the plan we have  
 “ adopted. It is a sad exchange, child,  
 “ to barter family peace for grandeur. I  
 “ do not know how Sir Simon will con-  
 “ clude the business. Lady Hales, as I  
 “ understand, is still our enemy. And the  
 “ plot of the wedding, which Mrs. Gordon  
 “ has this instant informed me of, does not  
 “ meet with my approbation. Deception,  
 “ daughter, is what I never countenanced.  
 “ It is my protestation against it which has  
 “ been the cause of your mother’s illness.”

The word *protestation* averted the eyes of Fanny from those of her father, and she fixed them on the ground without a reply.

“ Daughter,”

“ Daughter,” he resumed, “ you are  
 “ stricken with my last words : I have said  
 “ I protest against the deception that is to  
 “ be made use of at the mansion. Lady  
 “ Hales’s approbation can only recom-  
 “ pence me in part for the great trouble I  
 “ have experienced in this disproportionate  
 “ match. To be the cause of unceasing  
 “ enmity between Sir Simon and his lady  
 “ will never be reconciled to my mind.  
 “ We have all of us proceeded too far,  
 “ and I am afraid Sir Simon himself must  
 “ begin to think the same. The world,  
 “ my dear daughter, will reprove us—we  
 “ shall be ridiculed by the wise ; and were  
 “ the Baronet thus to enforce his project,  
 “ the unsubdued pride of her ladyship will  
 “ make her resent the insult which she may  
 “ conceive to be put upon her—and so, in  
 “ truth, it will be. She will be deceived  
 “ into the match. Were my own thoughts  
 “ to be told, I cannot help saying that I  
 “ feel a pride within me which withdraws  
 “ my consent. ’Tis unworthy and dis-  
 “ honest to promote our success by this  
 “ kind of deception and artifice”——

Fanny



Fanny was still silent.

“ All my plans on the farm, my dear,  
 “ have run back since you and Samuel  
 “ have left us—nothing has prospered. I  
 “ feel my temper sowered, and I fear your  
 “ poor mother has been the sufferer by it.  
 “ Why has Sir Simon thus intruded on the  
 “ peace of an innocent family ?”

The tear stole down Underwood's face. Fanny rose up to wipe it off with her soft and fair cheek. It was at the instant a tapping was heard at the door. A man entered in a soldier's dirty uniform—Underwood embraced his son Samuel. He was expected that evening.

The meeting was the emotion of perfect nature—yet of cultured goodness on the side of the son.

Samuel beheld the mournful aspect of his father. He received the unwelcome news of his mother's illness—but he forbore to see her that night.

Mrs.

Mrs. Gordon had endeavoured to lull her into a more reposed state of mind; they were apprehensive lest any fresh emotion might occasion a greater access of fever.

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#### TRoubles INCREASE IN THE FARM HOUSE.

**T**HE morning following the arrival of Samuel and Frances, the disorder of Mrs. Underwood increased with great violence. She was delirious. Fanny had sat up with her the greatest part of the night. Mrs. Gordon at a late hour set off for Maidstone, and in the morning returned with an eminent physician of the town, who found her situation critical.

Underwood inconsolable, now considered the state of his family arrived at an alarming

alarming period of earthly trouble. Though his mind had the strongest portion of native vigour, he could derive no consoling precept from that self-taught philosophy he had embibed. His religious sentiments were not firm : he had made no sacrifice to the calm principles of human conduct. The state he was reduced to he contemplated as the result of his erroneous and unstable disposition — he became sullen — slow to answer — loath to speak.

In rustic life, for the want of that coalition of intercourse which can alone store the mind with a perfect knowledge of human nature, there is a doubtful cast of temper always inimical to the happiness of man. Departing from daily action, bodily labour, the mind of the peasant becomes feeble and fluctating. It has no fixed principle for its conduct, and it inwardly droops under a state of lethargic discontent. Underwood had placed, as we have already seen, his happiness on the culture and improvement of his farm — all other extraneous thoughts were only inroads on his peace.

peace. He therefore now found himself approaching to the verge of misery. His younger children were not of age to manage in the family; nor had he a son on whom he could confide any portion of his farming labours; and casting his eyes on Samuel, he there beheld the great support of his system—the companion of his toil and rural prosperity.

The physician, on entering the room of Mrs. Underwood, beheld the beautiful Frances kneeling down by the side of her mother—enclosing her hands within hers, and bathing it with her tears. Her keen and pathetic sensibility had attracted his notice. The anxiety she discovered, when she watched over her mother at the time he felt her pulse, gave him cause to apprehend her own health might be endangered. Her eyes with fatigue and sorrow were languid, and indicated the strongest marks of an approaching indisposition.

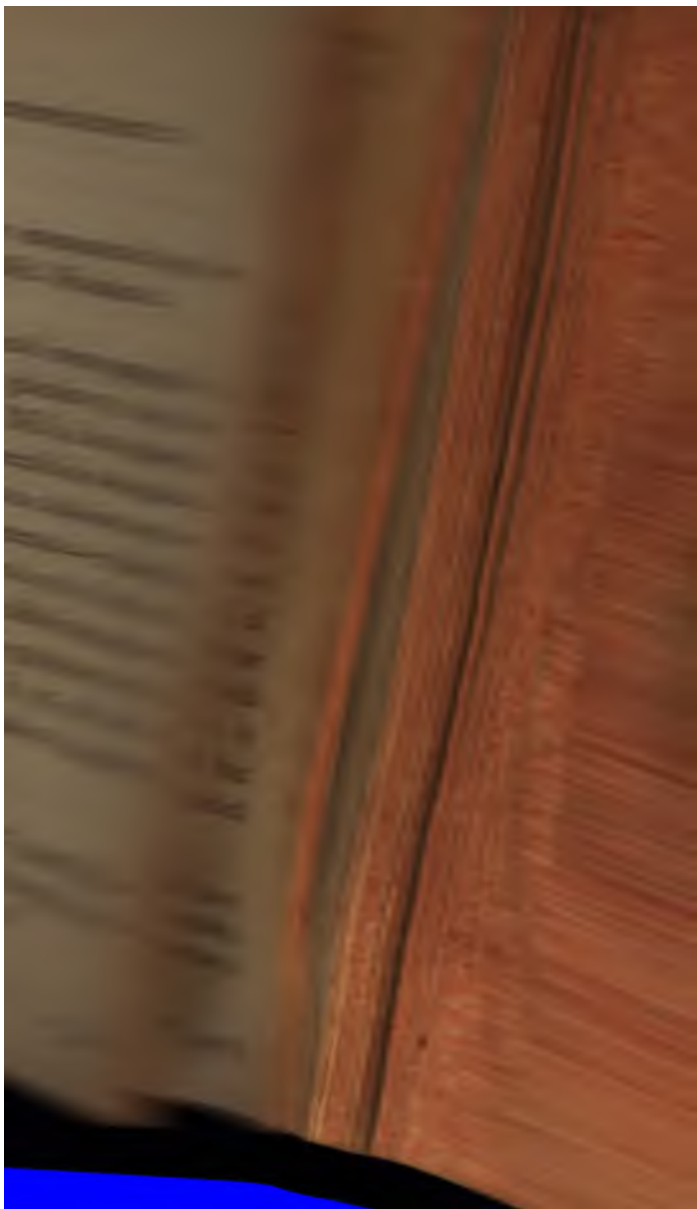
Mrs. Gordon had instructed the physician in the history of Fanny and Samuel, who,

who, by her prudence and intelligence, she found had no acquaintance in the Hales's family, and therefore more easily to be worked over to her purpose.

He gave but little hopes of success in the case of poor Mrs. Underwood—her disorder, he said, bore the strongest symptoms of a putrid fever, arising, perhaps, from great uneasiness.

To Fanny he now directed a great portion of his attention, assuring her, that unless she had resolution to calm her own agitation, that, in all probability, her own constitution would sink under it. But what consolation could be offered Fanny? to reflect on the state of her mother as the consequence of her own conduct. The conflict, too, in her bosom, raised by her distracted father, had thrown her mind into the most disordered state. To be undutiful—to persevere in her attachment to Mr. Hales in defiance of her father's approbation—what an agonising pang to a sensible heart! To arraign his conduct was an indelicacy





delicacy which she could not suffer to intrude. At a period so interesting to recede from the firm affection of her elevated admirer! Dreadful pang!

Age could not discern the cause of nature and truth through the fascinating and magnifying lens of youth. True, the coldness of a parent's judgement might be disproportionate to the gay rapture of a blooming child—but still there was a tribunal of equity in her breast—that parent was miserable—that misery was originally of her own creating—not to perform some portion of filial sacrifice, as an expiation harrowed up in her soul a sentiment of the most divine complexion. She found her soul towering beyond the frail delicacy of her sex—she was meditating a deed of heroism. There was an event rising to a climax, on which was placed the sad decisive resolution. Paused on her mother, the mournful reflections of the unhappy Frances seemed to convulse her frame with insupportable agony.

Towards



Towards noon Underwood had a visit paid him by farmer Drab.

There had been a long animosity subsisting between these neighbours. The mind of Drab was, in every respect, contradictory to Underwood's.

The farmer, inflated with imaginary consequence, had been led to lavish most of his property on his family, to raise them to stations much beyond their original. To this Underwood at an early period had signified his disapprobation when his neighbour had consulted him. Drab had experienced the truth and sagacity of Underwood's counsel. He had failed in most of his projects by adhering to the very opposite system of his friend's advice—and this failure in success had changed his former friendship to hatred. But Drab had now, as he thought, an opportunity of reversing the tide of human affairs on the score of Under-

Underwood's system of training up his own children. He had now an opportunity of heaping condemnation on his neighbour.

It had been for a considerable length of time the general report of the neighbourhood, that his daughter, Frances, had been made the impure mistress of Mr. Hales—and also the gallant friend of Fitz-Morris.

Charity always fails among the good folks in the country. They discern conviction in the most trifling completion of crimes, and always magnify suspicion to reality. The violence of Fitz-Morris's scheme to seduce Fanny was soon published, and this of itself served to stamp reproach on the Oldthorpe people. Drab hearing of Fanny's return, had no doubt but she was forsaken by her admirers, and had sought her house as an asylum from a greater degree of shame and misery—at once to gratify his resentment, and to snarl at the oppressed situation of Underwood, he had called on him, under colour of business,

ness, to vent the venom of his rankling heart.

In the days of his expensive family Drab had mortgaged some of his property to Underwood; and it was on the source of an impending ruin of the fortune of the former that the latter had hazarded his advice. The lamentable catastrophe of Drab's children had, at an advanced age, brought the father to some reflection, and he had improved the wreck of his fortune, to the advantage of paying off some of his mortgages—this, then was the business he was come to transact.

The salutation from Drab was to the following effect:

“ Neighbour Underwood, I am sorry to  
 “ hear of your wife's illness. Umph—  
 “ Your daughter is returned, I am in-  
 “ formed—Umph—What, is Samuel still  
 “ a soldier?—[*Samuel was seated by his*  
 “ *father in the shabby uniform of a private.*]  
 “ The lad does not look as if he had seen  
 VOL. III. H “ much

**DRAB.** “ Turn’d out of the house!—  
 “ come to that! —Can’t bear to hear about  
 “ it—shall know my mind then —bad  
 “ neighbours long enough —won’t live  
 “ longer in smoke—shall come to flame,  
 “ Dick—shall know my mind. When  
 “ hast brought up a family thyself, prate  
 “ to others what does’n’t concern thee.  
 “ My poor girls and boys had enough of  
 “ thy sneering—do better thyself—look to  
 “ it, do ye see. None so bad, some worse  
 “ — Would be the master of the parish,  
 “ Dick? — ’twon’t do—has’t got nothing  
 “ by currying favour with the *barrownight*.  
 “ Lord, Lord! how many wise fools there  
 “ be in the world—don’t talk of my chil-  
 “ dren”——

*[Drab making to the door, and Samuel fol-  
 lowing him.]*

“ Don’t talk of my children —look at  
 “ home.”

Underwood now rose with violent indig-  
 nation.

**DRAB.**

DRAB. " Better to think of a dead  
 " daughter than a living one with disgrace.  
 " —look to that, old friend."

Drab with this expression had approached the threshold of the door — Samuel, as he was stepping over it, raised his foot, and, placing it against his posteriors, kicked him fairly out of the house, and smacked to the door in his face.

Drab retired muttering a poshy of invectives.

Underwood and Samuel retook their seats.

## THE CONFLICT.

IT was towards the evening—the vernal sun gleamed streaks of carnation tints through the clouds of the horizon. The heart of Frances was bowed down with agony and despair. She had left the room of her unhappy mother. At an interval of returning sense Mrs. Underwood beheld her daughter by her side—the streaming tears of filial anguish melted the parent’s soul—she raised herself in bed, and clasping Fanny to her breast, with a deep-drawn sigh, fell senseless on her pillow. The scene impressed a horrid pang of stern grief on the heart of Frances. On the revival of her mother, Mrs. Gordon forced her from the room. Her presence was death to either. She conjured her to walk into the air—calm repose was the only possible means



rise from the ground, she delivered herself up to despair. The mental agony which had assailed her, too powerful for her reason to support, in silence she invoked the merciful hand of Heaven to release her soul from the agony which it endured. Resigned to the will of her God, she ventured not to arraign his inflicting hand, nor to challenge his providential interference. If in his mercy he thought proper to take her out of the world of misery, she could submit to her fate. She wished not for life—prepared to wait his all-succouring, or all-subduing power, to the sad depressed, all-humiliated condition of human nature, she was patiently resigned.

The resolute and restless soul of her father had reduced her mother to the last stage of existence. On either side, when she surveyed her miserable state, what a strong barrier to her happiness was placed!

To fly to the arms of Mr. Hales, in defiance of her father's mandate, her filial duty would not suffer — to reject the man,  
whose



whose signal sacrifices had consecrated the integrity of a faithful heart, a deadly panic shivered her frame.

Again, if bridal happiness was prepared to bring them together, the thoughts of an afflicted dying parent staggered her senses, and placed her happiness at an immeasurable distance. To obey the commands of her father, she had the most difficult task of her sex to undergo. She was to repel the persevering attachment of the most honourable of men. Her heart had sealed the vow.

Fatigue, sorrow, despair, hovered over her—the evening closed—her spirits sickened—she resigned herself to death—darkness soon dropped the curtain on the vale—A few stars were seen between the flitting clouds—the night dog barked—from her paternal roof she beheld the light in her mother's room. She heard the cry of her brother for his lost sister. The name of Fanny re-echoed from the curvated cliffs—a silent groan, from the regions of her

broken heart, was only her answer to her anxious pursuers.

Some hours passed, and her sickening soul was prepared to resign itself — Midnight approached — she had heard lamentations at no great distance. A voice from the rest she thought she knew — but her senses, which forsook her at intervals, on returning, made her believe it was the vision of fancy only. She thought she could distinguish that of Mr. Hales — it approached — re-animated life brought the sound nearer to her ear — she listened with suspended respiration.

“ Alas ! ’twas here — ’twas here I found  
 “ thee, Fanny — ’twas here my heart first  
 “ drew me toward thee — ’twas here, dear  
 “ maid, I felt the sacred power of native  
 “ love.”

A deep-drawn sigh — Mr. Hales drew back.

“ Thou

“Thou God of infinite power—’tis she  
 “—the spirit of my Fanny.”

Mr. Hales, now frantic, threw himself prostrate, and, with extended arms clasping the earth, exclaimed :

“Ah, it is ; it must be some divine interference—her departing spirit mourns  
 “—Angelic sympathy confirmed my apprehensions.”

She had just strength to pronounce his name in a soft whisper—He raised his head—the evening star darted its lustre from between the rugged bare branches of the oak.—he saw her vestments.

He sprang to her arms. He found his Fanny—he grasped her hand—’twas cold and lifeless.

“Speak, my angel—O heavens ! her  
 “check is cold—she dies, and all is  
 “finished.”

He called aloud for help—he raised her head on his lap—kissed her clay-cold lips—his heart now ceased to beat—his own soul trembled to depart—the shock was too powerful.

Like the blossom of the spring, the chilly blast of night was perishing the hapless maid.

Now to his mind rushed the scene when his heart first experienced the pang of genuine love. Quick impressions of horror always precipitate themselves on the mind of the devoted wretch.

'Twas the spot where the little Fanny had cherished the poor young linnet which had fluttered from its nest. Her tenderest care could not preserve its life—she had anxiously hoped to restore it—it died on her breast.

Prophetic of the same fate, his apprehensions had fixed the doom of his beloved fair one.

“Provi-

“ Providence,” he exclaimed, “ has thus denounced his vengeance.” He had cherished to an enthusiastic veneration the natural ties of the heart, and to depart from them he thought was the direst of human transgressions.

He pondered on his attachment to Miss Cornwall, and his soul condemned him. But the conflict was too powerful—he could not bear the load of reflection.

His shouts were so long repeated that he despaired of assistance.

A convulsive spasm had seized on the hapless maid. To die in his arms—horrid, horrid thought!

He drew from his pocket a brace of small travelling pistols—he discharged them in the air to alarm the neighbourhood.

Soon after he observed the approach of a light—he was chafing her hands and breast—he was trying to lift her up in his arms,  
and

and endeavoured to carry her towards the house, when the light drew near. His shouts were now answered, and the voices of Underwood and Samuel he distinctly heard.

They were soon at the spot. When Underwood beheld his daughter without signs of life, and having heard the reports of pistols, his agony was not to be expressed. Darting his eyes on Mr. Hales, who held his beloved girl extended in his arms, he flew on his throat, and grasping him with great violence, with a look of extreme horror, he exclaimed, with an inarticulate voice, "Villain, what deed hast thou committed! — thou shalt answer it, most barbarous of men. — my daughter is killed!"

Samuel in the struggle caught hold of Fanny, who shewed some signs of life. The force used to drag her from the tree caused a circulation of the blood.

Underwood was soon convinced of his mistake.

mistake. She was conveyed home. The Doctor had, by the request of Mrs. Gordon, renewed his visit in the evening to Mrs. Underwood; and arriving at the time of the alarm, was prevailed upon to remain in the house to wait the issue of the extraordinary disappearance of Fanny.

But what an excess of consolation! He pronounced her case to be the consequence of great fatigue of body and mind, and gave the fullest assurance of her revival, if she was instantly put into a warm bed. She soon recovered, and was able to receive some sustenance.

Mr. Hales remained by her side with uplifted hands of thankfulness for the transition from misery to such exquisite delight. Yet the tender heart of Fanny was inconsolable for the lamented state of her mother. The physician palliated her case; though in truth he declared, that in two hours her disorder would either take a favourable or unfavourable turn, and he therefore concluded to wait the night over.

Mr. Hales arriving in the evening at Oldthorpe, instantly on his entering the house heard the alarm that was spread of Fanny's disappearing. All the grounds had been searched, and the alarm had risen to the height of a conjecture that she had plunged herself into a neighbouring mill dam; which was actually dragged by the servants of Underwood. And this idea was not a little strengthened in the mind of Underwood by the morose opposition which he had made to a farther prosecution of her match with Mr. Hales. Grief for the dangerous state her mother was in, and the check given to her attachment to Mr. Hales, might have produced a temporary fit of frenzy; and with this natural reflection, all the family were plunged into the greatest consternation.

“ But who could paint the lover as he stood !” The shock Mr. Hales received, almost deprived him of reason. He entertained the spreading suggestion—placed the probability of her destruction beyond a doubt—frantic he roamed on the steep of the



the mountain. 'Twas an innate sympathy which had conducted him towards the spot where he received his first impresson of love. There he had resolved to meditate on his wretched existence. There is a power of Providence which far exceeds the feeble intellects of human beings.

In the room below were seated Underwood and Samuel. Mr. Hales was desired to join them by the request of Mrs. Gordon, to afford Fanny some respite from her great anxiety.

A long silence had taken place, which was broken by Underwood.

“ Sir, I have used you unworthily—I  
 “ would beg your pardon, if you can for-  
 “ give such a miserable and distracted  
 “ wretch.”

Mr. Hales, unattending to the words of Underwood, desired Samuel to beg the company of the physician.

Under-

Underwood again intreated pardon of Mr. Hales for his unjust accusation, and desired him to ascribe his conduct to the frenzy of an unhappy father.

Mr. Hales still silent. The physician entered.

The former had arrived almost as soon as Fanny had disappeared; and Underwood having entered into the theme of his dissatisfaction at the measures adopted to bring about this match with his daughter, Mr. Hales now thought the interposition of the physician, and the dreadful event which had happened, of sufficient efficacy to operate conviction in his mind.

Doctor Canteen, like most of the provincial professors, had, at a former period of his life, been a surgeon in the army, well acquainted with men and manners; and, from the information he acquired from Mrs. Gordon, with some previous hints from Mr. Hales, was instructed in the real cause of the unhappy Mrs. Underwood's disorder — the perfect

perfect cure of his patient, on the turn of her fever, he now found must be derived from Underwood himself.

We often experienced that the rhetoric of our nearest friends, to bring us over to their views, will fail, when, on the other hand, we too often are swayed by the cursory insinuations of an alien—So this now seemed to be the case with Underwood.

On Dr. Canteen's entering the room, Underwood, with the doating fondness of a husband and parent, anxiously enquired after the health of his wife and daughter.

With medicinal gravity Canteen shook his head. The pangs of Underwood increased. "Tell me, Doctor," he emphatically exclaimed, "what hopes am I to entertain?"

Dr. CANTEEN. "Look you, Mr. Underwood, I answer not for the cure of the body, when the mind is diseased. I have no antidote for the mind, Sir.  
" Your

... is brought upon  
... There is some  
... I must be plain  
... your family.  
... a patient, and  
... in a high state  
... the whole malady is  
... his  
... enter into  
...

... "Speak out, Sir."

Dr. CARTER. "Why, then, to be free  
... there is a family con-  
... of your wife, and  
... of your daughter. Unless  
... and the latter  
... for the confo-  
..."

UNDERWOOD. "What is to be done,  
" Sir?"

Dr. CARTER. "Give up the point.  
I have almost brought your family to  
" the

“ the jaws of death by the pride of your  
 “ heart. To avoid one bad consequence,  
 “ you fall into the opposite error. As a  
 “ stranger, perhaps I can tell you some  
 “ truths which you little suspect. It is re-  
 “ ported in our town that your daughter is  
 “ the mistress of Mr. Hales, who, I am  
 “ informed, is desirous of honouring your  
 “ family, by proving to the world the fal-  
 “ sity of this report.”

UNDERWOOD, *with surprise.* “ True ;  
 “ if he marries my daughter, the slander  
 “ of my enemies is, in this instance, de-  
 “ feated.”

DR. CANTEEN. “ Did you never think  
 “ of this before ?”

UNDERWOOD. “ I am ashamed to say  
 “ it is the first time.”

DR. CANTEEN. “ It was the duty of my  
 “ profession to enquire if the mind of my  
 “ patients had been distressed. Mrs. Gor-  
 “ don and Mr. Hales have informed me,  
 “ that

“ that you have circumvented a plan, on  
 “ which the entire happiness of your wife  
 “ and daughter had been placed. You  
 “ have meditated a scheme of happiness  
 “ yourself—and see how you are defeated  
 “ in the execution—you risk the loss of  
 “ two of your principal blessings to obtain  
 “ the point of your wishes : and were this  
 “ not to be the case, you purchase oppro-  
 “ brium at the expence of an imaginary  
 “ virtue. If your pride does not lead  
 “ you to an alliance with the first family in  
 “ the county, your pride should shield you  
 “ from imputed obloquy. Your daughter  
 “ must marry Mr. Hales—you must sooth  
 “ and conform to the wishes of your wife,  
 “ if in his providential interference the  
 “ Almighty should think fit to restore her  
 “ to health.

“ And now, Mr. Underwood, as phyfi-  
 “ cian of the mind, as well as the body,  
 “ also give me leave to prescribe for *your*  
 “ malady.

“ Like the *long-beaded* fools of your  
 “ grove-

“ groveling, though very laudable and  
 “ useful, profession, you have been laying  
 “ down plans of impracticable happiness,  
 “ abstracted from the contingencies of life ;  
 “ you have been dreaming of your own  
 “ ease and comfort at the expence of your  
 “ wife and children ; and surveying the  
 “ paltry empire of your own thatch, you  
 “ have only lived to gratify your own mis-  
 “ erable conceptions. You should have  
 “ waked from the servility of these selfish  
 “ views, and have considered your own  
 “ happiness as intimately allied to those  
 “ around you.

“ This temper only suits with the savage  
 “ tribes in the undiscovered regions of the  
 “ earth, not with the inhabitants of this  
 “ island, whose liberty of soul is their  
 “ birth right. Shame, shame !—I will en-  
 “ deavour to exert my skill to restore to  
 “ your breast the angelic martyrs to your  
 “ tyranny ; and then, Sir—[*Doctor Canteen,*  
 “ *with honest indignation, rising from his*  
 “ *seat* ]—and then, Sir, I will trust to your  
 “ generosity for that future retribution  
 “ which

other reparation than the one which his heart now dictated?

Underwood wept bitterly.

“ Henceforth, Mr. Hales, I submit—  
 “ I yield up my will to yours. Let us  
 “ propose every means in our power to re-  
 “ store peace to my wretched family. I  
 “ fear I have been to blame—Susan has  
 “ felt my power too severely.”

With similar sentences of contrition and acquiescence to Mr. Hales's plan, he declared with an emphatic fervour, that he would in future be under his absolute control in the proposed alliance.



PREPARATORY EVENTS TO THE SCENE  
AT THE FAMILY MANSION.

**M**R. Hales had rode from town. His trusty servant, Peter, had taken his horse to the mansion, under pretence of giving preparatory orders for his approaching wedding with Miss Cathness, while he himself had taken the road to Oldthorpe.

Secrecy on all sides was enjoined with the greatest possible energy, and the attendants in the farm bribed, to no small amount, for the better carrying on of the plot.

The town house had received orders for breaking up. Sir Simon and Lady Hales were expected on the third succeeding day. Workmen were ordered to set off from town to make the necessary preparations for the ensuing festival ; and by the device  
of

of the Baronet, who had caused the approaching marriage of his son with Miss Cathness to be published in the papers, there was no doubt but in a few days the news would be current through the county.

The festival was to be conducted with the most liberal splendor. It was a whim of the Baronet to renew the old customs of his forefathers on the occasion.

But under these approaching moments of mirth and festivity Mr. Hales found all his happiness placed on a slender reed, which the slightest blast of fortune could soon perish.

He had waited with all the brooding misery of a condemned criminal to hear some good account of Fanny's health. Mr. Hales had fallen asleep in the chimney corner, by the side of Underwood and his son Samuel, whose hearts were also influenced at intervals with a succession of hope and despondency.

About seven in the morning Dr. Canteen, with Mrs. Gordon, made their appearance. The Doctor's cheerful cast of countenance gave assurance, that a favourable crisis had taken place with his patients. Mrs. Underwood's disorder had yielded to the efficacy of his medicine. She had fallen into calm and uninterrupted sleep. Fanny was in the same state, and, to their unspeakable happiness, he pronounced them both out of danger.

Mrs. Gordon and Dr. Canteen departed for Maidstone with intention of returning in the course of the day.

When Mrs. Underwood waked, the physician had left orders, that her husband should be the first person who should wait upon her. He was then composed by degrees to calm her mind on the subject of Mr. Hales's attachment to her daughter; and this circumstance now took place with the most happy consequences. Underwood entered her room with great stilness, and

and was by her side when she awoke. The most soothing affection being mutually exchanged, he failed not to open to her his change of sentiments respecting Fanny and Mr. Hales. In a few hours Underwood, who, by an over-rated firmness in imaginary virtue, had thus so nearly risked the perdition of all his worldly happiness, found his wife and daughter providentially restored to him.

At this moment of unexpected, unlooked for transition from misery to great comfort, his joy seemed to have no bounds.

Mr. Hales insisted on being the messenger of peace and transport to his lovely Fanny. A servant maid announced the glad tidings of her waking to a recovered state of health. She was informed of her mother's amendment—that Mr. Hales was in the house waiting to impart news that would still afford an addition of delight.

The moment of transport was at hand. He entered her room; seated by her side,

he informed her of the change of sentiments which had taken place in the mind of her father.

When a contrast of events, in their nature so piteous, so interesting, teeming with such unbounded calamity, display themselves in the history of human life, the young, the aged should receive instruction, and struggle with the surrounding storm. Despair should be repelled from the agonising breast, and calm resignation wait the final completion of mortal destiny.

In a few days Mrs. Underwood was restored to perfect health. Fanny recovered her bloom and vivacity. The farm house received a different aspect.

Underwood looked forward for the completion of the plan, to which he had now concentrated his hopes and future gratification. Cheerfulness and content again revisited his family. Less sordid, less selfish in his own personal happiness, he banished from his mind all other thoughts than those  
which

which resulted from the approaching festival of Boxley-grove house.

Reports were now spread to injure his peace. Analising the actions of their neighbours, the provincial inhabitants are wonderfully industrious to fabricate stories of detraction, built on the slender premises of surmise. Always inclining to the rigorous side, they increase their malignity at the expence of all the gentler qualities.

Mrs. Gordon was now considered as the procurefs of the innocent Kentish maid.

The anecdote of Dr. Philpot having gone abroad when he discovered and liberated Fanny from the house of Mrs. Bracegirdle, the above lady was metamorphosed into the latter; and this circumstance having reached the ears of Lady Hales, she had not failed to insinuate the same to Sir Simon.

Left, however, this circumstance might be published to the detriment of the plot,

Sir Simon immediately, on this information, counfelled Mrs. Gordon and Fanny to make the best of their way to town, where they were to live in private, till the time drew nigh of their pretended arrival from Scotland.

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Lady Jekyll had received an invitation with her daughter, now Mrs. Wardmote; but the combustion in that family had incited a lasting warfare between her and Lady Hales; and as the pride of the latter had taken alarm on that connection, she felt herself happy in thus being released from her company.

Young Jekyll having unfortunately, on one night's venture, been *dished up* at a gaming table, and arrested shortly after by the tradesmen of his extravagant mistress, was immured in the King's Bench. He thus being out of the question, the

Boxley

Boxley family had not much to apprehend from his divulging the plot.

Lady Champignon, Lord Sheldrake, and the gay Fitz-Morris, were also to be of the party, with a circle of town acquaintance, to add splendor and hilarity to the magnificent scheme which the Baronet had proposed, and which so heartily concurred with the profuse spirit of Lady Hales, and the Scotch pride of Lady Dorothy Murray.



THE FAMILY ARRIVE AT BOXLEY-GROVE  
HOUSE.

LADY Hales and Lady Dorothy Murray were arrived at the mansion. A letter had been contrived by Mrs. Gordon to reach one of her north-country relations on the side of her late husband, Colonel Gordon; which being received with a North-~~British~~ post mark, announced her intentions of setting off in a short time, to the perfect satisfaction of Lady Hales, as well as to the vast, unspeakable delight of Lady Dorothy.

In the mean time Lady Hales, by particular favour of Sir Simon, had the whole preparations of the festival entrusted to her superintendance. Thus having a most signalised opportunity of indulging her natural vein for architectural embellishment,  
with

with the whole train of whimsical decoration and *elegant* metamorphosis; her exuberant fancy was now employed to its fullest extent.

A colony of workmen were introduced to the house, and as many to the grounds and gardens. Abstracted from the antient refectory, which the Baronet insisted on being appropriated to the festival itself, and renewed in common with the old kitchen, as sacred to the manes of his departed ancestors, once famous for their hospitality and public spirit, the rest of the house was at her entire disposal.

First she began with the drawing room above stairs — away went the partitions of the adjacent apartments to furnish full space for a long ball room. Triumphant arches, with flourishes, were raised at certain distances — columns of painted jasper — flourishes and chequered decorations crowded one upon the other, to the occupying of as much space as the additional rooms supplied.



fatute the company with repeated broadsides.

To render the scene truly Arcadian, her Ladyship had enrolled the village nymphs and swains, who were to be habited in dresses which she had prepared, and who were to dance on the green, with tabor and pipe. In the evening they were to be admitted into the pleasure ground, and permitted to philander among the company in the gardens.

While these arrangements of uncommon taste were devising by her Ladyship, Sir Simon was employed in giving orders for an ox to be roasted at the large kitchen range of his ancestors, and a capacious supply of all kinds of hospitable cheer.

Sports of various kinds were to be given. Cudgel playing to support the criterion of true British valour. The plowman's skull being thick, there could be no danger of beating out his brains—and few brains being in his head, the less fear of any other conse-

consequence than mirth and a bloody pate  
—a pair of buck-skin breeches the prize  
for the champion who first drew blood.

The young lasses of the village were to  
hop for a new holland shift, and the unsuccess-  
ful afterwards to role down Sir Simon's  
slope, from his temple of Venus, to shew  
that their own Irish linen was as white as  
the one which the fortunate victor dis-  
played.

Lady Dorothy begged leave to intro-  
duce some of her *AULD kaunections*.

The invitations in the county were equal  
to the general splendor of the festival,  
which the Baronet had proposed to be of  
three days duration, and the anniversary to  
be held for as many succeeding years.

LADY

LADY AND MISS CATHNESS ARRIVE AT  
THE MANSION.

AT the expiration of the appointed time, a messenger, as our rider, in scarlet and gold, preceded Lady Cathness to Boxley to inform the Baronet that she and her daughter were upon the road.

They arrived in a most superb travelling equipage—three servants, well mounted with rich liveries and holsters, and two maid servants in the carriage.

Whatever elegance and splendor could unite to adorn the ladies were displayed in their travelling undresses.

Their arrival was about noon the day before the nuptials.

The

The respect which Lady Hales and Lady Dorothy shewed them was unprecedented in the annals of superlative good breeding. The parish church bells were instantly set a ringing in the studied changes of the country professors of that art. Sir Simon's paterasfired, and thus the adjacent country soon informed of the auspicious event.

Shortly after the out-riding of Samuel arrived in blue and silver, and his equipage soon followed. He was in company with his friend, Lord Shelldrake.

The parties prepared themselves to sit down to dinner. All eyes were peering and anxious to behold the beautiful Miss Cathness.

The lovely heroine entered the dining parlour, handed by Mr. Hales—her dress, silver-spotted crape—her hair, in negligent ringlets floating on her shoulders—Lady Cathness decorated with great display of magnificence, and who accepted of the precedence which the respectful assiduity of  
of

of Lady Hales and Lady Dorothy overwhelmed them with.

Miss Hales was attired in all the embellishment which exquisite fashion could produce. Lady Hales had lavished the greatest profusion of rich ornaments on her person to excel, if possible, the magnificence which Miss Cathness was expected to appear in. Jewels of considerable value were heaped on this young lady to rival the *eclat* of Lady Cathness, which her brilliant appearance seemed to announce. She was handed in by Samuel Underwood, who, by the particular request of Sir Simon Hales, was dressed in his uniform; the Baronet jocosely observing, that though it was not fashionable for an officer to wear his regimentals in any other place than on the parade, or with his regiment, yet considering him as at head quarters, and on actual service, he could by no means dispense with his ensignia of military courage.

The party which sat at dinner were numerous,



merous, and the most convivial moments passed during the repast.

When the ladies retired, the gentlemen prepared to take their copious libations; but Lady Hales, ever attentive to decorum and the temperate state of Sir Simon, who, when unsubdued by the magic of Bacchus, was always more easily ruled by his wife, very soon sent the servant into the room to invite the gentlemen to coffee and tea.

The servant was dismissed, and with orders to supply the table with a dozen of Burgundy; but a fresh message from her Ladyship stated the preparations for music, and that Miss Cathness had been prevailed upon to touch the cords of Miss Hales's harp, her favourite instrument.

The gallantry of the gentlemen could not resist the influence of a deity, whose mild and soothing power could impart to the votaries of Bacchus a charm of such  
mild.

mild efficacy to mingle delight with his boisterous orgies.

When the gentlemen entered the drawing room, the folding doors flung open displayed the exquisite form of Miss Cathnes seated with the harp of Miss Hales.

She sung—her notes like the strains of the figurative angel of the cloud, touching the hallowed string of symphony to the great over-ruling power of nature, commanded the most still and fixed attention.

ODE.

## ODE TO NATURE AND TO TRUTH.

## I.

Nature—Goddeſs! heav'nly born,  
 O'er grove, o'er fountain,  
 Thou preſideſt—pure as the breath  
 Of perfum'd zephyr o'er the heath—  
 Swift thy parent ſkies remounting—  
 Of thy blooming honours ſhorn,  
 Alas! thy empire ſinks in death.

## II.

Yet ſtay—'tis TRUTH, thy ſiſter's voice—  
 Yet ſtay—thy ſecund breasts ſoft transports  
 yield.;

Enrapt, the tow'ring ſoul  
 The fiend of falſehood may control—  
 May ſeek thy drear and loneſome realm—  
 In thy fair preſence may rejoice,  
 From harpy hate thy pure and ſoft breast  
 ſhield,  
 And all thy foes with gilded triumph over-  
 whelm.

O god.

## III.

O goddess, heavenly born ! nor pomp, nor  
sway.—

No lustre beams without thy charm—  
The ermin'd monarch, slave to form,  
In plaints oppressive, flies the day.  
His heart thy sacred flame ne'er deigns to  
warm,  
And turns light zephyr to life's ruffling  
storm.

## IV.

But festive pleasure with light tread,  
By TRUTH and NATURE gaily led,  
With flouret wreaths are crown'd—  
Hark the pipe!—  
The nymphs advance—  
Love is ripe—  
Thro' the meads they merry, merry dance,  
And in THEIR CHORAL train transporting  
bliss is found.

When

When Fanny had finished the ode, a low murmur of applause was heard in every part of the room. Excepting a young nobleman, of much splendor and great fashion, she received neither claps, nor the stimulating sounds of *bravo* or *bravissimo*. Fashion had inspired him with indifference. He had, on the introduction to the drawing room, entered into conversation with a youth of similar appearance, and their conversation *écarté* had lasted during the beautiful execution of Fanny on her instrument. Lord Belpoint had now suddenly turned his head, clapped, and shouted in great raptures—talked of opera fingers, and extolled her execution as superior to any he had ever heard.

But those who had truly felt the force of her execution moved up to her chair, and, from almost every person in the room, she received the most gratulating expressions of the pleasure which she had imparted.

The ode was Philpot's—it conveyed all  
the

the energy which her peculiar situation demanded.

Mr. Hales dropped a silent tear of ecstacy in beholding the general homage paid to the idol of his heart ; and the Baronet, no less affected with delight, divulged in his look his inward satisfaction in contemplating the prosperous effects which his steady plan had hitherto produced.

Lady Hales, in company with Lady Dorothy and her Scotch *kaunnections*, also expressed their raptures which the skill of Fanny had excited.

With her own hand Lady Dorothy presented her with a cup of coffee—but on the side of the fair St. Cecilia, her manner of receiving the general applause, still heightened the admiration of the company. Their plaudits she heard with a mild settled arrangement of features. Perhaps the fears of an unfavourable issue to the high cast of character she had assumed, turned her soul inward, and checked every strong emotion  
of

amuse the company with a dance to the tabor and pipe.

Several of the company rose to join in the dance — and thus the evening passed with cheerfulness and general good humour; but to mingle with an alloy of perplexity, this enraptured plan of Lady Hale, of contriving a marriage festival with so much abundant elegance and splendor; the house steward arrived with intelligence, which greatly interrupted the promised pleasure of her ladyship. Her invitations had exceeded the accommodation of her company; and on the enlargement of the grand saloon, having taken in a range of bed chambers, it was now found that this alteration had precluded the necessary provisions for disposing of her friends for the night. However, that some expedient might be devised, a general counsel was called; the supernumerary gentlemen were to draw lots for the chambers, and the unsuccessful to put up with a sleeping preparation in a part of the grand saloon, which

was to be partitioned off with hangings for the purpose.

The decorations of the saloon were magnificent to the extreme of expence and invention — a vast length of table, ornamented with *epergnes*, glass salvers, pyramids of lustres, with pendant-cut receivers for delicate viands and preserved fruits — wax figures of animals, birds, fish; the whole range of creation, selected for subjects, to be introduced at certain intervals on the table, that the sight might receive an equal gratification with the taste. Many days had been bestowed, and some of the principal confectioners in London employed to execute the grand ornaments of the table; which were exhibited the night before, to effect the order of the festival with more accuracy. This sumptuous preparation was intended for the desert, and to be introduced when the cloth was removed.

At both ends of the saloon were great spaces left for the attendants of servants at



the side boards, and it was here the small apartments were subdivided with hangings for the reception of the supernumeraries.

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#### THE CHATEAU ALARMED.

**T**HE company had retired to rest between one and two in the morning. Lord Belpoint and several of his young friends had sacrificed too bountifully to the orgies of Bacchus—and as in full jollity, when the mad-cap head of youth teems with folly and the spirit of disorder, confusion and imprudence are its confederates, so this frolicksome young nobleman was intent on mischief. But to give his mischief an exalted *eclat*, no less than utter confusion did his wild inebriety suggest.

Having

Having on his entry into the saloon, in his road to bed, perceived the variegated lamps filled with spirits of wine ready prepared for illumination, he conceived the grand project of consecrating his name to posterity as the greatest buck that had flourished in modern times.

Seconded by two more of his dashing heroes, he declared that he had hit on a prodigious excellent device to produce one of the finest *rous* that ever was invented—it was no less a contrivance than that of lighting up the lamps, and shouting fire at all the room doors.

By this most excellent project, which would be very innocent, and no person could be the sufferer, the charming young brides would be thus obliged to scamper out of their bed chambers in all the pure semblance of divinities, and all the old tabbies rending the air with horrid yells, to the vast, the supreme delight of the beholders.

No sooner devised than the counſel of war ratified the decree, and the lamps were inſtantly lighted up.

Fire! fire! now reſounded on all quarters, and the ſleeping gueſts behind the thin hangings awakened from their ſleep, beheld the amazing glare in the ſaloon. But our heroes having unfortunately, in lighting up the lamps, dropped a conſiderable quantity of ſpirits of wine on the feſtoons of artificial flowers which hung pendant on the columns of the arches, which taking fire, they blazed upward from the column to the ceiling with an alarming effect.

Sir Archy M'Snivleſnuff, Lady Dorothy's friend, who ſlept at the end of the ſaloon, flew immediately to the bed-room, *ſpeculum*, and ejeſting the ſame with hopes of extinguishing the flames, had the miſfortune, by too great precipitation, to ſend the receiver after it; which taking an oblique direction, unhappily alighted, with a diſaſterous cruſh, on a moſt ſumptuous Chinese temple and luſtre of cut glaſs, with of pendant ornaments. The

noise brought into the room several other guests, who, finding it actually in a blaze, alarmed the house with redoubled cries.

Regardless of the decoration of the table, and following the example of Sir Archy, they emptied their bottles and other water engines on the flames, which were in a short time effectually extinguished.

By this time the mansion was in a general alarm. A garden engine had been planted before the windows, and a deluge of water sent into the saloon—and it was with considerable difficulty the servants could be persuaded that the apparent conflagration was no other than the brilliant effect of the lamps and lustres.

The havoc which this unfortunate folly of youthful enterprize had occasioned is better conceived than expressed. Mr. Crocan, the confectioner, having ran into the saloon, and beholding the chaotic confusion and entire destruction of the principal ornaments of his desert, which had

been fabricated with all the industry and talents of his art, flew round the house in all the frantic gesticulations of a maniac, howling fire and murder. His yells had all the desired effect of conveying redoubled consternation in the chambers of the fair sex.

Lady Dorothy Murray, the first who presented herself, was seen in her bed gown; her *tête* in the hurry was caught up with the back part, and the braid hanging over her eyes—her petticoats hurried over her with the artificial protuberance in front. It was in this attire she caught hold of the affrighted Crocan, who had actually been awakened out of sleep in all the trepidation of excessive fear, without having been able to collect his scattered senses.

Being thus enclosed by her Ladyship, who was also screaming for protection, and repeating, as loud as she could shout, the word murder, the couple were soon surrounded by some of the servants.

Crocan

Crocan being thus enclosed in her Ladyship's grapple, and recognised by the servants, they made no hesitation to conclude, in the hurry of the confusion, that he had availed himself of it to behave indecorous to her Ladyship. The consequence was, the poor confectioner, to add to his extreme mortification in beholding the havock made of the vast exuberancy of his art, received a most terrible beating from them. His cries of murder, being now in reality sanctioned by the blows he received, and which had also driven away Lady Dorothy with a redoubled energy of screaming, that part of the house was soon filled with a prodigious concourse of people, and an imperfect rumour spread of the event which had just transpired. This being magnified into enormity, terror and dismay petrified the by-standers, several of whom being of the fair sex, composed of chambermaids and the *bas* attendants of the family, were assured that they were in the most imminent danger of being violated, as an attempt of that nature had been made by Mr. Crocan.

At this moment Lord Belpoint and his companions coming up, reeled up to the affrighted Dianas, who redoubled their cries of murder and ravishment with all the violence of possessed demoniacs.

These kind of impure screams produced an effect of the most desirable nature on the beautiful brides, to the absolute frustration of the drunken project. For the young ladies of the Chateau had locked themselves secure in their apartments, and, in all the austerity of immaculate virtue, they preferred the alternative of being burnt to death, to the hazard of an escape through such dire and portentous evils.

The company who had left their apartments were assembled in the hall, where Lady Hales had heard of the entire destruction of her beautiful collation service. The agitation of her mind might have been followed with the most alarming consequences, had it not been for the appearance

ance of Lady Dorothy Murray, who entered the hall in her whimsical attire.

Sir Simon and Philpot parading the house, very soon dismissed the confusion; the laugh was substituted, and the company returned to their apartments.

Lord Belpoint, at a late breakfast, openly made an apology for his juvenile prank: his egregious drunken fit was received as an apology.

Sir Simon, who was not sorry in his heart at the misfortune which had happened to her Ladyship's favourite saloon, took some pains to turn the disaster into a moral reflection, and had actually contrived, with the assistance of Philpot, to reason Lady Hales into some composure; but it might be a matter of some dispute, whether Mr. Crocan did not more contribute to her pacification: for by an effort of uncommon art and ingenuity he had undertaken to re-



adjust the decorations, and to make a substitute for those that were demolished.

The mind of Lady Hales thus regained a colour of cheerfulness and the disaster, thanks to Lord Belpoint, only served to increase the general good humour of the company.

## THE NUPTIALS.

**T**HE company assembled in the chapel—many persons of the village admitted; among them farmer Drab and his wife—Underwood and his wife were seated near the altar.

Sir Simon Hales, with the greatest privacy, and unknown to his wife, had engaged several of the most celebrated public singers to perform an anthem, composed on the occasion. In the gallery on each side of the organ they were to be arranged in robes suited to the solemnity—accompanied with a choir of boys and girls, which had also been procured for the occasion.

The band was led by one of our first composers, and which, on the appearance of the parties, was instantly to strike up.

The

The procession into the chapel from the hall was thus ordered :

Doctor Philpot in his robes ; next to him Mr. Hales and Fanny, who were succeeded by Samuel and Miss Hales ; Sir Simon and his lady ; Lady Dorothy and Mrs. Gordon, still under the feigned title of Lady Cathness.

Immediately on their entry the anthem began with an awful grandeur—the parties encircled the altar, where they waited till the anthem was concluded—Fanny Underwood, in a simple white robe, trembled and looked pale—Mr. Hales, with a look of ineffable love, enclosing his hand in hers.—Samuel and Miss Hales much affected, and with their eyes fixed on the pavement.

## THE ANTHEM.

Father of worlds, whose parent breath  
 Rais'd torpid nature from the clod  
 To blooming rapture—banish'd death;  
 Whom glad creation worships as her  
 mighty God.

Thy wond'rous sage incubing power,  
 Allated, hov'ring o'er each birth,  
 All nature feels—the shrub, the flower;  
 Beings of water, air, and earth.

To thee the pealing organ's notes shall rise,  
 And the rapt mortal hymn his joyful me-  
 lodies.

---

The religious wonder of Lady Hales and  
 Lady Dorothy, which the anthem caused,  
 was

was not to be expressed. The solemnity had the greatest effect on their minds. When the band had finished, Doctor Philpot opened the book, and prepared to read the ceremony; but Sir Simon Hales, mounting the stone steps to the altar, thus addressed the company :

“ On the consequent effects of these  
 “ nuptials I have placed all my happiness.  
 “ Rejoicing in that tribute which should  
 “ be paid to natural affection, as far as re-  
 “ gards the order of civil society, I have  
 “ sedulously endeavoured to encourage ra-  
 “ ther than to prevent them; knowing,  
 “ that in the union of the sexes there can  
 “ be no lasting happiness without an ap-  
 “ proved, a sincere, and a mutual love.  
 “ Experience has taught me, that interest,  
 “ which too generally prevails in the sa-  
 “ cred ties of marriage, most effectually  
 “ proves the utter bane of its comforts.  
 “ The despotic power of prejudice I have  
 “ therefore endeavoured to dissipate with  
 “ all the stratagem and assiduous labour I  
 “ was master of. The greater part of this  
 company

“ company has been informed of my plan.  
 “ To them I appeal for their sanction.  
 “ That prejudice which would stab the  
 “ poignard into the breast of innocence  
 “ and virtue must now blush when the  
 “ mask is pulled from its errors, and when  
 “ it beholds the perfection which it had  
 “ heretofore rejected. But the truth must  
 “ now be uttered. If therefore, in the  
 “ face of conviction, it will still assert the  
 “ extravagance of its tyranny, its punish-  
 “ ment must fall with redoubled venge-  
 “ ance on its own head. Held up to folly  
 “ and ridicule by the wise and the sober  
 “ part of the world, it can only expect to  
 “ receive happiness by the base and servile  
 “ incense of flattery and impertinence.

“ Is not the young lady at the altar an  
 “ honour to the hand which leads her  
 “ there? What dissenting voice present  
 “ can assert her inequality? Divested  
 “ of the magic of a name, the trap-  
 “ ping of an enobled family, her vir-  
 “ tues are co-equal with the greatest  
 “ hereditary influence. Is there one so  
 “ lost

“ lost to reason and to truth who will deny  
 “ this assertion? Let the disputant now  
 “ come forth and alledge, that the name  
 “ of Underwood is not of equal value to  
 “ that of Cathness.”

A flash of perception seemed at this instant to shoot across the mind of Lady Hales—“ What is this, Sir Simon?” she falteringly exclaimed.

SIR SIMON. “ To undeceive you,  
 “ Madam :

“ Horror and misery would have fol-  
 “ lowed close on your prejudices. I have  
 “ snatched you from error! ’Tis an ex-  
 “ periment — that your children may be  
 “ less accursed in marriage than falls to  
 “ the lot of those whom interest alone have  
 “ united.

“ Behold, Madam, the two children of  
 “ an honest man — the children of our  
 “ tenant, Underwood — Will you suffer  
 “ me,

“ me, Madam, to present them to you as  
 “ such ?”

The wonder-stricken countenances of Lady Hales and Lady Dorothy were not to be described. The lovely Frances, too greatly agitated by the solemnity of the scene, sunk in the arms of Mr. Hales.

Samuel Underwood and Miss Hales knelt before her Ladyship.

That haughty soul, moved by time and place, by a concurrence of well-projected, yet singular occurrences, would have burst with indignation at this overture, perhaps before it had entered the holy walls—but the miraculous agency of truth seemed to influence her breast with conversion. The conflict was surmounted by the surrounding scenery, and by a sense of its fallacious powers. Lady Hales presented them with her hand. Fanny reviving, flung herself at her feet—she was raised to her breast. Sir Simon Hales, with a cordiality, perhaps for the first time experienced in his life,  
 embraced



embraced his wife, in testimony of joy at her concurrence.

Mr. and Mrs. Underwood came from their seats, and were in turn presented to her by Sir Simon.

The effect of this scene words would not paint. The indignant, yet stupified countenance of farmer Drab, discovered the defeat of savage brutality. Lady Dorothy turned away in wrath and perturbation from the altar to address herself to the company and her Scotch *kaunectiions*.

But here her mortification was most apparent. The company had been all of them pre-informed of the plan of Sir Simon, and were the firm abettors of it; particularly the brilliant Lord Shelldrake and Lady Champignon, who openly avowed their intentions of patronising the much-applauded plan of the Baronet, declaring, that they should take all possible measures to sanction the entry of the big votaries of hymen into life.

Finding

Finding on all sides that the plot had foiled her in every point of view, she had only the alternative either to unite with Lady Hales in her conversion and approbation, or to appear single in her way of thinking: in this instance she would be obliged to forego the splendid festival at Boxley, and for ever take her leave of the family: therefore, with that wonderful flexibility so frequently observed in human nature, when the affairs of life are driven to an extremity, she approached the altar, and desired leave of Sir Simon to be introduced to the children of his *paur tenant*.

The expression of *paur tenant* drew from the Baronet a rebuke, which, had not the mind of Lady Dorothy been less prepared for conversion, would have effectually repelled her Ladyship from all family *kau-  
nition* whatever.

“ Madam,” replied Sir Simon, “ po-  
 “ verty is only applied to those who are  
 “ proud in heart and poor in charity. In  
 “ a virtuous and industrious cottage there  
 “ is

“ is a far greater richness of soul than in a  
 “ gilded mansion, where its tenants are  
 “ slaves to their sordid follies and degrad-  
 “ ing prejudices. This match, Lady Do-  
 “ rothy, did not originate with my *pau-*  
 “ *tenant*. His soul, as proud as yours,  
 “ spurned at an alliance, the inequality of  
 “ which might threaten his domestic hap-  
 “ piness. He knew the value of a rich  
 “ independance procured by the sweat of  
 “ his brow, and had sufficient understand-  
 “ ing to comprehend the real dignity  
 “ which, as a cultivator of land, he sus-  
 “ tained in the state. This match, Lady  
 “ Dorothy, was of my own contrivance,  
 “ and I now rejoice in the present oppor-  
 “ tunity of smiling at the prejudices of the  
 “ world, and the conquest I have obtained  
 “ over the vanity of your own personal  
 “ boasted rank and precedence.

“ Mr. Underwood, Madam, is an honest  
 “ man—the noblest work of God—and I  
 “ think it an honour to Mr. Hales to have  
 “ formed an alliance, which has received  
 “ the

“ the general approbation of the first persons of distinction in the kingdom.”

LADY DOROTHY. “ In troth, nephew,  
 “ I think you are a very strange kind of  
 “ a man—your unaccountable disposition  
 “ may, perhaps, in some shape, apologise  
 “ for the singularity of your son’s choice;  
 “ and as I would na be out of fashion, I  
 “ shall, doubtless, give my consent—but  
 “ you must na endeavour to persuade me  
 “ out of my senses. The naubility of  
 “ Great Britain will na suffer themselves to  
 “ be degraded to the class of boors and  
 “ savages. There is na always to be  
 “ found such accomplished country lasses  
 “ as Fanny Underwood; and na such  
 “ well-behaved and gude comic actresses  
 “ as my Lady Cathness there [*curtesying*  
 “ *to Mrs. Gordon.*] The naubility, I say,  
 “ out of a fraulic, may for once give into  
 “ your absurdity; but you must na think,  
 “ Sir Simon, that it will be admitted as a  
 “ standing rule.”

Lady Dorothy being thus determined to  
 speak

• speak her mind, she dropped a curtesy to Fanny Underwood, and the same to Mrs. Gordon, who was now introduced to her in her real name, and as the sister of Doctor Philpot.

The ceremony was now performed by the Doctor, and Fanny Underwood given away by her father, as was Miss Hales by Sir Simon.

The *Deus misereatur* was chanted by the choir, and the nuptials thus happily celebrated.

After the ceremony was concluded, the organ played — The company, with unfeigned marks of the fullest approbation, complimented Sir Simon — and the young brides and bridegrooms received the congratulations of every person present.

The entry to the grand hall was strewed with flowers, where a croud of villagers were admitted to hail the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Hales, and the young Mr. and Mrs. Underwood.

The

The company having taken refreshments, they afterwards assembled on the lawn, where the lads and lasses of the village were gathered in crouds to amuse them with the sports which the Baronet had proclaimed.

The May sun gave a cheerful aspect to the scene—a country dance to the tabor and pipe was a prelude to the rural diversions.

A chaplet of flowers was presented by a beautiful young maiden to Mrs. Hales, who, with her husband, led down the dance, and were followed by the Underwoods—their participation suppressed the natural envy of the less-favoured maidens, and endeared the names of the beautiful daughter of Underwood to her old acquaintance.

When the sports were concluded, an ox roasted whole was extended on a large table under a temporary pavilion in the lawn. The flowing cup of ale, the cheerful countenances of the rustics, conspired

to adorn the scene in all the exuberance of terrestrial happiness.

When the company were regaled with this rural plan of the Baronet's hospitality, they were ushered into the magnificent saloon, which seemed by the repairs it had undergone to have received but little injury from the disaster of the drunken project. A splendid dinner was now displayed on the table, and a general hilarity on the countenance of every person. Lady Hales at the top of the table, Sir Simon at the bottom, with Doctor Philpot, the master of the ceremonies, on his right hand. In the center, on one side, Mr. and Mrs. Hales; on her left hand, Mrs. Underwood, her mother. On the opposite side, Samuel Underwood and his lady; and to the right of the former, his father.

Lady Dorothy had taken her place next to Mrs. Gordon, and with whom, on the recollection of an earlier period of life, she had been acquainted; which circumstance did not a little serve to reconcile her Lady-

ship to the unforeseen *kaunetton* which had taken place.

The ease and grace with which Mrs. Hales and her brother conducted themselves under their present and natural appearance, confirmed the company in the general sense of the appropriated alliance; and every public testimony of approbation was bestowed on them.

Lady Hales finding the order of her saloon restored to her full satisfaction, on which she had fixed a great portion of her happiness on the celebration of the nuptials, resumed much of her good humour; and when she beheld the introduction of the desert in all the elegance which her fancy had suggested, her ruling passion seemed, by its full gratification, to have dissipated her family prejudice. The company flattered the magnificency of her taste, and she seemed to be perfectly reconciled to the matrimonial election of her son and daughter.



In the course of the dinner the Baronet had sent up a glass of Champaign to Underwood, which being soon after repeated by Philpot, his natural powers of a good understanding unfolded themselves, and the company beheld a character of true worth and native dignity.

At night there was a ball in the saloon. Lord Shelldrake danced a minuet with Mrs. Hales, and Lord Belpoint the same with Mrs. Underwood. Country dances ensued.

The curtain now dropped—The drama was concluded.

But, oh, the reward of native love!—  
Mr. Hales might exclaim with the poet,

————— *Bene mutuis*  
*Fidum pectus amoribus.*

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